Aug. 10, 1968

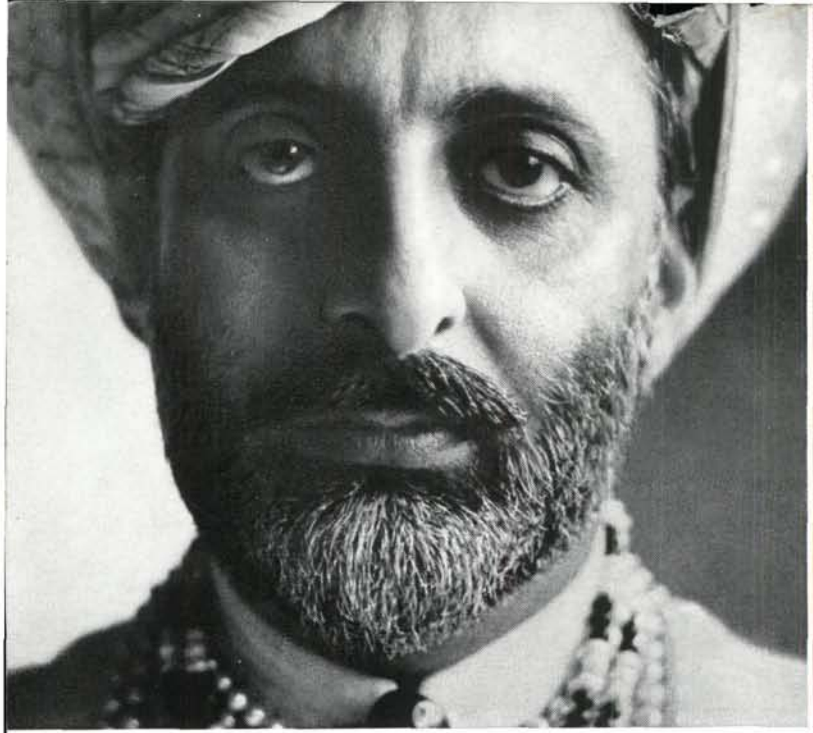
# THE NEW YORKER

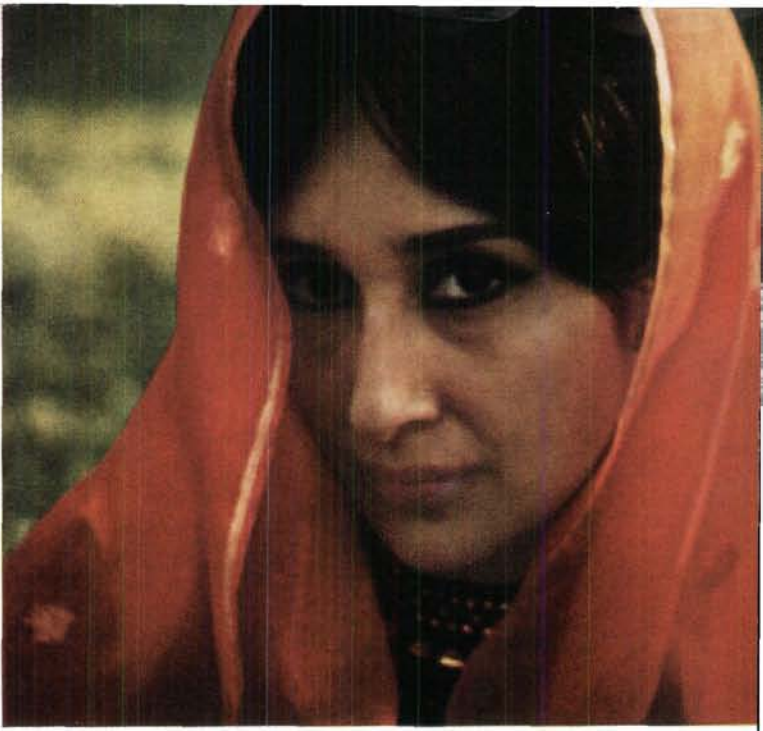
Price 35 cents

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 0 3 19





# Before Shalimar was a perfume, it was a garden of love.

Our story begins in India, some 300 years ago. It belongs, however, to no place and no time.

His name was Shah Jahan, ruler of India.

Her name was Mumtaz Mahal, the loveliest of his wives.

And although he had many wives, it was only for her that his soul thirsted.

Some say that he loved her unto madness. That she was not his wife, but his fever. But in his eyes she was the balm that made the world bearable.

Victories, new empires and riches were as dust compared to her.

So great was his love for her that when she died, he would not let her die. He had built in her memory a place you may still see and wonder at.

The Taj Mahal.

But long before there could be a Taj Mahal, there had to be yet another place which the Shah also built.

The Gardens of Shalimar in Lahore.

All that the Taj Mahal keeps alive for the ages flowered in Shalimar. Here it was that their love grew and became a legend.

Its very name, "Shalimar," means "abode of love" in Sanskrit.

And truly it was.

The Shah allowed into this garden only those things which would nourish their love. Joyful fountains. Deep, limpid pools. Marble terraces. Rare song birds. Fragrant blossoms from every corner of the earth. Lanterns to rival the stars.

Only in Shalimar were the lovers truly alone.

Thus, even though many miles apart, if you wish to see the foundations of the Taj Mahal, you must look for them in Shalimar.

All this, dear reader, was also told to Pierre and Jacques Guerlain by a Maharajah. It was in Paris, in 1926.

Naturally, being human and being French, and being, above all, Guerlains, they were deeply moved.

They decided to pay homage to this man and woman by creating a perfume of intoxicating, yet subtle sensuousness.

A perfume not for children.

They decided, also, that this perfume should not be called "Taj Mahal," but "Shalimar."

You see, Taj Mahal marks the end of a story.

And this perfume has nothing to do with endings.

SHALIMAR BY GUERLAIN

Guerlain
Paris
SHALIMAR

Suzanne Szasz

**What to wear with tweeds? Amalfi shoe, summing up the whole outdoor look.**

It's an Italian specialty, makes points with a chunky toe, leather kilt held down by fringed hardware, and a close-to-the-ground heel. Have it in antique brown or olive leather but have it now! 27.00 At all Lord & Taylor stores

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**The Boys in the Band**—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Concept**—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Futz!**—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

**Lovers**—Brian Friel has written a charming, sentimental play about the joys and miseries of Irish lovemaking. Art Carney plays the lead, assisted by several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company. The director is Hilton Edwards, also of the Gate. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**A Moon for the Misbegotten**—A revival of the O'Neill play with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—Two plays alternating weekly—Peter Weiss's **SONG OF THE LUSITANIAN BOGEY,** translated by Lee Baxandall, through Sunday, Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Richard Wright's adaptation of Louis Sapin's **DADDY GOODNESS** from Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 13-18. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Final performance Sunday, Sept. 1.)

**Plaza Suite**—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. even in Tibet. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Price**—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and David Burns is the funny old man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie**—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Tom Paine**—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD:** An invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are the principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**The Believers**—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Curley McDimple**—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. Butterfly McQueen has joined the cast. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

**George M!**—An opulently staged account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey makes George M. Cohan appealing by remaining Joel Grey. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Golden Rainbow**—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Hair**—A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

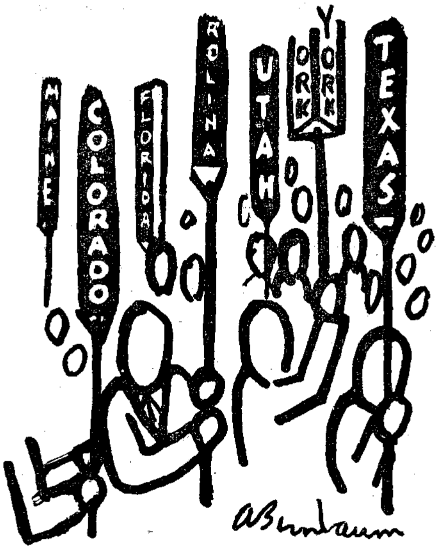
**The Happy Time**—A big, hollow, and technically adroit staging of a skimpy book with skimpy songs. Robert Goulet and David Wayne are its wasted stars. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**In Circles**—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. In addition to the show, there are songs by Mr. Carmines, played and sung by him. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Final performance Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:40.)

**Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris**—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Music Theatre of Lincoln Center**—A revival of **WEST SIDE STORY,** with Barbara Luna, Kurt Peterson, and Victoria Mallory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Walk Down Mah Street!**—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |  | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |

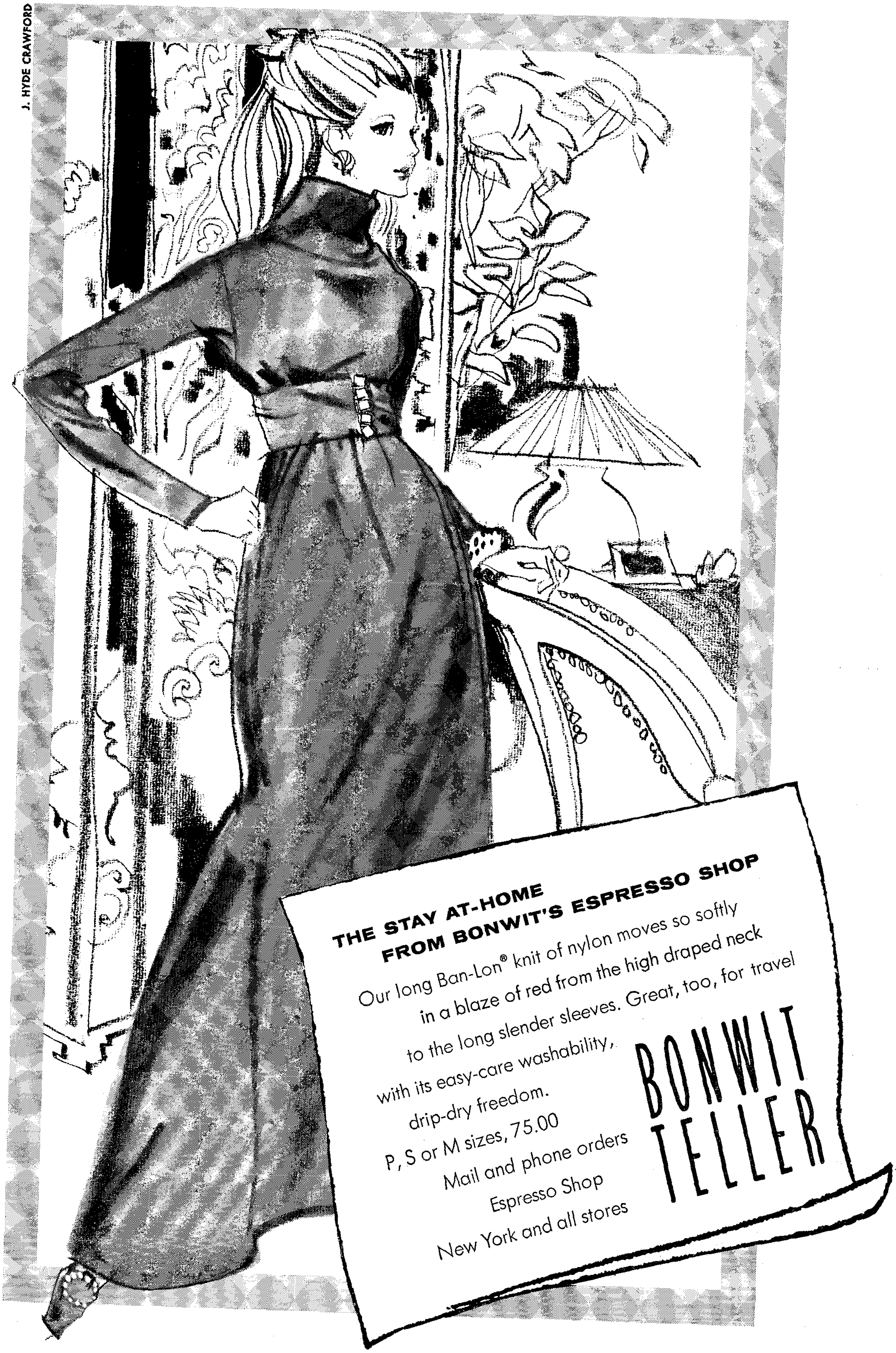
Page
BOOKS 90
THE CURRENT CINEMA 66
MUSICAL EVENTS:
RECORDS: ROCK, ETC. 87
THE RACE TRACK 69
THE SPORTING SCENE 71

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIV, No. 25, August 10, 1968. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1968 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.



J. HYDE CRAWFORD

### THE STAY AT-HOME FROM BONWIT'S ESPRESSO SHOP

Our long Ban-Lon® knit of nylon moves so softly
in a blaze of red from the high draped neck
to the long slender sleeves. Great, too, for travel
with its easy-care washability,
drip-dry freedom.
P, S or M sizes, 75.00
Mail and phone orders
Espresso Shop
New York and all stores

**BONWIT TELLER**

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor *Curtis. The young cast of six is more than* just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Your Own Thing**—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs—cabaret:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the fantasticks:** Cinque tese laggiú. A cinque tese tuo padre giace. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **fiddler on the roof:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Reopens Monday, Aug. 12. Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **mame:** Janis Paige plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **man of la mancha:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Hal Holbrook plays the title role. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **you're a good man, charlie brown:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

### OUTDOORS

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—Free performances of **romeo and juliet**, with Martin Sheen, Susan McArthur, Charlotte Rae, and Joe Bova. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Friday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**Thrill Circus**—Can the Mets keep up the pace when they return on Tuesday? Consult the daily papers. (Shea Stadium. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 8-9, at 7:30; Saturday, Aug. 10, at 2:30 and 8; and final performances Sunday, Aug. 11, at 1 and 5. For information about tickets, call 594-6600.)

**Jones Beach Theatre**—A revival of **south pacific**, with Jerome Hines and Kathleen Nolan. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Monday, Sept. 2. For tickets call 516 CA 1-1000.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Bitter End**, 147 Bleecker St. (GR 5-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Most nights involve singers, strummers, and wry talkers, among them a funny man named David Steinberg. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

**Café Au Go Go**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and sometimes significant. The Sidetrack, a six-man group, is the main act. Closed Mondays.

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |

**Casey's**, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

**Half Note**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's about the only thing that's happening. Not much to look at, but nice to know: A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and a quintet headed by Zoot Sims and Ruby Braff. Closed Mondays.

**Jimmy Ryan's**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

**Red Garter**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

**Red Onion**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and ho-ho-ho. A fine how-do-you-do.

**The Scene**, 301 W. 46th St. (JU 2-5760)—Where a lot of people think it's at. Buzz Linhart sings and plays guitar. John Hammond's trio is around, too, except on Mondays; Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 8-11, a blues group called the Raven will also be there. After two-thirty, visiting musicians often turn up for jam sessions. You can dance if you're so inclined.

**Slugs'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Dim, shadowy, nondescript, it's sort of basic. Jazz every night from nine until closing by the Weldon Irvine sextet. Monday, Aug. 12, will be turned over to singer Y Jeffries, and on Tuesday, Aug. 13, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers will start playing. Early-evening specials, from five to nine: Saturday, Aug. 10, the Charles Moffett quartet. Sunday, Aug. 11, the Substructure, a five-tuba outfit.

**Village Gate**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, Bola Sete, a skillful Brazilian guitarist, appears with his trio. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. The dinners are mostly grilled.... ¶ Downstairs, the Hugh Masekela quintet takes turns with the Jimmy Smith trio. On Tuesday, Aug. 13, they will give way to Carmen McRae and the Dizzy Gillespie quintet. Mondays are devoted to special events.

**Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz goes pretty far out. The Pazant Brothers, a seven-man group, is exploring some new ideas. On Fridays and Saturdays the Bill Evans trio will be there, too. Monday, Aug. 12, will be reserved for the big Mel Lewis-Thad Jones band. Closed Sundays.

**West Boondock**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right—it's practically in the North River. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

**Your Father's Mustache**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, things start oscillating at four-thirty and keep going till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

### DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

**Arthur**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. Loud live rock alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

**Aux Puces**, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte.* Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Directoire**, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

**Electric Circus**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. Live groups and rock records take turns over a good system for dancing from nine to three or four. On Monday, Aug. 12, at eight-thirty, composer Alvin Lucier will conduct a sight-and-sound affair called "Shelter 99999." The regular show will follow at about ten. Alcohol? No.

**Frammis**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—The dancing is fundamental. The music is vital. The drinks are drinkable. Records play from nine to three or four except on Fridays, when they start at eight. Reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Mondays.

**L'Interdit**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

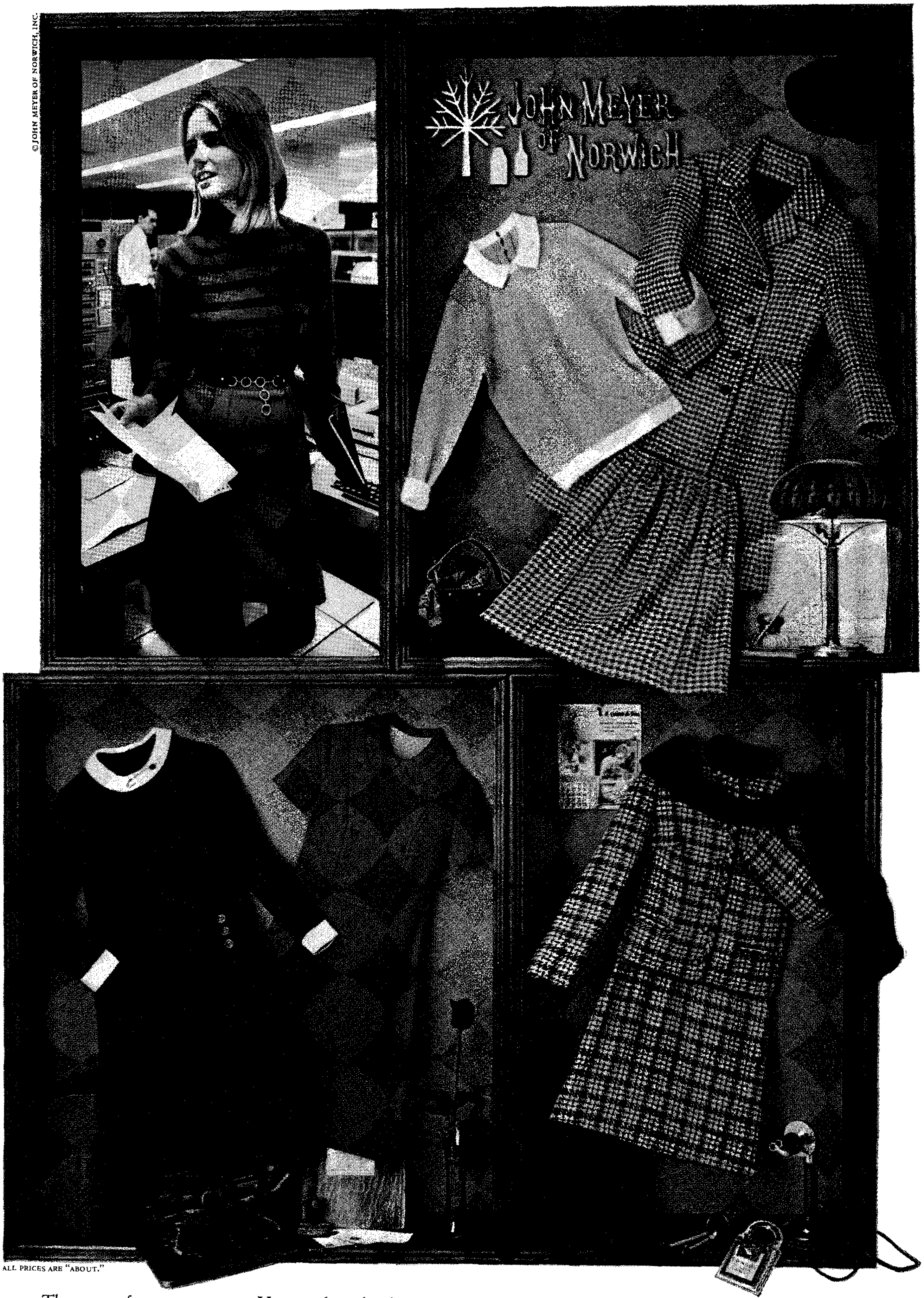
**Salvation**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—Every so often, a night spot becomes *the* place to go—for a season, anyway. This spot has been alleged to be this season's. The music sounds as though it's being played through a Coolerator, the waiters look faintly Venusian, and if you don't wear something fashionable, you might as well stay home. Dancing from ten till closing, except on Fridays and Saturdays, when things start at eight-thirty.

**Shepheard's**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, Ada Cavallo sings and the Mark Donald trio plays. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

**Wheels**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd has been around a discothèque floor before, and the records reverb. When the records don't, persons do. Closed Mondays.

**Yellowfinger's**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-

©JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH, INC.



ALL PRICES ARE "ABOUT."

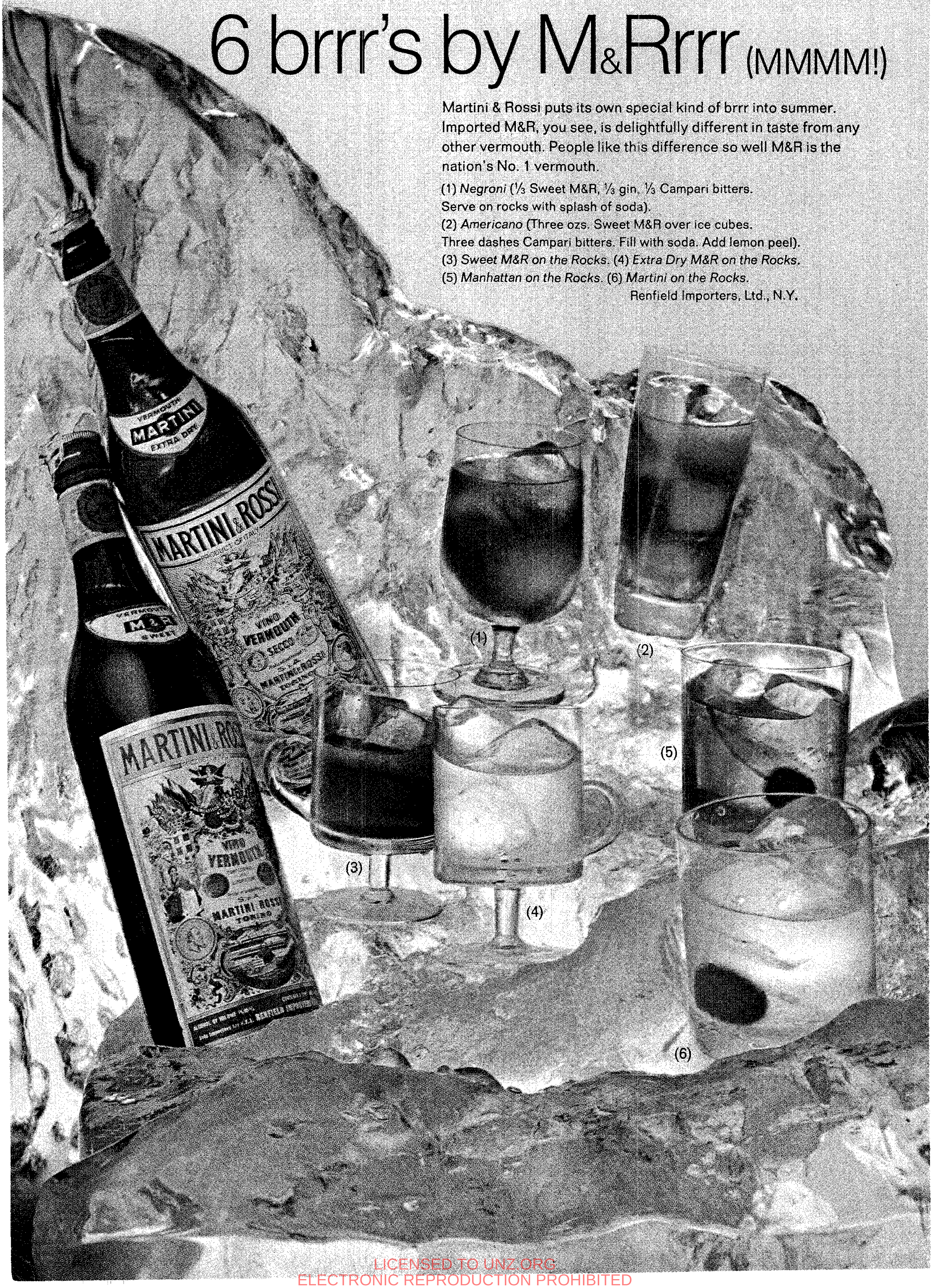
The start of a young career. Your credentials, the great young look and accomplished tailoring of woolens by John Meyer. To light up any business day, Prince Charles coat in a Banburry check $70. Its partners, the city dirndl (the waist is elasticized) $17. The white-collar camel-hair pullover $19. Messages worth remembering, a Cardiff tweed cardigan suit $45. Turtleneck dickey $4.50. On the agenda, the raglan dress with collar and cuffs of white linen $35. Fencer's dress in wool covert $35. For data processing, the Exeter stripe sweater $16; and panel pleat skirt, with a chain-and-leather belt $19. Redwing, The King's Blue, Mum Yellow, Walnut, Kilkenny, Cinnabar. At discerning stores.

# 6 brrr's by M&Rrrr (MMMM!)

Martini & Rossi puts its own special kind of brrr into summer. Imported M&R, you see, is delightfully different in taste from any other vermouth. People like this difference so well M&R is the nation's No. 1 vermouth.

(1) *Negroni* (⅓ Sweet M&R, ⅓ gin, ⅓ Campari bitters. Serve on rocks with splash of soda).
(2) *Americano* (Three ozs. Sweet M&R over ice cubes. Three dashes Campari bitters. Fill with soda. Add lemon peel).
(3) *Sweet M&R on the Rocks.* (4) *Extra Dry M&R on the Rocks.*
(5) *Manhattan on the Rocks.* (6) *Martini on the Rocks.*

Renfield Importers, Ltd., N.Y.


VERMOUTH
MARTINI
EXTRA DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO VERMOUTH SECCO
M&R
SWEET
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO VERMOUTH
MARTINI ROSSI TORINO
(1)
(2)
(3)
(4)
(5)
(6)

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Tales of Brave Ulysses," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

## OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

**RAINBOW GRILL,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): In the best of all possible hill stations dwells Helen O'Connell, a quite cheerful voice, who is to be heard during dinner and supper. Phil Wayne's crew of musicians begins to ply its trade at seven, and there is always the view of the world you have left behind. Closed Sundays. . . . **ST. REGIS-SHERATON ROOF,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): The Romance languages are the only tongues known to the décor, and the aura of *autre temps* is enhanced by the ministrations of a ballroom ballet duo—Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann. The *temps* of the bands—Quintero's and Joseph Sudy's—are, though, twentieth-century coming-out-party. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): As is the custom at many other Ivy League athletic events, there are two marching (or dancing) bands in the Café Pierre—Johnny Mince's on Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's the five other days. Little Miss Ellen Harwicke, who accompanies her own songs with her own piano, and neatly, has Mondays and Tuesdays off. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2500): Peace-on-earth is the guiding principle of the restaurant, and good-will-to-all is the spirit of Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444): From under the big tops of Las Vegas comes the orchestra run by Bobby Sherwood—an orchestra that, like Vegas itself, is a semipermanent floor show. The Eddy McGinnis band starts things off at six; the Sherwoods are added at seven-thirty. No music Sunday evenings. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): Plain, simple, unvarnished facts—a floor the size of a six-day-bike race (not permitted, along with anything resembling the Frug, the Tug, the Hugger-Mugger), in-perpetuity dance music (Don Alfredo's is the leading, and Latin, one), a modicum of sustenance, and no elaboration. Seven-thirty until around twelve during most of the week, but Sundays from three-thirty on. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200): The unroofed terrace affords communion with the phenomenon known as Natural Habitat—trees, grass, fireflies, and weather. Nourishment and parochial dance tunes, too. These last are presented from dinnertime until past midnight.

## BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

**AMERICANA,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The next point of interest to be brought up in the Royal Box is Totie Fields, whose casual, broad-beam humor will be available as of Tuesday, Aug. 13, at both dinner and supper. The orchestra of Lee Evans, keenly devoted to the welfare of all dance music, does the tunes here. Closed Sundays.

**CHÂTEAU MADRID,** Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—That long-playing record, Los Chavales de España, has settled in for a full semester. Singing, parading, blowing their own horns (all hands double and triple in brass), the Chavales make it a Welcome Wagon evening, and a young Spaniard named Miguel Sandoval proves that footwork can be a fine art. Twice a night for everyone, except that on Sundays Señor Sandoval and his ballerinas go it alone. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre in the round, mauresque guitar begins at five, flamenco chanting begins at nine-thirty, and all hands stay late, and every night.

**LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—A draft of dryads, a dazzle of damosels—these are the basic materials of a hubris that runs on for nearly two hours. (The leading lady is Lynda Gloria, who knows her way around Paris and the rest of the world.) Their poetry of motion is interspersed with moments of sheer prose, but then what isn't? Twice a night, for ever and ever.

**PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room has unaccountably waited until midsummer to insert into night life the girl known as Dana Valery, who, wholly without pomp, prop, or circumstance, sings in a manner true to her engaging self and her engaging songs. The minor miracle is passed at ten during the week, at dinner and supper every Friday and Saturday. Other music, all silk and damask, issues from the bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, which, however, skips dinner on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender begins to suffuse the statuary and more live music begins. Closed Sundays.

## SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The clubhouse is kept intact for whatever of the membership stays in town during the heated term. The summer boarder, and keyboarder, is Lynn Mullinax. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano in this *salle de luxe* has for years led a life of innocuous desuetude, but under the fingers of Bobby Short it is being driven like mad as he declaims the songs that are at their best during the dark hours. He begins at eight-thirty, and he and his two sidemen run on until two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica ginger in the seasoning is inserted by a troubadour of calypso antecedents. His beat is dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Happiness is a thing called boys and girls—me for you, you for me, and euphoria. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the rest of the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Hands across the seas—in this case, the Mediterranean. Be they Greek, Israeli, or Armenian, the hands are turned to assertive but cheerful music, song, and conversation. Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr provide a large part of the chitter and the chatter, George Mgrdichian races across an oud, and a solemn female, Jasmine by name, makes the *danse de ventre* a truly ceremonial affair. The dining is native without being naïve. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Or, really, a set of bumper-to-bumper tables, screened apart by a galaxy of glass-bead stalactites into a sort of winter palace. In one unquiet corner, the voice and piano of Scott Reed ramble along from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is as Second Avenue does, but in the grim gloaming the grimness is at least eased by Charles De Forest, singing away at his own piano about one lost earthly and urban paradise after another. He is absent Sundays.

## SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

**DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Put the tone clusters that glide from the fingers of Cy Walter together (this requires a decent minimum of listening), and one hears the best tunes of the day and yesterday in a new and binaural fashion. He presides over the lordly manor from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. Fiddle and pianoforte are the weapons of choice. Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists, returns to his post, now occupied by a loyal aide, on Tuesday, Aug. 13. He will be in service every night from then on, except Sundays and Mondays. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not,

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

The only thing mannish about this is the fabric—a glen plaid of light weight worsted wool. The rest is all softness of shaping and bow. Graphed out in black, grey and white with a touch of red. For 8 to 16 sizes and $75. In our Sportdress Collections.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): The acoustics here have been greatly improved by adding Ray Hartley's piano to the décor. He operates from five-thirty until one, but takes Sundays and Mondays off. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): In the manifold Alley, which deals in cocktails and dinner, there is piano by Muriel Roberts, one of the few girls who apply drive instead of drivel to the instrument. She is in service Mondays through Fridays, from four-thirty to eight.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **AMERICAN GREETINGS GALLERY**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 44th St.: An exhibition of prints created in workshops of twenty American colleges; through Aug. 23. . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Guston, Hofmann, Marca-Relli, and Nadelman (to mention a few); through Friday, Aug. 16. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, such as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Zoltan Sepeshy, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and Doris Rosenthal; through Aug. 30.

**AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW**—Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka are several of the artists represented in a showing of oils and watercolors; through Friday, Aug. 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately two hundred late-nineteenth-century and twentieth-century European and American paintings and sculptures, many never shown publicly before, from New York City and Long Island private collections; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty-seven paintings, wall pieces, sculptures, and objects from the past twenty years by thirty-three artists, most of them "minimalists;" through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibition of works that use light and electronics by six individual artists (among them Stephen Antonakos and Stanley Landsman) and a mixed-media group known as USCO; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Eighty-six works by twenty-four twentieth-century Americans, primarily of the older generation, from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sunday, Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS**, 29 W. 53rd St.—A selection of craft objects that straddle the line between craft and fine art; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Aug. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

**MOZART-HAYDN FESTIVAL**—A four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs—Thursday, Aug. 8: The Juilliard String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10: Boris Goldovsky conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra in a program called "The Operatic Mozart," with vocal soloists. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 12: Henry Lewis directing the orchestra, with Bernard Goldberg, flute; Rosalie Pratt, harp; the New York Mozart Choir; and vocal soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 13: The Amadeus Quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 14: Henry Lewis conducting the orchestra, with Lorin Hollander, piano, and Rita Shane, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15: The Amadeus Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17: Antonio Janigro conducting the orchestra and acting as cello soloist. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31.)

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**JAZZ IN THE GARDEN**—Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: **JIMMY MCGRIFF AND HIS ORGAN TRIO**. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: **BUDDY GUY**. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

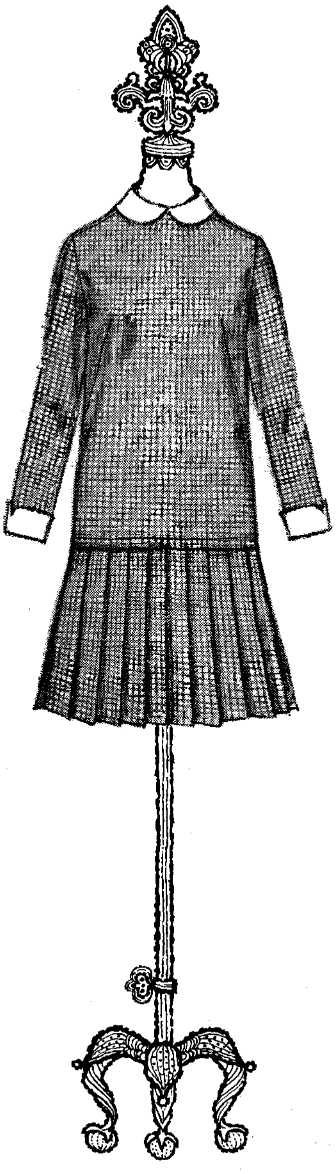
**JOAN BAEZ**—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10, at 9.

**NEW YORK JAZZ FESTIVAL**—Saturday, Aug. 17, at 7: Ray Charles and his orchestra and the Raelets, Miles Davis's quintet, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, the Ahmad Jamal trio, Jimmy Witherspoon, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 6: Miriam Makeba, Hugh Masekela, Arthur Prysock, Mongo Santamaria and his orchestra, Dick Gregory, the Lou Donaldson quartet, Jimmy Witherspoon, and others. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. For tickets, call LT 1-0933.)

### MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—Lorin Maazel conducting Program II (Glinka, Paganini, Tchaikowsky), with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. Julius Rudel directing Program III (Beethoven, Orff), with Patricia Brooks, soprano; William DuPree, tenor; Dominic Cossa, baritone; and the All-City High School Chorus—**PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn: The last two in a series of programs. (Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30, Program II; and Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30, Program III.) . . . **CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island: A single concert. (Friday, Aug. 9, at 8:30, Program II.) . . . **CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside: The second of two concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30, Program II.) . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**: The last in a se-



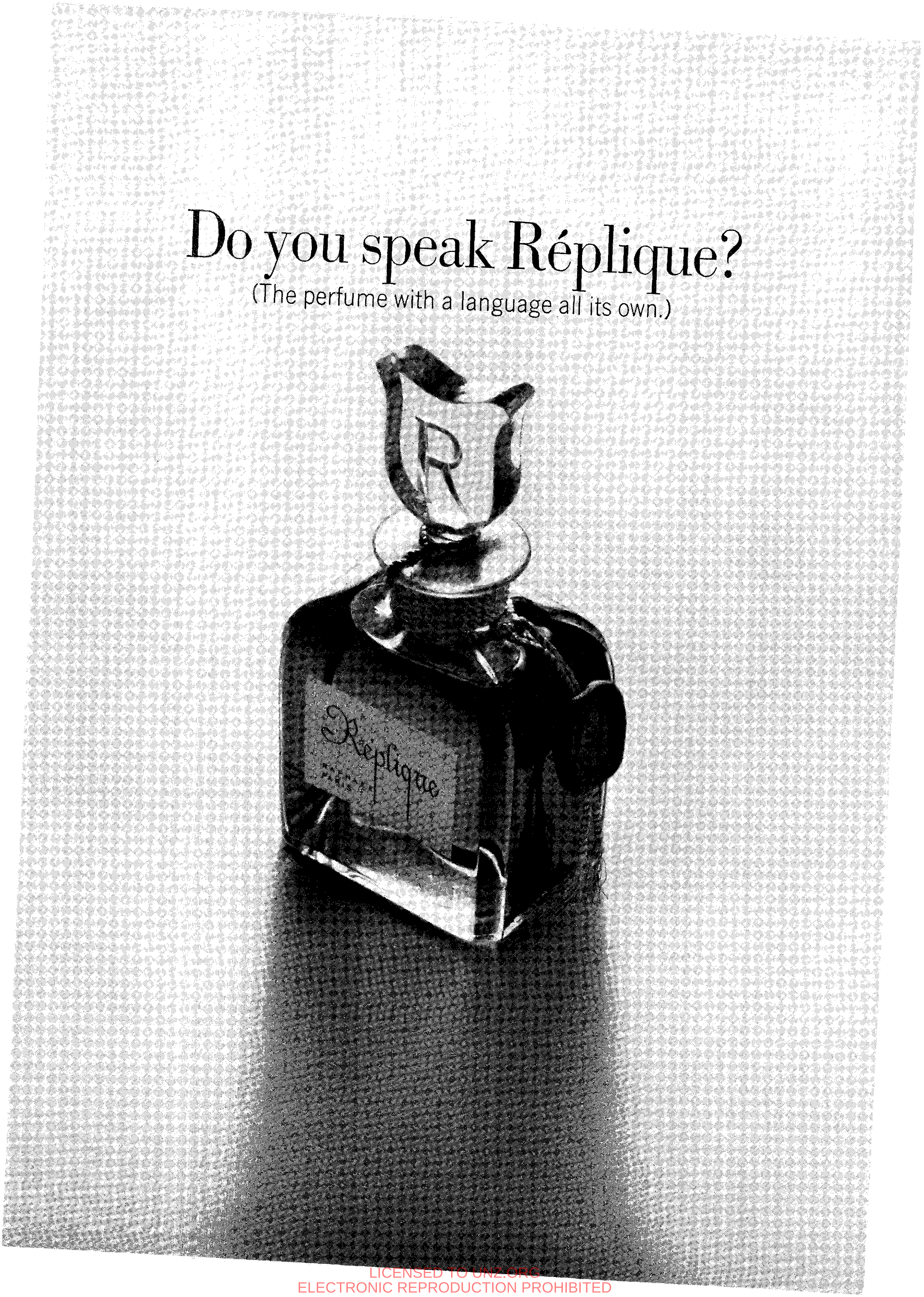
Preparation

One thing about Autumn.
It creeps up on you. One day it's
blinding sun and the next,
leaves turning color and
chrysanthemums and nothing
but nothing in the closet to wear.
Best be prepared. With something
like this. The dimity checked
wool and polyester dress with a
flurry of pleats and Cream
linen collar and cuffs. Navy or
Red. Sizes 6 to 16.

*About $36 at good stores*
*and college shops*

The Villager ®

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.
© 1968 THE VILLAGER, INC. MANNEQUIN DES. PAT. 194,253.


Do you speak Réplique?
(The perfume with a language all its own.)
R
Réplique

# The Money Game.

## It's 9:45 A.M. in New York. Guess how much your money's worth in Zurich.

If money talks, as they say, it talks in strange languages.

Pesos. Yen. Francs. Guilders. Kroner. Kronor. Lire. Pounds sterling. Eurodollars. Dollars. Canadian $.

Who can figure out this Babel of monies?

At Bankers Trust there are six men who each morning at 8:30 A.M. seat themselves at a hexagonal table surrounded by teletypes, special telephones and other rapid communication devices.

Each day these men are expected to interpret money throughout the world and to trade in it.

Which is why they're called traders.

To the outsider the trader's work is likely to be as mysterious as a secret agent's.

Even his phone conversations read like Hitchcock.

"Sterling?"

"75-77."

"Real?"

"Yes."

"I'll take a quarter of a million at the middle."

"Done."

What all this adds up to is a demonstration of the fact that the world grows smaller. And smaller.

For American companies expanding overseas it is more than natural that varying kinds of foreign exchange should cross their hands. And foreign companies ordering goods and equipment from the U.S. usually require dollars for payment.

But one of the great problems is distance. We're here and they're there.

For this reason the trader's hectic day doesn't consist only of his American business. It actually accelerates during those hours when overseas traders are awake simultaneously.

Obviously, the job keeps him jumping. It calls for an agile mind and a strong stomach, too. Because it just isn't easy keeping up with fast-moving balances of world money while committing yourself verbally to binding contracts worth millions of dollars.

And many of these contracts involve future exchange.

That's when a company or a broker or another bank orders sterling or marks, for example, at today's prices for delivery at some future date.

Who knows what can happen between now and then?

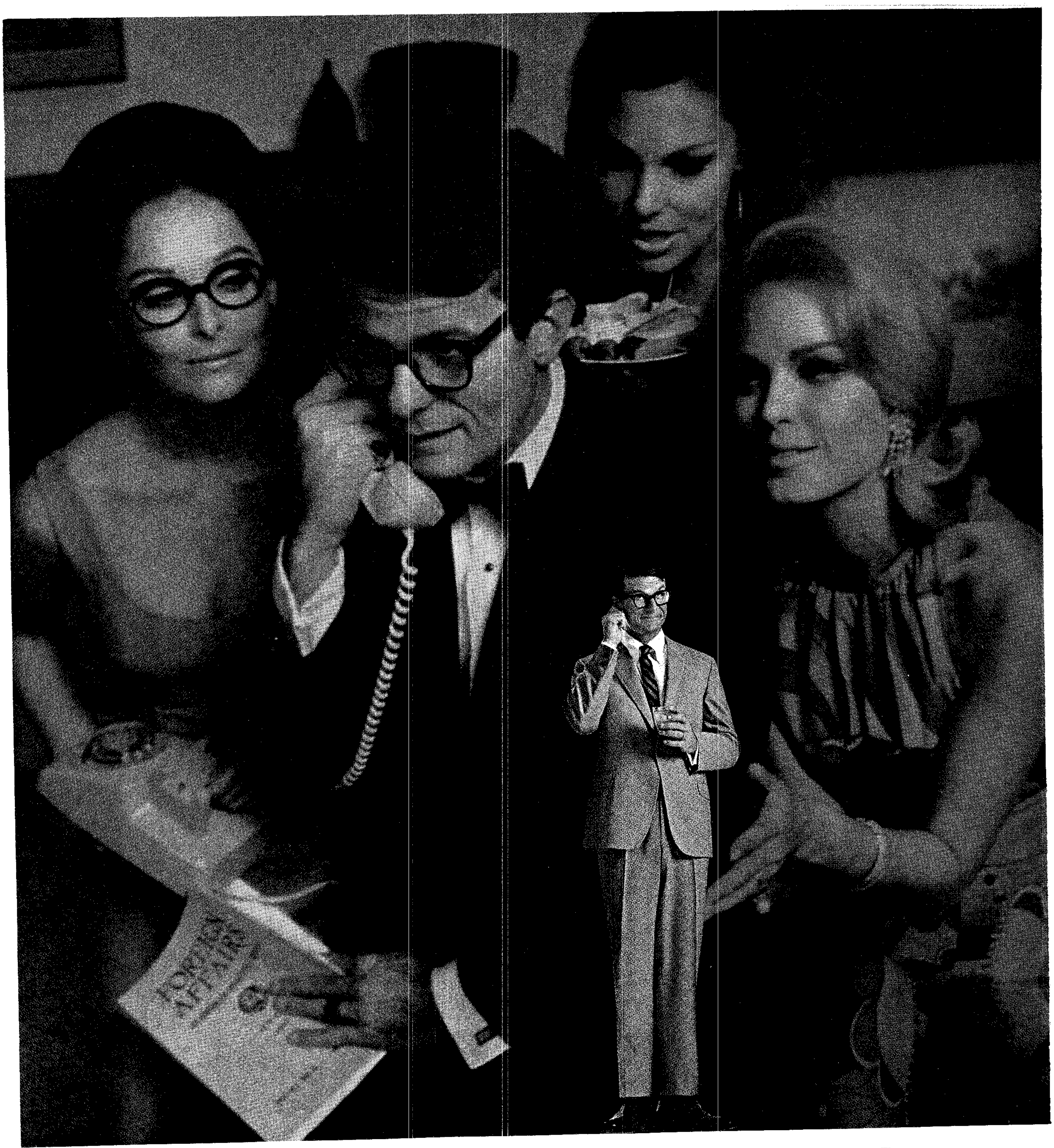
A war in the Middle East. A rumor on the price of gold. The Russians beating us to the moon. But the contract remains firm.

While we hardly think that foreign exchange is a service that can interest everyone, it affects everyone. So even if you're only interested in financing a car or building up savings, we wanted you to know that our people are good with money.

That's our game.

**You'll find a banker at Bankers Trust.**

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation © Bankers Trust Company


FOREIGN AFFAIRS

**Satisfy the imaginative taste of your alter ego**

A bit suave. That's Suntory Whisky. An urbane taste as imaginative as yours. Light. Smooth. Mellow. You'll recognize undertones of some other great whiskies of the world. That's because Suntory is made exactly the same way they are. But there is something a little more notable about the flavor. Definitely appealing—straight or with a mix. Look for it where fine whiskies are sold.

**SUNTORY, the other whisky**

SUNTORY WHISKY
EXTRA SPECIAL
OLD SUNTORY
Japanese Whisky
SUNTORY LTD.

86.8 Proof. A blend of rare, selected whiskies distilled and bottled near Kyoto, Japan. Suntory International, Los Angeles, California.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ries of concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 13, at 8:30, Program III.)

**Central Park Mall**—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 8, and Sunday, Aug. 11, at 8:30, and on Friday, Aug. 9, at 7, for picnickers.)

**Wollman Rink**—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, Aug. 9, at 8: George Shearing and Amanda Ambrose.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8 and 10:30: Flip Wilson and Anthony & the Imperials.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 12, at 8 and 10:30: Jimmy Smith's trio and Gloria Lynne.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 8 and 10:30: Arlo Guthrie and Joni Mitchell.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 8 and 10:30: Tom Paxton and Patrick Sky.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8 and 10:30: Little Richard and the Chambers Brothers. (Through Saturday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

**Berkshire Festival**—Friday, Aug. 9, at 7: The Berkshire Boy Choir.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 9: Charles Wilson conducting the Boston Symphony, with Gina Bachauer, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Miss Bachauer.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Brahms program, again with Miss Bachauer.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 2: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 8) by the Boston Symphony and Berkshire Music Center orchestras, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. A benefit for the Music Center.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 7: A recital by Claude Frank, piano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Mendelssohn program, with Lilian Kallir, piano; Patricia Peardon, narrator; the Berkshire Chorus; and the Tanglewood Choir.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8: Karel Ancerl conducting a varied program; no soloists.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

**Saratoga Performing Arts Center**—Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in a program of French and Spanish music; no soloists.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting the orchestra in a varied program, with Van Cliburn, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Julius Rudel directing a performance of Bizet's "Carmen" in concert form, with Anne Elgar, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Placido Domingo, tenor; Robert Hale, baritone; and the New York City Opera Chorus.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 3:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of American music, with Mr. Cliburn and Samuel Mayes, cello.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Tchaikowsky program, with Masuko Ushioda, violin.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program; no soloists.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a varied program, with John Browning, piano.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 3:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program; no soloists. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

**Waterloo Village Music Festival**—Henry Lewis conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra. Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8: With Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8: With Van Cliburn, piano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N. J. Through Saturday, Aug. 31.)

**Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival**—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 10: The Boston Ballet Company and Patricia McBride and Edward Villella.... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 13-17: Anna Marie Holmes and David Holmes, Don Redlich, and Lotte Goslar and her company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

**American Dance Festival**—Friday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Lotte Goslar and her company.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: José Limón and his company.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 3: The First Chamber Dance Quartet.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 12, at 8: A program of dance films.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Paul Taylor Dance Company.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: José Limón and his company.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 3: The Doris Humphrey Fellows. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Oakland, Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8.... ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, Aug. 9, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 10, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Joe DiMaggio, Bob Feller, Bill Dickey, and other major-league players of past years, will start at 1:15); and Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2.... SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 13-14, at 8:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2:15.

**Golf**—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 15-18.)

**Polo**—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

**Racing**—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 10; the Saratoga Special, Wednesday, Aug. 14; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 17.... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

**National Rowing Championships**—At Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx: Friday, Aug. 9, at 10:30; Saturday, Aug. 10 at 12:40; and Sunday, Aug. 11, at 1.

**Sports-Car Racing**—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, Aug. 10 at 1, and Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2.

**Tennis**—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Through Sunday, Aug. 11.)

**Trotting**—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 17.... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

## ET ALIA

**United Nations**—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.).... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**Republican National Convention**—Continues in Miami Beach through Friday, Aug. 9, and possibly longer.

**Walking Tours**—"Greenwich Village," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Aug. 11. Meets at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Aug. 8 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Single Standard" (1929), with Greta Garbo.... ¶ Aug. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Anna Christie" (1930), with Greta Garbo; shown in both the American and German versions.... ¶ Aug. 10 at 11:30: "The Marriage Circle" (1924), with Adolphe Menjou.... ¶ Aug. 10 at 3 and 5:30: "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise" (1931), with Greta Garbo.... ¶ Aug. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Mata Hari" (1932), with Greta Garbo.... ¶ Aug. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Romance" (1930), with Greta Garbo.... ¶ Aug. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "As You Desire Me" (1932), with Greta Garbo.... ¶ Aug. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
"Boutique"

A Perfect Pair

Two elegant masterpieces from our Boutique collection of clips. Can adorn a suit, or accent your coiffure. Graceful, arching haricots of round diamonds, framed by glowing ropes of twisted 18 kt. gold. Each $500.

Designs © Actual size

746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Mrs. Robert MacMichael bought this suit while sitting in a big soft chair in someone's home.

How often have you heard a woman say, "I hate to shop." That's how Mrs. MacMichael feels, because she has limitless interests, but a limited number of hours in which to pursue them. On the other hand, she is not willing to settle for looking dowdy or making do. For her and for many, many other women, Doncaster is the perfect solution.

At the beginning of every season, the Doncaster representative, a very fashion aware woman whose interests are often identical to those of her customers, invites Mrs. MacMichael to her home for a private showing of the newest Doncasters. There, in a relaxed and personal atmosphere, free of distractions, Mrs. MacMichael makes her selections.

For the Fall, she chose among other things, this handsome grey wool flannel suit with the new, slightly more fitted, blazer-look jacket. In addition to flannel, she could have ordered this suit in one of several superb domestic or imported tweeds, or in an impeccable wool gabardine. In all, she was able to choose from no less than thirty-five colors. Her shopping is over. The Doncaster representative takes her measurements and sends them to the Doncaster workrooms where a pattern is cut especially for her. How's that for being carried around on a velvet cushion?

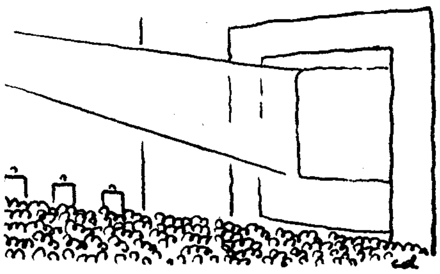
The Doncaster collection of dresses, suits and coats is available in sizes 8 to 20, and ranges in price from $50 to $200.

It's so nice to sit in a big soft chair and do your Fall shopping.

For the Doncaster representative in your area, or if you would like to become a Doncaster representative, write: doncaster *Rutherfordton 14, North Carolina*

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES



| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |  | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |  |  |  |

**Belle de Jour**—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great film-maker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

**The Bride Wore Black**—A thriller about a lovely woman (Jeanne Moreau) who kills in vengeful memory of a beloved husband shot on the steps of their wedding church. Truffaut directs, in homage to Hitchcock, and makes a film that just manages to surmount a silly plot, since Truffaut shows an infinite and attentive respect for his characters and embeds in the narrative an idea about the nature of romantic love. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

**Doctor Dolittle**—If, as an adult, you *have* to go to this for the sake of your children or grandchildren, all is not lost—at one point, Rex Harrison, in the title role, sings a love song to a seal. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**Elvira Madigan**—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. (In Swedish at the Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ In English at the 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ In Swedish at the Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 14.)

**The Graduate**—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

**Hour of the Wolf**—Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. A film that sees a poetic man's madness as an image for hacking a way out of a life gone sterile. Max von Sydow plays the obsessed painter, Liv Ullmann his sweet-spirited, rackingly responsive wife. The movie is marvellously acted and shot, from Bergman's own screenplay. In Swedish. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 13.)

**The Odd Couple**—If you didn't see the Broadway version of Neil Simon's funny comedy about two men in mid-divorce driving each other balmy with a surrogate version of fussy marriage between them, Gene Saks' film is another chance, with no substantial change. Jack Lemmon is the wifely figure. Walter Matthau the male enraged by vacuum cleaning. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Aug. 14.)

**Petulia**—Richard Lester at his best, directing Julie Christie and George C. Scott. We knew his technical brilliance, but not his charity and eye for modern distress—nor his skill with actors. The story is set in San Francisco. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**The Producers**—For those who enjoy satire of the theatre enough to put up with Zero Mostel and much horseplay. Written and directed (sort of) by Mel Brooks. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

**Rosemary's Baby**—Roman Polanski isn't at full stretch in this film, but he has an obvious and engaging love of making movies. The story, adapted from Ira Levin's thriller, is about a girl (Mia Farrow) who lives in the Dakota with her actor husband and conceives a baby by alarming occult means. Ruth Gordon is very funny as a key witch next door. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

**The Two of Us**—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation of France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

**2001: A Space Odyssey**—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**War and Peace**—Don't let anyone put you off by saying that the Russians' version is old-fashioned. Thank goodness, instead, for a work of this historical intelligence, detail, affection, and freedom from the silly pursuit of newness. Sergei Bondarchuk directed, wrote the screenplay, and plays Pierre. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

**Young Törless**—A clear-eyed account of obscure complicity between tormentor and victim in a terrible incident of school bullying, set in a military academy before the 1914-18 War. Directed by Volker Schlöndorff from Robert Musil's classic novel—a first film that takes something dank out of the book and injects something originally energetic into it. In German. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

## REVIVALS

**The Big Sleep** (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; Aug. 10-13.)

**The Blue Angel** (1929)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 10-12.)

**Le Bonheur** (1966)—Agnès Varda has written a story about how to have happiness and lose it. She also directed the picture, which stars Jean-Claude Drouot and his family. In French. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 10.)

**Eclipse** (1962)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 13.)

**8½** (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

**The Entertainer** (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 13-14.)

**Funeral in Berlin** (1966)—A complicated melodrama about British and Russian Intelligence agents, starring Michael Caine. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 14.)

**Gigi** (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

**Girl with Green Eyes** (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

**The Gold Rush** (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

**Gone with the Wind** (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**High Sierra** (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; Aug. 10-13.)

**Illicit Interlude** (1954)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with May Britt. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

**Ivan the Terrible, Part II** (1946)—Directed by Sergei Eisenstein. In Russian. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 12.)

**The Love Game** (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. Directed by Philipe de Broca. In French, as you might have expected. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

**Monika** (1952)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 13.)

**The Music Room** (1963)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 13-14.)

**My Life to Live** (1963)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 13-14.)

**The Naked Night** (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

**Nothing but a Man** (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Aug. 9.)

**La Notte** (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

**Ordet** (1957)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. In Danish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 13-14.)

**The Organizer** (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 9.)

**Le Petit Soldat** (1960)—Terrorists and counter-terrorists trying to outwit each other in the calm setting of Geneva. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Aug. 9.)

**Purple Noon** (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 14.)

**The Red Balloon** (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

**Red Desert** (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 10-12.)

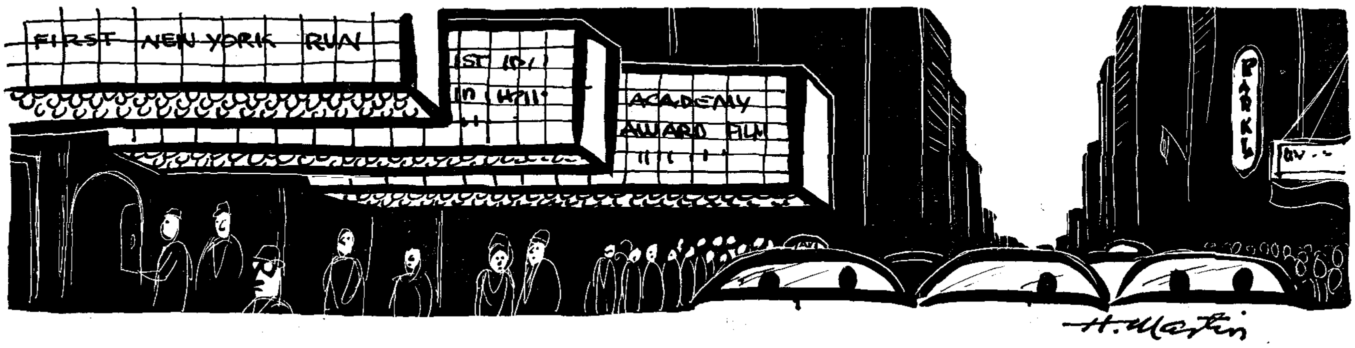
**Repulsion** (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 10-12.)

**Three Strange Loves** (1959)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

**Two Daughters** (1963)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

**Wild Strawberries** (1957)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this film directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 9.)

# THE MOVIE HOUSES



FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**THE PRODUCERS.**

**CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
**THE GOLD RUSH**, revival; and "The Further Perils of Laurel and Hardy," excerpts from some of their movies.

**CHARLES**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 13: **ECLIPSE** (in Italian), revival; and **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival.
From Aug. 14: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish); and **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival.

**POCKET CINEMA**, 3rd Ave. at 13th. (YU 2-0115; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Aug. 9: "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien; and "Marked Woman," revival, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart.
Aug. 10-13: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and **HIGH SIERRA**, revival.
*From Aug. 14: "Racket Busters," revival,* Humphrey Bogart, George Brent; and "Dark Passage," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 13: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish); and "Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.
From Aug. 14: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).

**KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Aug. 10: "A Lovely Way to Die," Kirk Douglas, Sylva Koscina.
From Aug. 11: "Zita" (in French).

**TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 11: "Inspector Clouseau," Alan Arkin.
From Aug. 12: "Hunger" (in Swedish), Per Oscarsson, Gunnel Lindblom.

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
**PETULIA.**

**BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Aug. 11: "The Story of a Three Day Pass" (in French and English).
From Aug. 12: "The Girl with Three Camels," a Czechoslovakian film.

**CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
**THE GRADUATE.**

**CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

**CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
**THE TWO OF US** (in French).

**BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
**YOUNG TÖRLESS** (in German).

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 13: **ELVIRA MADIGAN.**
From Aug. 14: To be announced.

**TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
**ROSEMARY'S BABY.**

**72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Isabel," Genevieve Bujold.

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | | | |

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

**R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 13: "5 Card Stud," Dean Martin, Robert Mitchum.
From Aug. 14: **THE ODD COUPLE.**

**ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Hang 'Em High," Clint Eastwood, Inger Stevens.

**86TH ST. EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

## WEST SIDE

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Aug. 9: **LE PETIT SOLDAT** (in French), revival; and **NOTHING BUT A MAN**, revival.
Aug. 10-12: **RED DESERT** (in Italian), revival; and **REPULSION**, revival.
Aug. 13-14: **ORDET** (in Danish), revival; and **MY LIFE TO LIVE** (in French), revival.

**WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 13: "The Secret War of Harry Frigg," Paul Newman, Sylva Koscina; and "Madigan," Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda.
From Aug. 14: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish); and **FUNERAL IN BERLIN**, revival.

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).

**5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
**THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival; and "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?," revival, a Czechoslovakian film.

**SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 13: "Thoroughly Modern Millie," revival, Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore.
From Aug. 14: "Never a Dull Moment," Dick Van Dyke, Edward G. Robinson.

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Revolution," Today Malone.

**R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 13: "5 Card Stud," Dean Martin, Robert Mitchum.
From Aug. 14: **THE ODD COUPLE.**

**LYCEUM**, 149 W. 45th. (JU 2-3877; evening performances only.)
Aug. 8: "Gate of Hell" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.
Aug. 9: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish), revival.
Aug. 10: **LE BONHEUR** (in French), revival.
Aug. 11: "King Kong," revival, Fay Wray.
Aug. 12: **IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PART II** (in Russian), revival.
Aug. 13: **MONIKA** (in Swedish), revival.
Aug. 14: "The League of Gentlemen," revival, Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
**DOCTOR DOLITTLE.**

**DEMILLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
**WAR AND PEACE.**

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
**GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 13: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.
From Aug. 14: **THE ODD COUPLE.**

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?," Doris Day, Robert Morse.

**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
**THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French).

**CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Lost Sex" (in Japanese).

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
**BELLE DE JOUR** (in French).

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Seventh Continent," a Yugoslav film.

**LINCOLN ART**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
**THE GRADUATE.**

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through Aug. 13: "The Strange Affair," Michael York.
From Aug. 14: "The Violent Four" (in Italian).

**CINEMA STUDIO**, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Aug. 13: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).
From Aug. 14: "Robby," John Garces.

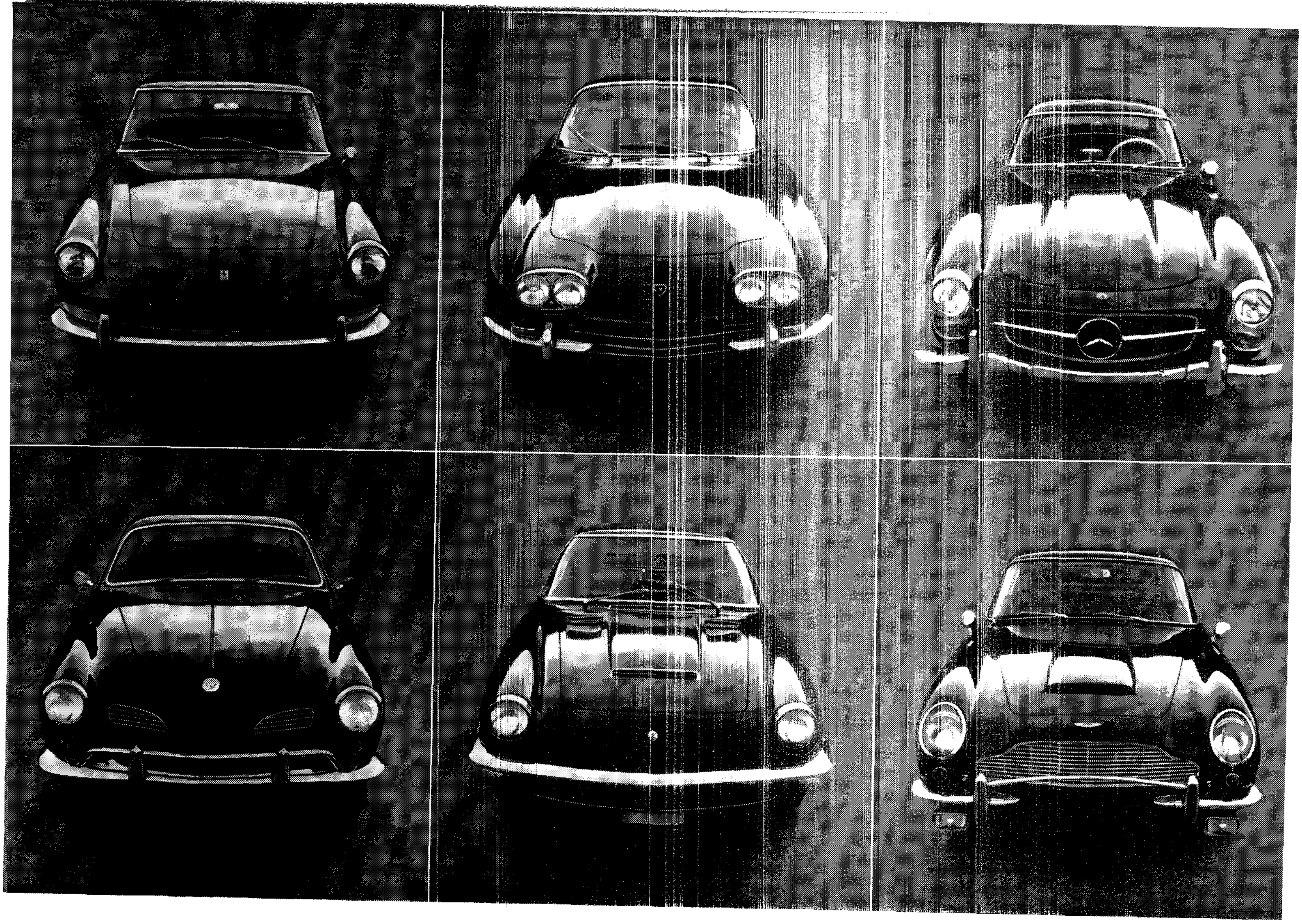
**REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
To be announced.

**NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 9: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and "Judex" (in French), revival, Channing Pollock.
Aug. 10-12: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
Aug. 13-14: **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival; and **THE MUSIC ROOM** (in Bengali), revival.

**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 13: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick; and "The Carpetbaggers," revival, George Peppard, Carroll Baker.
From Aug. 14: "A Matter of Innocence," Hayley Mills, Trevor Howard; and "Up the Down Staircase," revival, Sandy Dennis.

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 8: "The Condemned of Altona," revival, Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell; and "The Proud and the Beautiful" (in French and Spanish), revival, Gérard Philipe, Michèle Morgan.
Aug. 9: **THE NAKED NIGHT** and **THREE STRANGE LOVES** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Aug. 10: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival.
Aug. 11: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival; and **GIGI**, revival.
Aug. 12: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali), revival; and "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna.
Aug. 13: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and **ILLICIT INTERLUDE** (in Swedish), revival.
Aug. 14: "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruehmann; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.

**MIDTOWN**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
**THE PRODUCERS.**



# Can you spot the Volkswagen?

Lost among five of the world's great sports cars is one of the world's great Volkswagens.

The VW Karmann Ghia.

If you confuse it with a 170 mph sports machine, we wouldn't be surprised.

The racy lines are the work of a famous sports car designer, the Ghia studios of Turin, Italy.

And the bodywork is the handiwork of one of Europe's oldest custom coachmakers, Karmann of Osnabrück.

What makes the Karmann Ghia a Volkswagen is everything that makes it go. Independent 4-wheel suspension that takes curves like a racer. Surprisingly smooth 4-speed gear box. And an air-cooled engine that gets up to 28 mpg.

Of course, you can't reach the speed of a $15,000 Ferrari (top left), a $16,000 Lamborghini (top center), a $9,000 Mercedes-Benz (top right), a $15,000 Maserati (bottom center), or a $14,000 Aston Martin (bottom right) in a Karmann Ghia (bottom left).

But it costs only $2,254* to give the impression that you can.

## Volkswagen Karmann Ghia

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC *SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, EAST COAST P.O.E. ($2351 WEST COAST P.O.E.) LOCAL TAXES AND OTHER DEALER DELIVERY CHARGES, IF ANY, ADDITIONAL.

**Super-Tone Skin Conditioner**

*Its objective? To keep your skin feeling clean as a mountain spring, soft as a petal. Lay on the make-up, stay up too late, battle the elements . . . no matter. A good douse on some cotton, and Super-Tone "scrubs" your face to a glow, yet leaves it soft, resilient and fresh to face its future. (Marvelous too, for a disturbed skin.)*

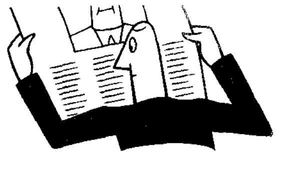
Germaine Monteil

THE
NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

THE Convention season has begun, and some of the uncertainties of this endless, rackety, unhappy election year will shortly be done away with. One minor campaign phenomenon that will probably now disappear, at least for a few weeks, is those newspaper advertisements containing immense lists of names of celebrities and worthies in various fields who have somehow made up their minds already and have plumped squarely into print on behalf of their candidate. In recent weeks, the *Times* has presented us with forty names forming a Committee of Arts and Letters for Humphrey, a panel of ninety-one American businessmen—board chairmen, presidents, and partners all—for Nixon, and an enormous menu of three hundred and thirty-four entertainers, professors, athletes, ministers, doctors, and lawyers making up a Who's Who for Rockefeller. It has become our habit to read every one of the names on these lists, less because we care Who's for Whom than out of a bewildered wish to understand how any of these endorsements could be expected to pull as much as one voter into the right column. Did Rosa Ponselle bring as many opera lovers over to Vice-President Humphrey as Marian Anderson won for Governor Rockefeller? Were God-fearing businessmen more effectively swayed by the Reverend Donald R. Hammerli, of Holton, Kansas (Rockefeller), or by Elmer H. Bobst, chairman of the Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company (Nixon)? Did the combined department-store-and-park-museum voters' bloc swing first to Nixon, because of Walter Hoving's endorsement, and then over to Rockefeller, because of *Thomas* Hoving's? And what about the Hoving family's maids and cooks—how did they keep level heads in the midst of such an excruciating push and pull? How could any of us settle on the right party in November upon being faced with charming simultaneous invitations from Humphrey's Sol Hurok and Rockefeller's Tanaquil Le Clercq, from George M. Champion, for Nixon, and Marge and Gower Champion, for Rocky?



In an effort to blow this fog away, we have attempted to imagine some breakfast-table conversations in American households as uncertain voters are hooked and landed by precisely the right sponsor:

"Say, Honey, did you see that Richard Anuszkiewicz, the master Op artist, is for Humphrey? I *love* his paintings—they make me feel all funny."

"Yep. That settles it for me—Humphrey's my man. Anuszkiewicz can see the broader picture clearer than we can."

Or "Wow! Hank Aaron, Dick Button, champion bowler Andy Varipapa, and Ruby, Carl, and Oscar Obert, the present National Handball Champions, are *all* for Rockefeller!"

"Yes, Son, and don't overlook Osibee Jelks, the baseball umpire. He's a man who's used to making a hundred difficult decisions every day. I think it's time to join Rocky's heavily muscled team."

Or "I don't care *what* you say, Ernest. Gwilym A. Price, the former president and chairman of Westinghouse Electric, is for Nixon, and so am I. As you know, you can be sure if it's Westinghouse."

"You don't understand these things, my love. Eli Whitney Debevoise is for Rockefeller, and down on the Street they say that Whit writes a beautiful brief. *And* Dr. William H. Cassebaum, the steady-handed chief of surgery at New York Polyclinic. As I have urged you so often, look at the entire panorama of facts and *then* make up your mind."

No. These playlets are unconvincing, even as summer stock, and we must look for another explanation. As we prepare to listen to the hard realities of the first Convention balloting, it has become clear to us that these names, these lists, were in fact intended not to convince voters but merely to reassure the various candidates. In a season when rival polls have brought contradictory and shifting opinions from thousands of faceless, nameless citizens, what better way to spend campaign money, what surer means of firming up a Presidential smile, than to hand your candidate a list of live, identifiable bowlers and bankers, dancers and divines, attorneys and actresses, all sworn to walk into the voting booth and pull the right lever? We will offer our name to our own candidate for publication the instant we make up our mind, which will probably be along about dusk on Election Day.

## *Block Party*

THE New York City Commission to the United Nations and four museums in the West Fifty-third Street area held an open house and street fair in honor of the United Nations community one night last week, and since it was a mild, clear evening, we decided to drop in on the proceedings. When we arrived, at seven-thirty, hundreds of people were presenting their invitations at sawhorse barricades that blocked off Fifty-third Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues and were receiving gummed gold-paper seals to wear as identification. Most of the men stuck their seals on the lapels of their coats, but many of the women wore theirs as beauty marks on their foreheads, cheeks, or shoulders, and everyone

seemed to be in a carnival mood. Following the crowd in from Fifth Avenue, we strolled past a row of tents and stands where venders were doing a brisk business, selling Italian ices, *zeppole*, *calzone*, hibachi steak, crêpes, sausages, clams, shrimp, Good Humors, beer, and soft drinks. "The littlenecks are delicious," an attractive ash-blond girl wearing a miniskirt and blue-tinted granny eyeglasses said to a friend, who was wearing a pair of white crocheted trousers and a matching jacket. "You ought to try some."

We went into the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, where a whole clutter of objects—among them a broken ski tip, an empty Courvoisier bottle, a Coca-Cola can with a plastic straw in it, an empty Maxwell House coffee tin, a scarred golf ball, a battered flashlight, some burned-out light bulbs, and several beat-up feathers—were arranged before a sign that read "objects are . . .?" In an adjoining room, we passed a sign that said "i am an object" and another that said "you are an object." By the time we returned to Fifty-third Street, the sidewalks were swarming with people and the air was filled with the heavy odor of frying food, which, accompanied by the smell of spun-sugar candy, seemed to be impelled along the block by shock waves of folk rock that was being produced, with electronic assistance, by the Smubbs—a drummer, a bass player, and two guitarists sitting on a flatbed truck. We listened for a while, and then ducked into the Museum of American Folk Art, where we looked over a clutch of hand-carved and painted decoys—swans, geese, sickle-billed curlews, lesser yellowlegs, mallards, bluebills, pintails, and black scoters.

"Wouldn't he make a lovely lamp?" an elderly lady said as she bent to read the inscription beside a handsome merganser drake.

"Oh, excuse me," said a young man who had accidentally bumped into a girl standing beside a tall wooden Indian. "I thought you were one of the primitives."

"I am," she replied.

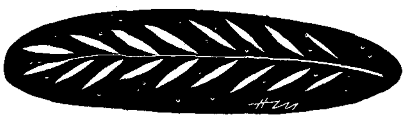
Out on Fifty-third Street, dusk was falling, the Electric String Ensemble was playing Bach, and a young woman in bell-bottom trousers was filling balloons from a tank of helium and handing them to some Japanese women wearing kimonos. We entered the Museum of Modern Art, wandered through an exhibition of photographs by Cartier-Bresson, and then walked out into the Sculpture Garden, where, in the soft light illuminating fountains and trees, a crowd of several hundred people had gathered. Some of the people were sitting at tables on the terrace, others were strolling amid the pieces of sculpture, and a few were heading for the gate on the Fifty-fourth Street side, in order to visit the Museum of Primitive Art, which was showing a collection of Congolese fetish figures and ritual masks. The young set had congregated by the north wall of the Garden, where five musicians who called themselves the Sounds of Modification were standing behind a battery of microphones and amplifiers. A few moments later, the Garden became a vast echo chamber as, with a deafening chord that sent pigeons spiralling into the night sky, the Sounds of Modification, who were armed with two guitars, a pair of tambourines, an organ, and a set of drums, launched enthusiastically into a Beatles number.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" a startled woman in African tribal dress asked. "*Qu'est-ce qui se passe?*"

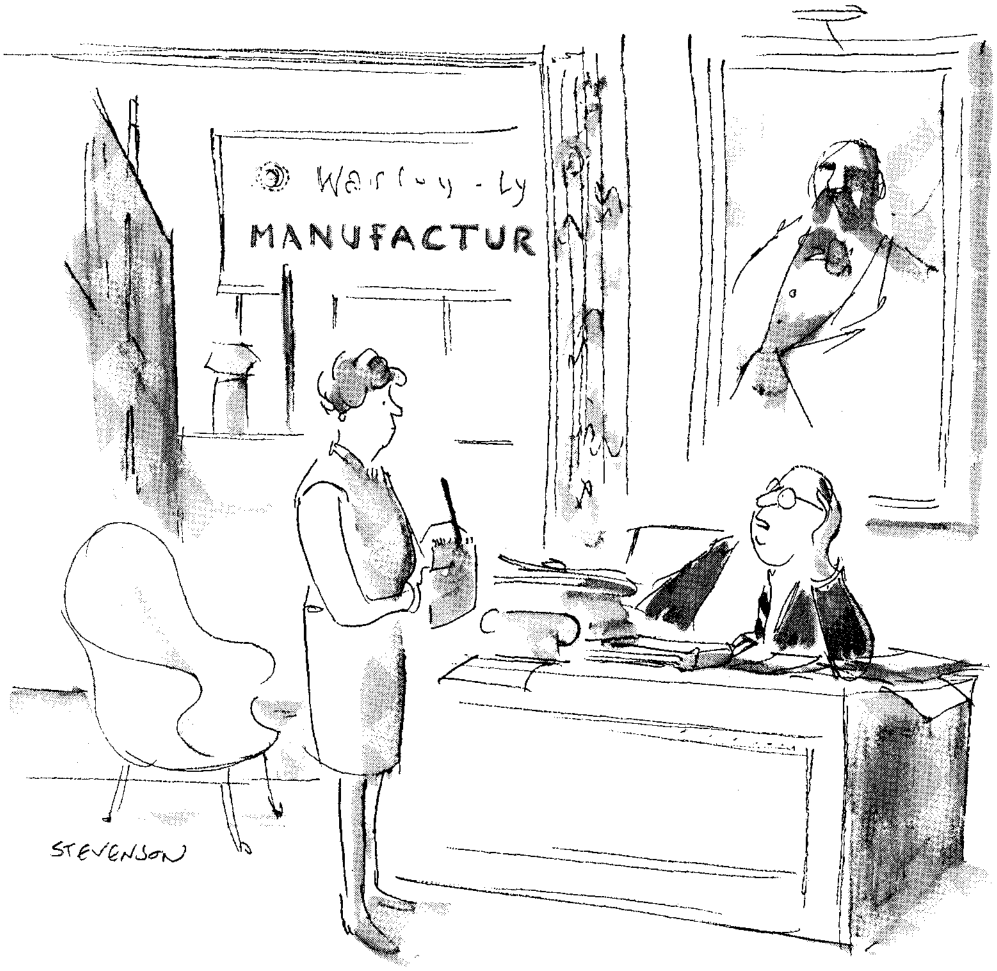
"*Son et lumière*," replied a distinguished-looking man beside her.

## *Action Committee*

On a recent Thursday evening, we went down to Ninth Street and Avenue C to attend a meeting of the Lower East Side Puerto Rican Action Committee, which had been formed to help calm the neighborhood following three consecutive evenings of rioting. Crowds of three or four hundred people, most of them young Puerto Ricans, had gathered each night and thrown bottles and debris at members of the Police Department's Tactical Patrol Force (T.P.F.), the mobile force that is brought into troubled areas as the need arises. Several store windows had been smashed in the disturbances, and about twenty people had been arrested. In the summer, life in the neighborhood of Avenue C is spent half out-of-doors, on the sidewalks and streets. That Thursday, several card tables had been set up outside the slum doors, and groups of teen-agers or whole families were sitting at them or on the steps of the houses or on car hoods, often listening to Spanish music on small radios that were turned up to their brassy peak volume. The paint on most houses in the neighborhood is peeling or else is caked with soot; the streets are littered with paper, and the stores, which are all very small, sell almost nothing that is new. (One storefront loan company offers "Loans in Three Hours.") Generally, almost nothing is clean, shiny, or new. Even neon lights are rare, and at night most of the stores are conspicuously locked and barred with heavy gates or sheets of metal. There were two or three policemen on every block, standing around twirling their nightsticks—expressing, by their casual bearing and slow movements, the kind of deliberate calmness and unprovocative unconcern that is now their usual manner in tense situations or at demonstrations. Each policeman carried either a green Army helmet or a shiny blue plastic riot helmet with a visor. The spic-and-span uniforms of these beefy young policemen and their well-polished patrol cars, which were easily the best-looking cars in the neighborhood, stood out in an imposing contrast to the cluttered and smudged appearance of the neighborhood and to the informal attire of the neighborhood people, for whom jackets and ties are strictly Sunday clothes.



The Puerto Rican Action Committee was scheduled to meet at six-thirty in the Hispanic American Veterans Association Hall on Avenue C, between Ninth Street and Tenth Street. The hall, we found, was a tall-ceilinged, deep room taking up the whole second floor of a building that had a garage below. The floor was covered with linoleum, which was peeling in a few places, and a huge American flag hung on one wall, along with pictures of President Kennedy and President Franklin Roosevelt. About half a dozen tables were arranged in a square in the middle of the room. The sounds of voices, traffic, and radios came in from the street through open front windows. Before the meeting began, we talked with several of the men who were going to take part. All of them were Puerto Rican, and were connected with one neighborhood group or another, such as Mobilization for Youth, or the Community Action Program, which assists poor residents of the area to adapt to life in the city. We soon learned that they were just about unanimously agreed not only on the question of what caused the disturbances but also on the question of what should be done to prevent further outbreaks, in both the short run and the long run. We spoke to a Mr. Al Cardona, who told us, "It's the same story with all of these riots across the country. A small incident mushrooms into a full-scale civil disorder. The kids have no jobs, or lousy jobs. They're on the



*"Just between us, Miss Cogley, I'd welcome a take-over by Howard Hughes."*

• •

street all day—they've got a house but no home. There's no hope for the future, and they're bored. They're tired of the same old routine and tired of sharing one bottle of soda pop with three guys. And they want adventure. If I said, 'Let's go to Africa,' they'd say, 'Yeah, let's go,' just like that. They want excitement, and they've got nothing to lose, so when fifty cops show up and someone throws a few bottles, there's nothing to hold them back." Another man there for the meeting, Mr. Wally Rivera, told us that on the night of the first disturbance he had seen a young girl throw a bottle, and when he asked her why she had done it, she had answered, "I like to hear the sound of glass breaking on the sidewalk." The members of the committee all agreed that the immediate cause of the outbreaks had been the sudden presence of large numbers of the Tactical Patrol Force in the neighborhood, and, as the first demand they made of the city, they had asked that their committee be consulted before the T.P.F. was sent in again. They also agreed that in the long run the community needed a whole series of improvements, which the press and television had already been talking about for some time, and which they themselves had been working for even longer—better education, better housing, more jobs, and less discrimination. The poor conditions and their remedies were so well known to this committee of social workers that they were hardly touched on in the meeting that followed.

But if the basic issues were only too familiar, the actual business of setting up a group and conducting effective meetings was new, and a heated debate grew up around the questions of who should be on the committee and who should become its leaders. Though the members were all known to each other, they had never got together as a group before. Most of the rivalries were shifting and ambiguous, and couldn't be readily defined—perhaps because the splits were not based on disagreements about issues—but quite a bit of the debate at the meeting centered on the question of whether the committee should join forces with a group of young men who called themselves the Real Great Society and had formed around a nucleus of ex-members of youth gangs which was supported by the Office of Economic Opportunity. The day after the rioting began, this group had held a demonstration in front of the local precinct headquarters, but later it had met with the police and had agreed to patrol the neighborhood, wearing armbands, in an effort to persuade people not to cause trouble. The Real Great Society had formulated a set of demands for jobs, parks, and housing, and was asking the Puerto Rican Action Committee to give these its support.

Before the meeting began, we spoke with Pedro Otero, the acting chairman of the Action Committee, about this issue, and he told us, "Our committee is the legitimate committee—it is the *empowered* committee. We are recognized by the Mayor. The other group must come to us. They say that we get money from our jobs with the city, but I have a grocery store and I can make thirty dollars a night. But I close it to work on this committee, so I lose thirty dollars a night. I go out in the streets to cool the place down, and I take risks. I've lived here for thirty years, and I know everyone here personally. I am a man of the people. But there are some who don't care about anything, who have no commitment, and I don't care to lead them. I don't care about them."

We asked Mr. Rivera what he thought of the people who made up the committee, and he said, "I don't think some of them are really leaders. I mean, who do they lead? Who knows about them? Some of them just want to get power for themselves. They're doing it to make a political position for themselves. I don't care about being a leader myself. I just want to do my job in obscurity. People come to me and say, 'Wally, help me. My husband's in jail,' or 'I can't get any welfare.' That's all." Mr. Rivera's position of criticizing "some people" as false leaders but disclaiming any ambition to be a leader himself was a popular one that evening. When the people there spoke to us, or to each other, they often started out by saying something like "Now, I don't pretend to be any kind of leader, but . . ."

Just as the meeting was about to begin, five tough-looking members of the Real Great Society walked in. After brief, uneasy consultations, they were allowed to sit, all together, at one end of the group of tables. Most of them appeared to be in their early twenties. Their leader was wearing dark glasses and had a slightly drooping mustache. They all looked about them warily, with looks that seemed to express a kind of prideful scorn of what *they* saw. Mr. Otero opened the meeting by reading the agenda, which consisted, first, of decisions to be made about a conference that was to be held with Manny Diaz, Deputy Commissioner of the Manpower and Career Development Agency, and, second, of the question of what means to employ to keep the peace in the neighborhood that night, but, as it turned out, the agenda was forgotten. The first speaker Mr. Otero recognized was Pablo Garcia, who had seemed unhappy when the group of young men from the Real Great Society came in. "Now, look," Garcia said. "We're all people of good faith here together, trying to do the best thing for the community, and we don't want to have any hypocritical promises from any of you. We don't want you here if you're going to talk nice with us but then go out and throw bottles at the cops on the street." Several members of the younger group protested, and Mr. Garcia, apparently interpreting their restlessness as a sign that they were about to leave, said "Nobody leaves yet!" and then got up and went over and closed the door that led downstairs. The five young men jumped up as one man from their chairs and made for the door. "Nobody closes the door on us!" one shouted. Several other men, who were nearer the door, jumped up, too, and, making it to the door before the Real Great Society people, opened it, assured them that it would remain open, and persuaded them to sit down again.

Up to this point, the meeting had been conducted half in English and half in Spanish. Now Mr. Garcia moved that the official language of the meeting be Spanish, and the motion was carried. Mr. Otero then told the young group that if they wanted to work with the Action Committee, they would have to give their names to the secretary.

The young man in sunglasses answered, in English, "We don't have to tell our names. What do you want to know our names for? Why don't *you* tell *your* names?"

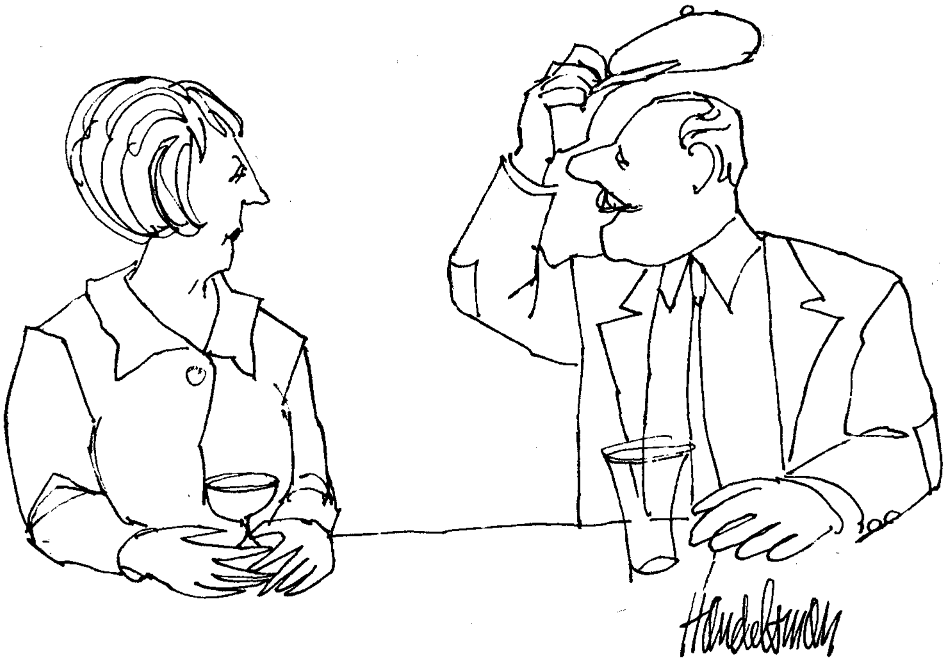
Several people tried to speak at once, and Mr. Otero banged the table with his hand for order. "If you're going to come here and work with the committee, you have to accept the committee's authority," he said heatedly, in Spanish. "We will work only on this basis."

The young man in sunglasses answered loudly, still speaking English, "The reason these cats won't tell their names is that they're getting a big fat *salary* from politicians and aren't doing one damn thing for the people."

Mr. Rivera broke in to recommend that *everyone* give his name, and everyone then did.

Afterward, several people again started talking at once, and Mr. Otero banged his hand on the table and said, "Order! Order! I recognize Rocky." He indicated a handsome man with a pencil mustache.

Rocky stood up and made an impassioned criticism of "some of the established leaders," which he wound up by saying, "I'm no intellectual. I've had only a second-grade education and I used to be a boxer, and I don't use any Sunday-school words. I'm sick of so-called leaders who don't do a damn thing. There are *some* people who could do something if they were given a chance. But now everyone cuts each other's throat, and when a proposal to give jobs is made, they staff it with their own friends. The people are tired of this. We people in the community want new faces!"



*"I beg your pardon, Madam, but I happen to be an antique dealer, and I couldn't help noticing what excellent condition you're in."*

Other speakers also expressed the opinion that new leaders were needed, although they were quick to add that they themselves had no aspiration to become leaders.

After fifteen minutes of this general airing of views, the young man in sunglasses, whose name had turned out to be Artie Santiago, angrily cut in to say, in English, "O.K., look. All I hear is a lot of talk—"

"In Spanish! In Spanish!" several voices cried out.

Mr. Santiago started again, softly, in Spanish, and a look of panic flickered in his eyes. Then, loud and angry again, he said, in English, "Look. I'm gonna talk now, and you're going to *listen*, and I'm going to talk English because I'm third-generation and my Spanish is *terrible*. It stinks!"

"We agreed on Spanish. That's the rule," Mr. Otero said, but others called out "We'll make an exception!" and Mr. Otero relented.

"*O.K.* Now all I hear is talk," Mr. Santiago continued. "Crap! It's all crap! Now, you get *this*, man. We're the *youth*, we represent the majority of the youth, and we've got our *own* committee! How do you like that? I'm just showing you how big the *gap* is! You're going to give us a chance to *learn* and *lead* and do our thing." Then he criticized the leaders of the committee, and added that he himself was not a leader but merely a spokesman for his committee. "I'm nothing to the kids," he said. He then pulled out a sheet of paper and went on, "We've got some *demands*, and we don't expect you'll support them, but here they are." He read a list of twenty-one demands to be made of the city. The demands—for five thousand more jobs for New York Puerto Ricans, a Puerto Rican high-school principal, an I.B.M. program for Puerto Ricans, lights in parks at night, garbage cans on street corners, and a program of Puerto Rican history to be taught in summer schools, among other things—constituted a full catalogue of those improvements that people concerned about the slums had always asked for, and although they were very ambitious, not one proved unacceptable to the older group of men. The group of five then asked whether the committee would support the demands. Mr. Otero said that if the committee did, then the Real Great Society would have to submit to the authority of the committee.

Next, a man delivered a talk in which he said that he had fought in the Korean War and was now employed as a truck driver at a hundred and fifty dollars a week. The young people, he said, were not the only ones with a right to live. In the riots, people near him had thrown bottles, and then *he* had had to face the detectives and police. There were more short speeches, and finally someone called out "Let's vote!"

The issue of whether the younger group was to get the support of the older group only if it submitted to the older group's authority was not brought up again, and the vote went unanimously in favor of supporting the younger group's demands. When this happened, the younger group jumped up, its members laughing and talking and shaking hands with each other. Mr. Otero pounded the table for order.

Once calm had been restored, Mr. Santiago said he wanted to make one point clear. "What I mean is, what the youth want is to have a *majority* of the seats on the committee—we're demanding a majority," he said. It was the first time this point had been brought up, but just as he spoke, several of the men at the other end of the room began to argue with each other about something else, and they paid attention only to Mr. Santiago's next remark, which was that he had to confer with his own committee before he made any binding agreements to anything. Generally, throughout the meeting, there seemed to be a willingness to preserve a spirit of agreement by stretching and pulling parliamentary procedure in a way that kept the thorniest issues from coming to the fore and allowed the subject to change before any single issue could really inflame the participants.

At about nine-thirty, we accompanied Wally Rivera over to the Ninth Precinct Headquarters, on Fifth Street. He was one of two representatives of the Action Committee who would be posted at the station house to serve as liaison men between the committee and the police in case there was trouble. On the way over, he explained to us that the police had agreed to let the committee try to calm down any disturbances before the T.P.F. was sent in. At the station house, we talked with the precinct chief, Deputy Inspector Joseph Fink—the man who had distributed armbands to the Real Great Society. He expressed satisfaction with the calm prevailing that night, and he told us that he was working with the Puerto Rican Action Committee and was glad to find that the community leaders shared his interest in preventing riots. Not all the policemen shared Inspector Fink's interpretation of the situation, however. One lieutenant we talked with lumped the rioters and the committee that was trying to stop the riots in one hostile group. For him, the fact that both the rioters and the committee opposed the presence of the T.P.F. in the community was enough to prove that the two groups were one.

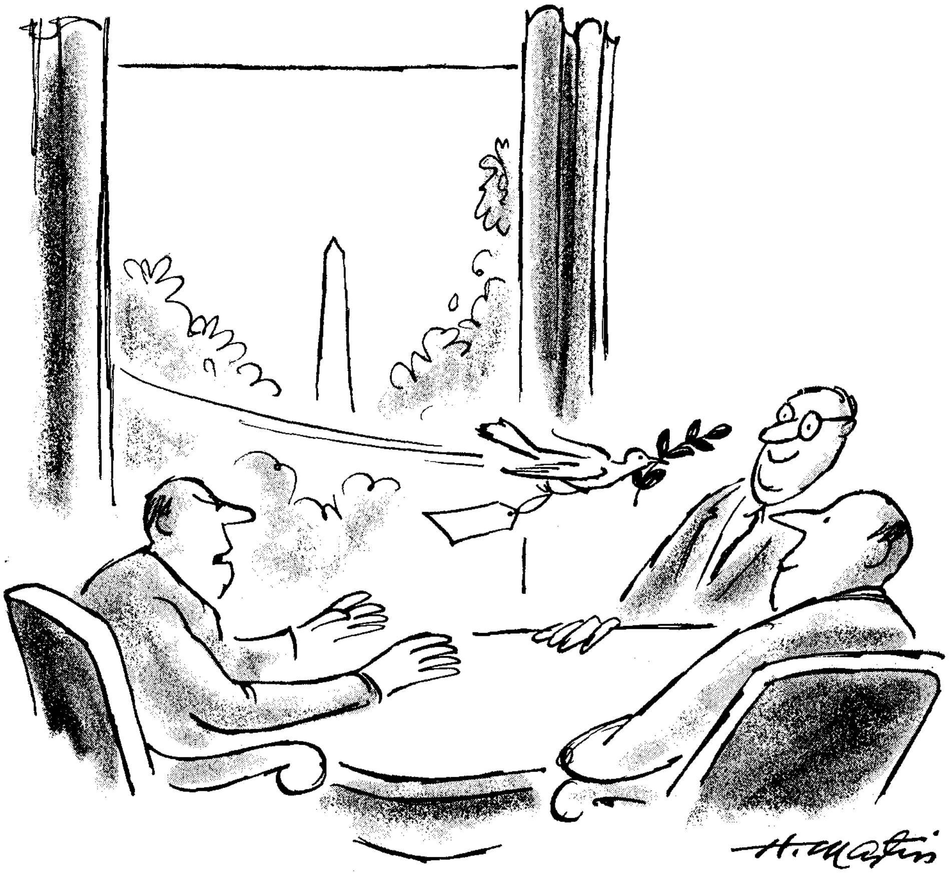
A little later, Mr. Rivera remarked to Inspector Fink, "I'm here according to the agreement with the Action Committee about not sending the T.P.F. into the community without getting the agreement of the Action Committee."

"What?" Inspector Fink exclaimed. "We didn't agree to that."

For a moment, it seemed that the whole arrangement might fall apart. It seemed that the Action Committee might have convinced itself that the agreement had given it more power than it really had, and also that Inspector Fink might have gone back to a tougher line. But then, perhaps sensing the danger of a split, Inspector Fink added, "Of course, we'll let you know in advance if we do anything."

"Right. You'll consult with us before you do anything," said Mr. Rivera.

Both men seemed relieved. To us it appeared that in this encounter, as in the one between the Action Committee and the Real Great Society people, when precise agreements could not be worked out between groups, each side tended to give the other side's position an interpretation that was charitable almost to the point of distortion. The Action Committee had apparently allowed itself to believe that the police would not move without its permission—an interpretation that gave it considerable authority in its own community—and the police had apparently come to think that the committee would be satisfied merely with advance notice. It almost seemed that, in this atmosphere of first gropings toward a unified Puerto Rican community organization and toward better communication with the police, the will to agree had taken precedence over the substance of the agreements, and in this spirit a makeshift peace had been effected.



*"Now, don't everybody get excited until we've seen the price tag."*

• •

# STORIES OF AFRICA

A RETIRED bishop of the South African Missions was coming for tea, and Mrs. Bagot and her two little girls were very busy getting ready for him. He was coming at four. The children weren't home from school until after three o'clock, and Mrs. Bagot had to get them to eat the sketchy dinner she had waiting for them, and then they had to get out of their school clothes and into their good dresses. Then she had to brush their hair and put on their new hair ribbons—wide ribbons of pale blue satin. She dressed them alike, as though they were twins, although there was nearly three years between them. Lily was going on ten, and Margaret was seven. She had told them they were all going to hear great stories of Africa—strange tales of ostrich feathers, and monkeys, and cannibals, and big wild birds, and lions, and a sun so hot that people ran to get out of it.

"Is there no rain there, Mother?" Lily asked, and then she said, "When I'm a bit bigger I'll be able to look into your mirror while you brush my hair."

She was standing by the chest of drawers, which held a small standing mirror with the brushes and combs and ribbons arranged in front of it.

"When you're a bit bigger you'll brush your own hair," Margaret said quickly.

Margaret was sitting on the edge of her mother's big bed, waiting her turn. She was getting impatient. The Bishop would be here any minute. Lily and Mrs. Bagot were both silent after she spoke. Mrs. Bagot was silent because she was anxiously tying Lily's hair into the new ribbon, and trying to get it balanced so that each loop of the bow would be exactly the same size and would sit at exactly the same angle. And Lily was silent because she was always surprised when Margaret said anything that showed a capacity for thought. Margaret's words usually expressed desire, or protest, or affection. And Lily had another reason for silence. She could feel her mother's fingers struggling with the bow, and she knew that her whole appearance depended on the next minute or so, because if the bow went wrong the first time it would have to be untied and taken off, and the ribbon would be wrinkled, and there was no time to run the iron over it, and the chances of it going right the second time would be small. One word from her now might cause her mother's hand to slip, and so she was silent and tried to hold her breath.

They were in the front bedroom. The big brass bedstead was placed with its head against the wall. The end of the bed made a bright railing between Margaret and her mother and sister. She was sitting kicking her heels on the far side of the bed from where they stood, and watching herself in the long mirrored door of the wardrobe. The bed was covered from top to bottom with a patchwork quilt so large that it hung almost down to the floor on both sides. The quilt was very old, and it was precious to Mrs. Bagot, and she usually kept it folded away out of sight, but she had put it out today in honor of the Bishop's visit, and to satisfy the children, who had been pestering her to let them see it all spread out on a bed where they could really get a good look at the different patterns and colors. The Bishop would never see the quilt, of course, but it made the whole house better and richer just by being on the bed for the day. It was forbidden to sit on the quilt, and Margaret sat on it very lightly, hoping her mother wouldn't notice her. In the mirror she could see her own hands wandering around, touching the hard lines where the separate pieces, scraps of ancient dresses, were joined together in small, precise octagonals. This was disobedience, and she knew she would have to tell about it in confession. She had only lately made her first confession, and she thought her sins were like plums—bad plums that she plucked out of the air, which had formerly been clear and empty. Formerly, before she reached seven, the age of reason. And then, at the end of the week, she gave all the bad plums to the priest in the confession box. Always, at the last minute before she got into the box, she felt frightened, wondering what he might say to her, but he never said anything and always gave her a small penance. Now she sat on the quilt and looked at herself, sitting in sin. She watched herself thinking about confession and sin, and she felt she was in control of the situation and well able to manage for herself.

The chest of drawers was so tall and bulky that it spoiled the look of the bow window where it stood, but there was no place else in the room to put it. It nearly hid the middle part of the window but through the right-hand side pane Lily could see the narrow Dublin street outside, and the row of houses opposite, all exactly like her own. At the end of the street she saw the main road. A tram went by, coming out from town, and she hoped the Bishop had not been on it. There was still Margaret's hair to be done, and they would all want to be downstairs and ready before he knocked on the door. Then she felt a final, definite tug at her hair and her mother stood straight and stepped back, away from her.

"That's as good as I can get it," Mrs. Bagot said. "Turn around now till I take a look at you. And Margaret, get down off that quilt and come over here till I do your hair. It'll be a miracle if we're ready for the Bishop."

Margaret slid off the bed and came over to stand beside her mother. Her mother had known all the time that she was sitting on the quilt, and she had said nothing, because she wanted peace in the house when the Bishop arrived. Margaret would have liked to squeal with annoyance. Her mother had made a fool of her again. And Lily, who was standing rigid while her mother gave a final combing to the ends of her hair—Lily was watching her sideways to see if she would say something. She would have liked to push Lily, but more than that she wanted to say something to show her mother she was not a baby any more. They treated her like a baby, letting her do wrong things and not saying anything, because they were afraid she'd make a scene. She wasn't going to make a scene with the Bishop coming. They didn't trust her any more than they would trust a tiny baby. Margaret wished she could say something clever that would put both of them in their place, but she could think of nothing. No words came to her and if they had come there would have been no room for them, because her head was full of tears that rushed forward, searching for her eyes. She was going to disgrace herself. She shut her eyes tightly but the tears burst out and she felt them beginning to pour down her face. She sobbed loudly. The first sob came out angrily, because she had tried to hold it back, and it left her helpless to resist the smaller sobs that drove up from her chest and straight into her brain, so that each time she opened her eyes to look at her mother she had to shut her eyes quickly again until the sob released her and left her longing not to make any more noise. The sound of the ugly sobs made her ashamed and made her feel dirty and sleepy. But she was helpless, and able only to stare at her mother with terrified eyes. She was adrift, tossing up and down on the awful tiny-baby fury that always seemed to be catching up with her, even out on the street in front of people. And the Bishop was coming. Margaret opened her mouth and screamed.

*"Well, here I go—into the eye of the storm!"*

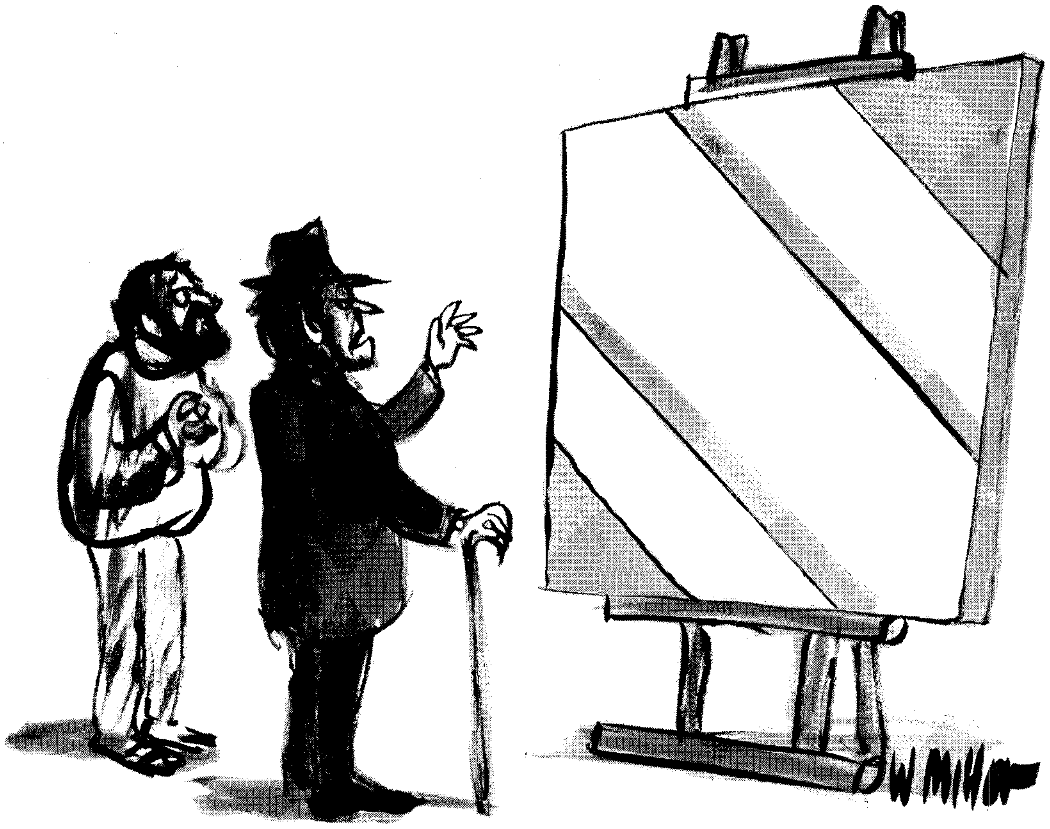
• •

AT the sound of the first sob, Mrs. Bagot lifted the comb from Lily's hair and hesitated before turning to look at Margaret. She could not face it this time. Margaret was having one of her crying fits and Mrs. Bagot could not face it, not with the Bishop coming. She felt she was very tired, and she thought resentfully that the Bishop could have chosen another day for his visit. It was always hard, dealing with these fits of Margaret's. It wasn't so much that it was hard as that it took time, first to calm her down and then to get her into bed so that she could sleep until her exhaustion lifted and she began to look like her normal self again, her normal pretty little self that everyone admired. Strangers in the street always glanced at Margaret, and when Mrs. Bagot took the children into town on the tram, the people sitting across from them always nodded and smiled at Margaret—at her pretty, anxious little face. Margaret had been a delicate baby and she was still delicate. She was born very thin and weak, and there had been doubt whether she would live until her first birthday. And now here she was sobbing her heart out in a fit of nerves that came only from her precarious health. School was a great strain for Margaret. She was always missing days at school, always having colds and coughs, and then she had a struggle catching up with the other children. And her balance was bad—she was always falling down and hurting herself. She was very small and light, not solid on the ground like Lily. This present outburst was the result of too much worry over the Bishop's visit. The thought of seeing a real bishop and speaking to him was too much for Margaret. Mrs. Bagot realized, too late, that she should have kept Margaret home from school today. Too late. But of course that is what she should have done. She should have kept Margaret at home and avoided all this last-minute rushing and fussing with their hair. In an instant of sickening panic Mrs. Bagot saw all the mistakes of her life rush together to congeal into the one fatal mistake that had made everything go wrong from the beginning. But the instant passed and with it her glimpse of that original mistake, the fatal one, which she could have named if it had only stayed before her eyes long enough to give her a chance to get a good look at it, so that she could see it and recognize it and call it by its name and know at last, once and for all, what it was she had done that separated her from the wisdom she knew other people possessed. She could not deal with anything, and in particular she could not deal with Margaret's crying fits. Well, the Bishop would be along any minute and there was nothing to be done now but reason with Margaret. By reasoning Mrs. Bagot meant that she would have to promise Margaret something, a treat. Mrs. Bagot knew perfectly well that it is wrong to bribe a child, but there was no time for anything now except a bribe. She would promise Margaret a day off from school tomorrow. Yes, she would keep her at home tomorrow and make a little bit of a fuss over her.

Then Margaret screamed. Mrs. Bagot bent quickly to put her arm around her. She was still holding the comb and Margaret slapped it out of her hand. Lily cried out and bent to pick up the comb but Mrs. Bagot gave her a little push and said, "Lily, run downstairs and go into the front room and stand at the window and watch for the Bishop. Call up to me when you see him coming, and then open the front door and leave it open, and go out and stand at the gate, and open the gate for him. Go on now this minute and call me when you see him."

As she went downstairs Lily heard her mother begin to speak in a very quiet voice that Lily associated with seriousness, and sadness, and patience, and weariness, as though she was trying to explain something that she could never explain, because it was beyond words.

MUCH earlier in the day, Mrs. Bagot had carried the alarm clock down from her bedroom and she now had clocks going in the kitchen, where there was always a clock, and in the back sitting room, where her best clock, the wedding-present one, had lived for years on the mantelpiece, *and* in the hall, on the hall table, where a clock had never been seen before. She had been watching one clock or another all day and all day she had felt she was losing time, but as she came downstairs now, holding Margaret's hand and moving carefully so that they



*"The edges are nice and hard, but your colors aren't icky enough."*

took each step together, which was difficult because the stairs were narrow and Margaret was hesitant—as she came slowly and gratefully down the stairs she saw that the clock on the hall table said five minutes to four. After all, there was plenty of time.

The front sitting room was usually kept closed. Mrs. Bagot went in there every day to attend to her collection of ferns, which she kept on tables in the window. This morning she had cleared one table of its ferns, and this table stood transformed now, with a white lace-edged cloth covering it, and the white china tea things shining in the light from the fire. The fire made the room very cosy. It was late May, a temperate day, but Mrs. Bagot knew that priests returning to Ireland from South Africa felt the change in the climate very much, and besides, the Bishop was a very old man. The Bishop and Mrs. Bagot's father had been the same age, and they had gone to school and grown up together on neighboring farms in Wexford. Mrs. Bagot's father had died when she was two years old, and she always felt her childhood had ended then, before it began. As far back as she could remember, she and her older sister and her brothers had been like little men and women, citizens of a republic where her mother was the stern, distant, and all-seeing head. It was said that Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Bagot's mother, had never got over her husband's death. She was a silent, unsmiling widow, and the mantle of grief she drew about herself and her children became a substitute for the protection they had lost at his death, and, after that, it became a symbol of his will. Mrs. Kelly's children always did as they were told.

Mrs. Bagot wanted to ask the Bishop about her father. She wanted to hear someone tell her once again that she had been her father's favorite. She had heard it often enough, from her mother, and from her sister and her brothers. Mrs. Bagot had been told what a favorite she *used to be* all during the time when she was a child and when she was growing up, and she had got tired of hearing it, but all of a sudden she wanted to hear it said again. She hoped the Bishop would remember she had been her father's favorite, and that he would say so. But the Bishop was very old. He might have begun to forget.

She had bought a white iced cake for the tea, not trusting her own confectionery, and she had made bread, brown and white, and scones. And she had jam, and honey in the comb. She wished he would come. She was getting nervous waiting for him.

Lily turned from her vigil at the window when her mother and Margaret opened the door and peered in. The door had to be kept closed against the cats, to keep them away from the tea table, but Bennie, the old white terrier, lay on his side on the hearthrug pretending to be asleep but with his eyes wide open, waiting for the cake to be cut. Lily saw that her mother was smiling hopefully as she did when everything had gone wrong and was now on the mend, and that Margaret's face was shiny but calm.

"We're going to go down to the kitchen and get the kettle going," Mrs. Bagot said. "And you're not to take your eye off that window, do you hear me now, Lily?" As though it was *Lily* who had driven her mother to the limit of her patience. "Do you hear me now, Lily?" she said again. "I want to know the minute you see the Bishop."

Mrs. Bagot was no longer smiling, and as Lily looked at her small face, pinched into severity and appeal, she felt a rush of impatience and misery. One way or another the day was sure to be spoiled. But there was no chance of saying anything because the two faces, Mrs. Bagot's and Margaret's, vanished, and the door closed. The little room was crowded, with the sofa and the chairs and the tea table and all the plants, and Lily could see nothing of Bennie except his back legs and his stubby tail, which now began to bang steadily against the hearthrug. Bennie had heard Mrs. Bagot's altered tone, and he was taking no chances. Good fortune had brought cake to the tea table, and Bennie wanted to be sure he would be allowed to stay in the same room with it.

"Cake, Bennie," Lily said, and the tail hesitated a minute and then began again, gently beating.

The front sitting room was smaller than the bedroom above it by the width of the hall that led to the front door, and the window where Lily stood watching for the Bishop corresponded with the window upstairs where she had stood while her mother combed her hair. There was no one coming up the street, no tall old man striding like a prophet toward the gate. The Bishop was late.

Just below the window was the curved flower bed Mrs. Bagot had cut out of the grass patch that was the front garden. The flower bed clung to the bow-window wall like a collar of daffodils, crocuses, and snowdrops. The grass, a tiny plot, was bright green and very trim. Mrs. Bagot had clipped it the night before, and this morning she had washed down the narrow red tiled path that led to the front gate. The front garden was about the same size as the front sitting room; the red tiled path was about the same width as the front hall, with its hat and coat rack and its table where the clock now stood at ten minutes past four.

THE Bishop did not come hurrying around the corner from the main road and he did not come striding up the street. He arrived in a car, a big black car that rolled slowly up the street until it stopped before the house. It was a very important-looking car. Lily ran shrieking for her mother, and after that everything was all right. She got the front door open and was down the front path and had the gate open exactly at the moment when the chauffeur opened the rear door of the car and began helping out a large old man who was dressed all in black and wore a black hat. Lily had never been so close to a chauffeur before and she admired his puttees. Margaret pushed past her into the street and stood stiffly with her back pressed against the garden railing and her little face radiant with excitement. Mrs. Bagot stepped forward to offer her hand in help, although holy awe and superstition made her unwilling to touch the consecrated Bishop. She had been taught, and she had taught Lily and Margaret, that you never shake hands with a priest, and now, with the chauffeur's firm hands under his arm, the Bishop got out of the car and stood almost upright, leaning on his two sticks. He was a very shabby old man. Even Mrs. Bagot, standing in helpless veneration, could see that, and she also saw that his blue eyes were vague and distant, as though they had seen enough and could accept no more impressions, and were no longer inclined to make the effort to separate faces he had seen before from the faces of strangers. He put his sticks together and held out his hand to Mrs. Bagot with a humble and ministering forgiveness that was too calm to hold pity and too proud to hold reproach.

The captive monkey, reduced by grief and age to the lowest and furthest corner of her cage at the zoo, watches the crowd that stares at her with an acceptance so profound it shines like sympathy. All struggle had vanished from the old Bishop's eyes and Mrs. Bagot saw that he was close to death. She lifted her hands and gave him a smile of tremulous indignation, showing him how, one morning, she would face her own death.

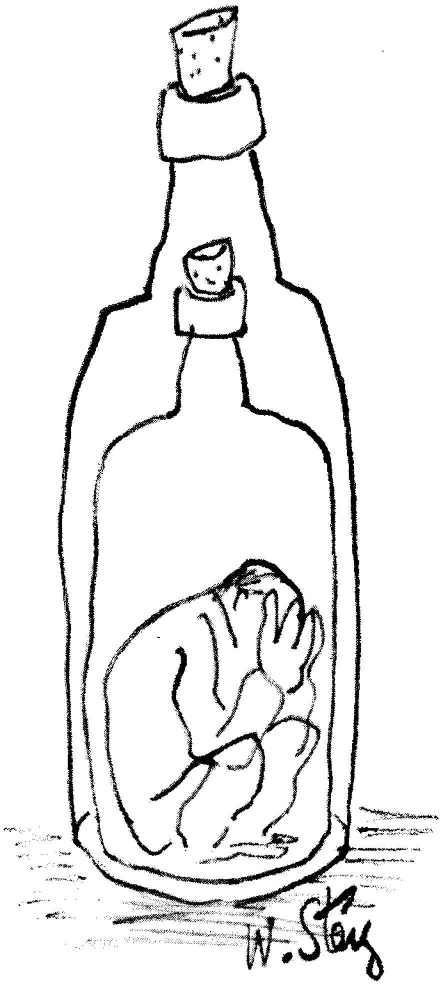
"We have the tea all ready for you, Your Grace," she said.

"God bless you," he said, "but never mind 'Your Grace.' I'm a very plain priest. 'Father,' or 'Father Tom,' whichever you like. Delia, is it? Am I right? You're the image of your grandmother, Delia."

Mrs. Bagot was amazed by the Bishop's voice. She had expected smooth, sanctified tones, the voice of an ecclesiastical dignitary, and instead she heard the rough, warm, monotonous accents of home. Mrs. Bagot thought, He sounds like one of my own brothers. She moved alongside of him, keeping step with the chauffeur, who was on his other side, and together they guided him onto the narrow red path that had been washed twice that day, first by Mrs. Bagot and then by a soft shower of rain that still glistened in the grass and over the yellows, whites, and mauves in the flower bed.

The Bishop steadied himself against the railing that separated Mrs. Bagot's tiled path from her neighbor's.

"I'll be all right now," he said to the chauffeur. "Thanks very much."



"Mother, there's a lady in the car," Lily whispered.

"That's Mrs. Sheffield Smith," the Bishop said. "A very good woman. If it hadn't been for her I never would have managed to get here today."

Mrs. Bagot had never heard of her, and she began to think anxiously that she should run back and invite the stranger in for tea along with the Bishop, but she was busy guiding him into the house and into the sitting room and into the chair she had ready for him.

Mrs. Bagot did not doubt that Mrs. Sheffield Smith was a very good woman, but she thought she must be a very strange woman, and very self-important, that she did not even bother to look out at Margaret, who still stood with her back pressed against the railing, staring at the car. Mrs. Sheffield Smith must be very rich. The house she lived in must be very large, and no doubt there was a great deal that was beneath her notice. She had done them all a kindness by giving the Bishop a lift over, but it was a pity she couldn't have taken a minute to admire Margaret standing there in her best dress.

But when Mrs. Bagot had seen the Bishop into his chair she glanced out and saw to her surprise that the car was still outside, and at the same moment the chauffeur appeared in the doorway of the sitting room.

"I beg your pardon, Madam," he said, "but Mrs. Sheffield Smith wants to know if she can take the two children for a drive. We are going for a drive until it is time to call back for His Lordship."

Mrs. Bagot stared at him. Lily and Margaret were standing behind him. They were silent with longing.

"Oh, Mrs. Bagot," the chauffeur said, "I hope you'll let them come. It would be a great treat for Mrs. Sheffield Smith, and for me too. She's not able to get out of the car, but she's waving at you, if you will just go to the window."

"Let the little ones go for the drive in the big car, Delia," the Bishop said.

"Yes," Mrs. Bagot said. "Yes, they can go. Get your coats, Lily."

She went to the window and looked and waved and smiled and nodded at the grey-gloved hand and the scrap of veiled face that appeared for a moment and then vanished as Mrs. Sheffield Smith sank back into her corner. The front door closed and the chauffeur and the two children hurried down the path and to the car. He lifted Margaret into the back, and then helped Lily scramble up into the front seat. The children had been silent as they put their coats on in the hall, and silent going out to the car. It was one of their ways of being good.

"They're gone," Mrs. Bagot said to the Bishop, or to herself, and she turned away from the window and took the chair opposite him.

"I can't get over how like your grandmother you are," the Bishop said. "You're the image of her. I knew I did the right thing to come here today. I'm glad to see you. Your grandmother was a sprite, like you. She was that supple"—the Bishop said "soople"—"that light on her feet, and small, but she was a very hard worker. And you take after her. I can see, just by looking around this room. It's a lovely place you have here."

He looked at Mrs. Bagot, at her plain navy-blue dress and her plain white blouse and her smooth brown hair, and he looked curiously around the small crowded sitting room, and rested his hands on the arms of his chair while he made a careful survey of the ceiling, and of the Greek frieze that ran all around the top edge of the wallpaper to make an ornamental border. He looked at the folding doors that closed off the back sitting room. Mrs. Bagot considered the back sitting room very ordinary, with its linoleum-covered floor and its gas fire and its big table where the children did their homework and where they all had their dinner on Sundays. The Bishop was very anxious to see what lay beyond the folding doors. He was full of curiosity about Mrs. Bagot. She had been born at Poulbwee, the farm he loved more than any other place on earth. His own family had all died out. There was not one left belonging to him around there, but he could still be sure of Poulbwee. He glanced from the folding doors to Mrs. Bagot and back to the folding doors again before he asked his first question.

"I suppose you have another room in there," he said reluctantly.

"Oh, the back sitting room," Mrs. Bagot said. "Or if you like you can call it the dining room. It's quite different from this room. The children do their lessons, their homework, on the big table in there, and I have the sewing machine, and we all have dinner in there on Sundays. Sometimes I open the folding doors back. I am keeping them closed today because of the draft. I don't want you catching a cold, Father."

The Bishop said nothing.

"Would you like to see in there?" she asked, in surprise, smiling at him.

"I wouldn't mind the draft," the Bishop said. "Anyway it's very sheltered here, beside the fire."

She stood up and opened the doors. She had cleaned the whole house in honor of the Bishop's visit, and now she was very glad she had polished this room. The smell of the wax and polish came to her, and the room seemed dim and rested in contrast with the commotion in the front room, where there were the tea table and the ferns and the big Bishop. The Bishop leaned sideways in his armchair to try to see everything, and then he got to his feet and came very slowly over to where she stood, helping himself on the way with his hand on the back of the chair where she had been sitting. When he reached the edge of the linoleum floor he stood and supported himself with his hand against the folded door. Mrs. Bagot lifted one of the dining-room chairs over and he put both hands on the back of it and leaned on it as though it was a railing.

"Now I have a grandstand seat," he said, and from the slow, intent movement of his head and the delighted interest in his eyes you would have thought there were goldfishes swimming about in the air and in and out of the corners under the ceiling, or little birds flying busily around, some of them singing. "Oh, it's great!" he said. "You have a great sense of order, Delia. So did she, God rest her soul."

Mrs. Bagot understood that the Bishop was talking about her grandmother, Mrs. Kelly of Poulbwee. She had never known her grandmother.

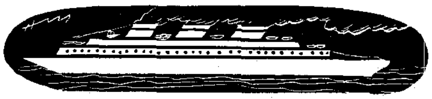
"You have a gas fire in here," he said. "That's very handy. And that's your garden out there. I see a lot of yellow."

"That's the laburnum tree," Mrs. Bagot said. "And the side wall is covered with nasturtiums."

"And you have flowers there on the table. Your grandmother always kept the spring and summer flowers on the big round table in the parlor, even though nobody ever went in there. She had that Waterford-glass flower bowl that she was very proud of."

"Oh, the Waterford glass for flowers," Mrs. Bagot said. "It's still there at Poulbwee. It's like a fountain."

"Yes, a fountain," the Bishop said. "And it made a fountain out of the roses. They looked as though they had leaped up out of the glass. I never saw such colors. And they used to be reflected in the wood of the table the same way your flowers are reflected here in this table. I can see the yellow laburnum out there in the garden about as well as I can see the reflection in the table. My eyes are that bad."



He turned around and made his slow journey back to his place beside the fire, and Mrs. Bagot lifted the dining-room chair he had been leaning on back into its place at the table and came to sit opposite to him. She left the folding doors open behind her.

"Lately, more and more, I have been noticing what I can see and what I can't see," the Bishop said. "It's like going in and out of a dream, the way things, rooms, and faces fall away if I only take a few steps this way or that way. It is true that we walk this way only once. It is true. It is true. It is the truth. Indeed it is. It is the very truth. And the other truth is that all is vanity. Yes. . . . Those flowers you have in there on the table now, they are blurred to me as though they were only reflections of themselves. And the whole room in there is dim, very indistinct, but I know what it looks like, thanks to you. . . . I am very glad I managed to get over here today. If it had not been for Mrs. Sheffield Smith I never would have been able to come. They told me they had got a car to bring me and there she was. They are sending me to Parknasilla tomorrow or the next day. The Order has a house there for old fellows like me." Since his return from the Missions, the Bishop had been staying in a rest home at Clontarf. Parknasilla, in Kerry, in the west of Ireland, is a little pocket in the countryside where through some mysterious whim of nature the climate is semitropical, with warm, balmy air and plants and flowers, palm trees and bamboo and so on, that are not usual in other parts of Ireland. "They say the climate is like Spain, or the Riviera," the Bishop went on. "The Riviera! What do you think of that? They tell me about it as if they were sending me to Heaven." He looked at Mrs. Bagot as though he had surprised himself by making a joke and wanted to be sure she had noticed. "As though they were sending me to Heaven," he repeated.

But Mrs. Bagot did not want to see the Bishop's joke. She looked stern, and jumped up to take away his half-empty cup, and then she poured him a cup of hot tea and sat down again.

"I have been hearing of Parknasilla all my life," Mrs. Bagot said. "It's only a little place, but they have wonderful plants and flowers there."

"So they tell me," the Bishop said, but he had already lost interest in Park-

Whitney Darrow, Jr

*"Well, if you feel so left out, why don't you join one of those Citizens Concerned About Something groups?"*

nasilla. "Well now, you have these two rooms here, and of course you have a kitchen."

Mrs. Bagot laughed. "Of course I have a kitchen," she said. "It is a very good little house, very well built. The kitchen is at the end of the hall outside where you came in. You go three steps down to the kitchen. Then there are the two rooms upstairs, over these two rooms, and partway up the stairs there is a half landing, with the bathroom, and next to the bathroom a very small room. We call it the boxroom. It has a nice window looking out on the garden."

Mrs. Bagot's husband slept alone in the boxroom, but she wasn't going to tell that to the Bishop or to anybody else.

The Bishop nodded at her, and then he asked the question he had been waiting to ask ever since he walked into the house. "You have the whole house to yourselves then?" he said, meaning that Mrs. Bagot was not obliged to share her house with lodgers.

"Oh, yes," she said, and then she said quickly, "We own the house outright. We have enough."

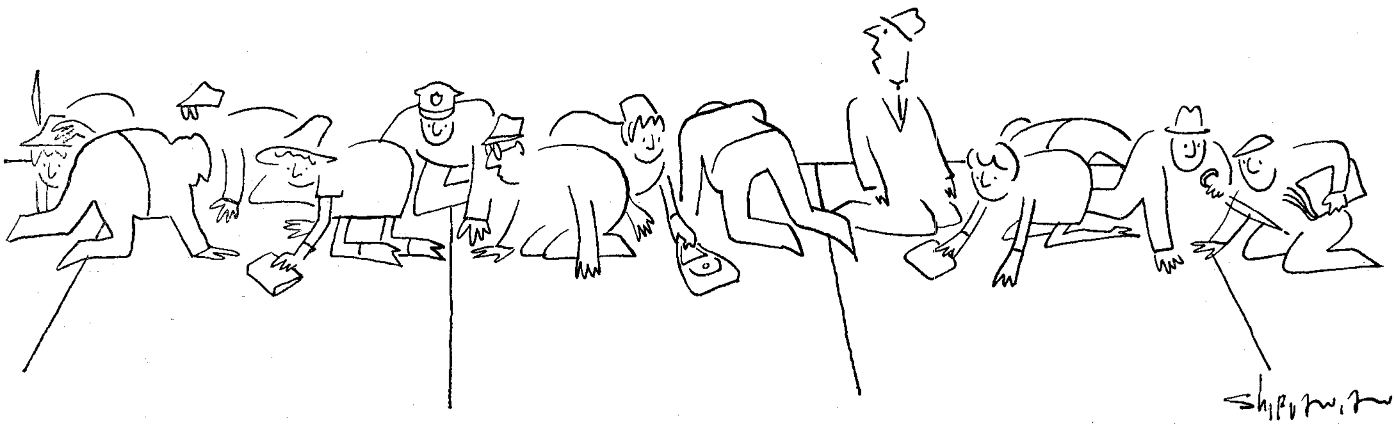
"It's what I thought," the Bishop said, "but I'm glad you tell me. You have a good man then, a good protector."

And having established that Mrs. Bagot's husband was able to provide for her and her children, and that they had, as she put it, enough, he proceeded to ask her a lot of questions, and she answered each question as easily and as proudly as though she was conducting him around her garden, or walking with him along a street in a country that was strange to him although it had long been familiar to her. He asked her about her life, and as they spoke she had the feeling she was talking about someone who was very well known to her although they had never met. She was talking about herself, and she was amazed to find how much there was to be said about this person, herself, who had come into the conversation from nowhere and who was now becoming more real, although still invisible, with every word that was spoken. In response to the Bishop's trust in her she spoke as though in Braille, feeling her way eagerly and with confidence along a path that she found she knew by heart, every inch of it, even in the dark. And as she spoke, that path, her life, became visible—a natural path that was in harmony with the surrounding countryside. She saw that although she had walked the path without assurance, she had kept to her appointed direction, and she had not trespassed, and she had made no undue demands, and she had not spoiled anything along the way. Or at least this person, herself, who had come into being without warning and who was now so real in the room, this person, still unknown and yet well known, at least to the Bishop, who was so curious about her and so interested in her—this person, Mrs. Bagot saw, had done nothing without good reason. Not only that, but this person the Bishop admired had done nothing wrong. In fact, it was all very interesting. Mrs. Bagot sighed deeply and then she looked horrified. She had forgotten herself before the Bishop. The Bishop was gazing at her with a timid smile, as though he had followed her thought. His smile was a crescent in his big oval face, which was very white, as though he had lost his color all at once, through illness. His lower lip was thick, and his upper lip was sharply pointed in the center so that it looked like a beak. They were lips that would have made a very resolute mouth when he was a young man. Mrs. Bagot looked devotedly at the old, ascetic, fleshy face, at the hooked nose, and at the faded blue eyes that watched her hopefully from far away, from Africa. The Bishop seemed to know that she was thinking of him now, because he began to speak again.

"You have the two little girls," he said, "lovely children. And what other children have you, Delia?"

"The eldest was a boy," she said. "The only boy. He would have been thirteen. He died at three days."

"Delia," the Bishop said. "My dear child. But it won't be long now. I'll see your son. I'll know him the minute



*"Whether we find my contact lens or not, I want to thank all of you anyway for becoming involved."*

• •

I see him. We will have long talks. I will tell him all about this afternoon—all about his little sisters, and the old dog here, and all. By the grace of God, he is thirteen years ahead of me up there. Was he born in this house, Delia?"

Mrs. Bagot nodded *yes*, and then she said, "He was born and died in the front bedroom upstairs."

"In the front bedroom upstairs," the Bishop said, repeating her words carefully, as though he had been given information he had never hoped to get. "Oh, Delia, I am very fortunate that I came here today. I didn't know about your son. I came here to find you, and now I find him too. He will show me the ropes. I hope I am able to work better there than I am here. Please God I will. But I will see your son first thing. And perhaps, even before that, he will help me, at the last minute."

Mrs. Bagot smiled weakly, as though she was trying to show she appreciated a remark she did not really understand.

"At the last minute," she said, echoing his words but not his thought. Then she said, "There are a lot of last minutes."

"One for each of us," the Bishop said quickly. "Oh, it is another of the blessings Our Great Lord gives us, a last minute in addition to all the other minutes. A last minute. It fills me, the thought of it fills me with fear, and also with joy."

"Fear, Father?"

"My body is afraid, Delia, but my soul is filled with joy, and at this minute, when I am sitting here looking at you, and thinking of you and also of your grandmother, whose true daughter you are, I am all gratitude. I think of the days when I used to walk down the lane from the village of Oylegate to Poulbwee. It is a mile walk. You know it as well as I do. You must have walked that lane thousands of times. Oh, I can see you on that lane, walking along, admiring the scenery, missing nothing. That is why my soul is *full of joy, when I think of the last* minute that makes all the other minutes blaze up, and up, in praise of Almighty God and in recognition of ourselves and the way we are always reaching up, always being better than we are able to be. Your father and I used to walk along that lane from school every day, and then I would cut off across the fields to our place, Cooldearg. Cooldearg is gone; even the house is gone, torn down, and there is not one of my family left. But Poulbwee is still there the way it always was. Your father and I used to have great times. We were the best of friends from the time we were infants. We used to have great talks. I often think, if we could only call back into our minds the words we said when we were children, we would know a good deal about ourselves, and what we would know would be the best of ourselves. I used to watch the children out there in the mission—little small black children, very mysterious, very friendly and open. I used to watch them talking among themselves, and when I walked up to them they stopped talking, or if they went on talking it was with me in mind, and what they said was not the same. And it was the same with your father and me when we were children. Even with your grandmother, we watched ourselves. What we said when we were by ourselves was very different from what we said when there was a member of the older generation at hand. And so there is never anybody to remember what the children say, because the children vanish. Nobody ever knows what the children say."

"It seems a very long time from those days to now," Mrs. Bagot said, "and yet the lane is exactly the same. It's a full mile from the village of Oylegate to Poulbwee, and yet it never seemed like a mile. The lane is so nice, *the way it turns around to suit the* fields and then goes straight between the hedges when it gets a chance. And I used to like opening and shutting the gates as I went along. I never climbed over them. I always opened the gates and then shut them after me. And the last big turn you make, that brings you in sight of the house, the lane widens out and gets wider as you get nearer the house, and there are very high trees on each side along that last stretch. There was a place along there where I used to find white ivy."

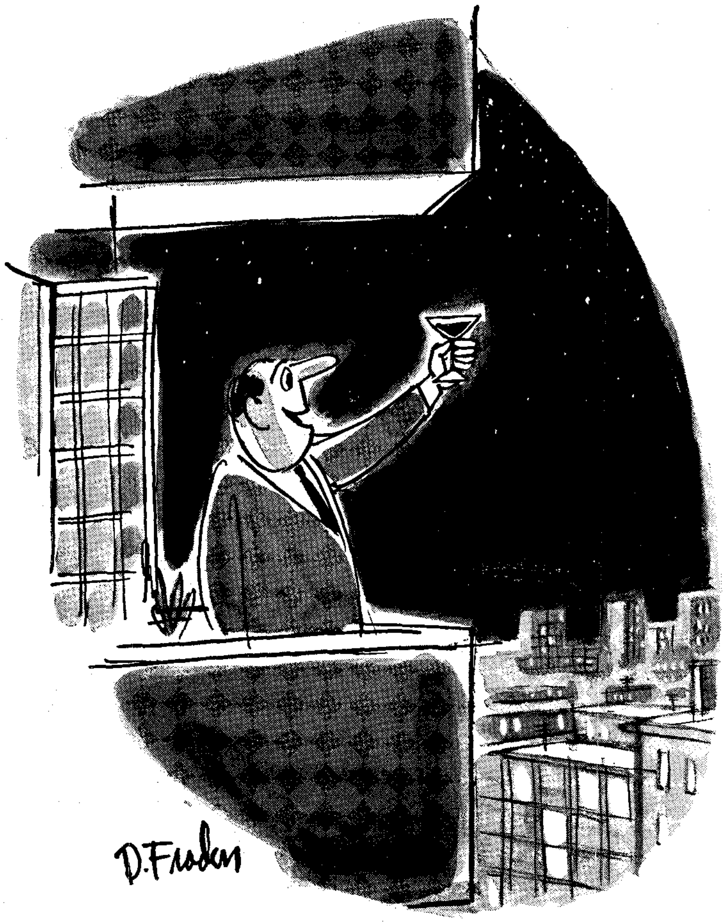
Poulbwee is a very long two-story farmhouse with a deep thatched roof. The house is whitewashed and the front door is painted green. The front door stands open on a square hall that is only large enough to step into. To the right is the door leading into the parlor. That door is always kept closed. To the left is the kitchen, with the door always open. The inside wall facing you has a very small window in it so that anybody sitting at the kitchen hearth can peer out and see who is coming along the lane.

"Your grandmother used to watch for me," the Bishop said, "and the minute I came around the last turn she would appear out at the door and stand there waiting for me. I could feel her smiling as I came along down the lane. God bless her kind heart, she was never ashamed to show you that you were welcome, never ashamed, never afraid. She was very gentle. I could see that people with no sense and who did not know her very well might think little of her. . . . My first leave home from the Missions—my first and my last, because I never came home after that until now—I used to say Mass in the chapel in Oylegate every morning, and then I would walk down the lane to Poulbwee, and your grandmother would have breakfast waiting for me. I had been out of Ireland fourteen years. I went out to the Missions after I was ordained and I didn't see Ireland again for fourteen years. My mother was dead and there was only my brother at home. He never married and I suppose the loneliness got in on his mind. He lost heart. All the time I was there he kept talking about how he was going to sell up the place and go to America. He had already sold off all the stock and all the furniture out of the parlor, furniture that had belonged to our great-grandmother, and before that. I tried to persuade him to get a hold of himself and he said it was easy for me. I was always considered to be the scholar in the family, and he minded that. He said I was the favorite with my mother, and he may have been right, but she always intended the farm for him, although he was the younger. He was in a terrible way, catching a rabbit now and again for his dinner. He slept most of the day and most of the night. He was ashamed of sleeping so much and he didn't like anybody coming near the place and gradually they all began to stay away. I never knew a place could go down as fast as Cooldearg had gone down the last time I saw it. I had no warning. After the fourteen years away I made for Cooldearg as fast as my legs could carry me, and it was a great shock, to see it. A great shock and a great lesson to me, to curb my vanity that I did not know I had. The Devil is always waiting to catch us in our weak moments. My brother came out of the house and it was all I could do to keep myself from knocking him down. And yet the day I left he walked as far as Oylegate with me, where I got a lift into Wexford, and when we said goodbye I turned around and walked a bit back down the lane with him, and we shook hands and said goodbye again, and the tears were running down his face, and down my face too. I watched him go. He never turned around until he reached the first turn and then he turned and lifted up his arm to me and then he was gone. I never saw him again. He sold up the place as he said he would and went to America. I never heard from him. But while I was there, that last time, I said Mass in Oylegate every morning and then I walked down the lane to have breakfast at Poulbwee. I could draw a map of that lane for you. I used to play a game with the children at the mission. 'Going to Poulbwee,' we called it. They got to know the lane nearly as well as I did, and every field along the way, and they were never tired of hearing about the house."

THERE was a time when the Bishop had looked on that lane from Oylegate to Poulbwee as the only path he knew through a maze that had no center and no form and no secret—worst of all, no secret. There was nothing secret and hidden that he could ferret out and destroy and punish himself for and do penance for. There was nothing. There was only the maze. As a young man, the Bishop had not understood that when he became a missionary priest he also became an exile, and the two words, "priest" and "exile," did not seem to him to be in accord, and he felt it was unsuitable and dangerous for a priest to know himself to be an exile. He felt his homesickness to be self-indulgence, but he was homesick all the same. He had doubts about his own worth but no doubt about the authority of his vocation. His only desire was to serve. To have faith and a chance to show it. The Bishop thanked God in deep humility for the chance that had been given to him. He had found, after leaving Oylegate, that he was not as great a scholar as they considered him to be at home. He felt himself to be a big clumsy fellow, more at home on the farm than he would ever be away from it, and yet when he put on his robes to say Mass he felt like a soldier in uniform on his way to fight for what he believed in. Even in his youth the Bishop never aspired to sainthood or martyrdom. To become, someday, a truly good and faithful servant of the One he loved—that was his highest hope.

"*Being an innocent in this day and age is no easy matter.*"

When he was thirty-six years old, still plain Father Tom and nowhere near being a bishop, he reminded himself that we on earth are all exiles, exiled from the Presence of Almighty God. But the kind of exile he felt, living inside his own body and dragging along while the priest within him strode proudly, that was an entirely different kind of exile—somebody inconsolable and stubborn who was not intelligent enough to understand the earthly sameness between his own and other countries and who therefore in bewilderment tormented himself about the *difference.* Or you could say that an exile was a person who knew of a country that made all other countries seem strange. In that sense, the exile inside the priest, or living with the priest, hanging on to him, might be a helpful being, enabling the priest to dream sometimes and find a little respite in the tranquillity of memory and of familiar places. The Bishop, thirty-six years old, kneeling in meditation before his altar, arranged a sentence in his mind: *The strong resolute priest finds respite in the tranquil recollection of familiar places and in that respite gains the grace to be more humble and more watchful in his care of his flock. . . .* And then he ground his hands together in the impatience he had forbidden himself, the impatience that expressed a distress he feared because he understood it. What was he doing inventing and polishing and making phrases that said nothing at all? Anyone listening to him would imagine he thought Ireland to be a pretty little oasis of some kind or another, a kind of family paradise. He thought of his country, where terrible pride and terrible humility stand together, two noble creatures enslaved, enthralled, by what defines them, the bitter Irish appetite for humiliation. No, there was no complacency there, no complacency and no chance of any. He thought of his country and sighed in admiration, and grinned, although he knew he was being guilty of self-satisfaction. Then he took hold of his thoughts. He was barking up the wrong tree. What was bothering him and causing him all this weak misery was that he felt ill at ease, and clumsy, and confused, as though he moved through a maze that was formless until he made a mistake, and then in his mistake he touched something that made him draw back. Or to put it another way, in his mistake he touched something strong enough to prevent him from moving forward, something implacable. How could he have the temerity to expect to be able to help save the souls of the people around him when he had left his own brother to perish in a wasteland of bitterness?



*"To everyone's health, education, and welfare!"*

• •

LILY and Margaret were very much surprised that they had to ring the bell in order to be let into their own house. They thought surely their mother would have been waiting impatiently for their return, and perhaps a little angry with them for staying out so late. Mrs. Sheffield Smith had told them the Bishop would be late for his supper and that *she* would be blamed, but she smiled and they knew she was making a joke. They waited, looking up at the door as though their mother's face, when she appeared in answer to their ring, would be at least a foot higher than usual. They could not remember how tall she was, and they looked far up, like Bennie, bending their necks back. They each carried a very large box of chocolates with a picture on the lid of children in old-fashioned clothes.

When the door was opened, Bennie ran out excitedly and the children ran into the sitting room where the Bishop was standing up and arranging his sticks for his journey out to the car. Mrs. Bagot presented the children to the Bishop and then hurried out to greet Mrs. Sheffield Smith and thank her for taking the children driving.

Mrs. Bagot said, "It was a great occasion for them."

Mrs. Sheffield Smith said, "And for us too, a great occasion. I hope you have no objection to chocolates. One at a time, I told them. They are charming little girls. At first they would not speak, and then they talked a good deal. You must be very proud of them."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Bagot said. "And Mrs. Sheffield Smith, thank you for bringing the Bishop here today. It meant everything in the world to us, to have him in the house."

When Mrs. Bagot returned to the sitting room, the Bishop smiled at her before he spoke.

"Two great talkers you have here," he said. "I told them that on Mondays I saw more lions than monkeys, and on Thursdays I saw only giraffes."

Then he straightened himself and moved his sticks into his left hand. "And now," he said, "I will give you my blessing."

Mrs. Bagot and the children knelt down and Mrs. Bagot began to cry. The Bishop raised his right hand and raised his face, and blessed them, and then he looked down at them and offered each of them his ring to kiss. He started across the room as they were getting to their feet, and they followed him out to the front door where the chauffeur stood waiting. The chauffeur and the old man went slowly down the red path, and when they reached the gate Mrs. Bagot and the children walked after them and stood in a row outside the railing while the Bishop was helped into the back seat. He sank back out of sight at once. The chauffeur turned and saluted smartly, with a wink for Margaret, before he climbed into his own place and the car started off up the street to where it would turn at the dead end. Mrs. Bagot and the children remained where they were, waiting for the car to come back. It came rolling down the street and slowed as it approached them, and then it stopped and the Bishop leaned forward and looked at them once again, and they looked at him. They waved and he nodded at them and then the car started off again and went on down the street and around the corner. The Bishop was gone.

Mrs. Bagot and the children went back into the sitting room and there was an argument about the chocolates, but finally both boxes were opened and Mrs. Bagot had first choice out of each box. Mrs. Bagot put her chocolates on the mantelpiece to save for later but the children ate three each and Bennie got cake.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

•

On the other hand, Miguelin, in Barcelona, was carried from the ring on the shoulders of excited fans after getting four ears, which is the maximum number available from two bulls.—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times.*

Thank you, St. Petersburg *Times!*

# TO A CHILD DROWNED NEAR WEST HARBOR

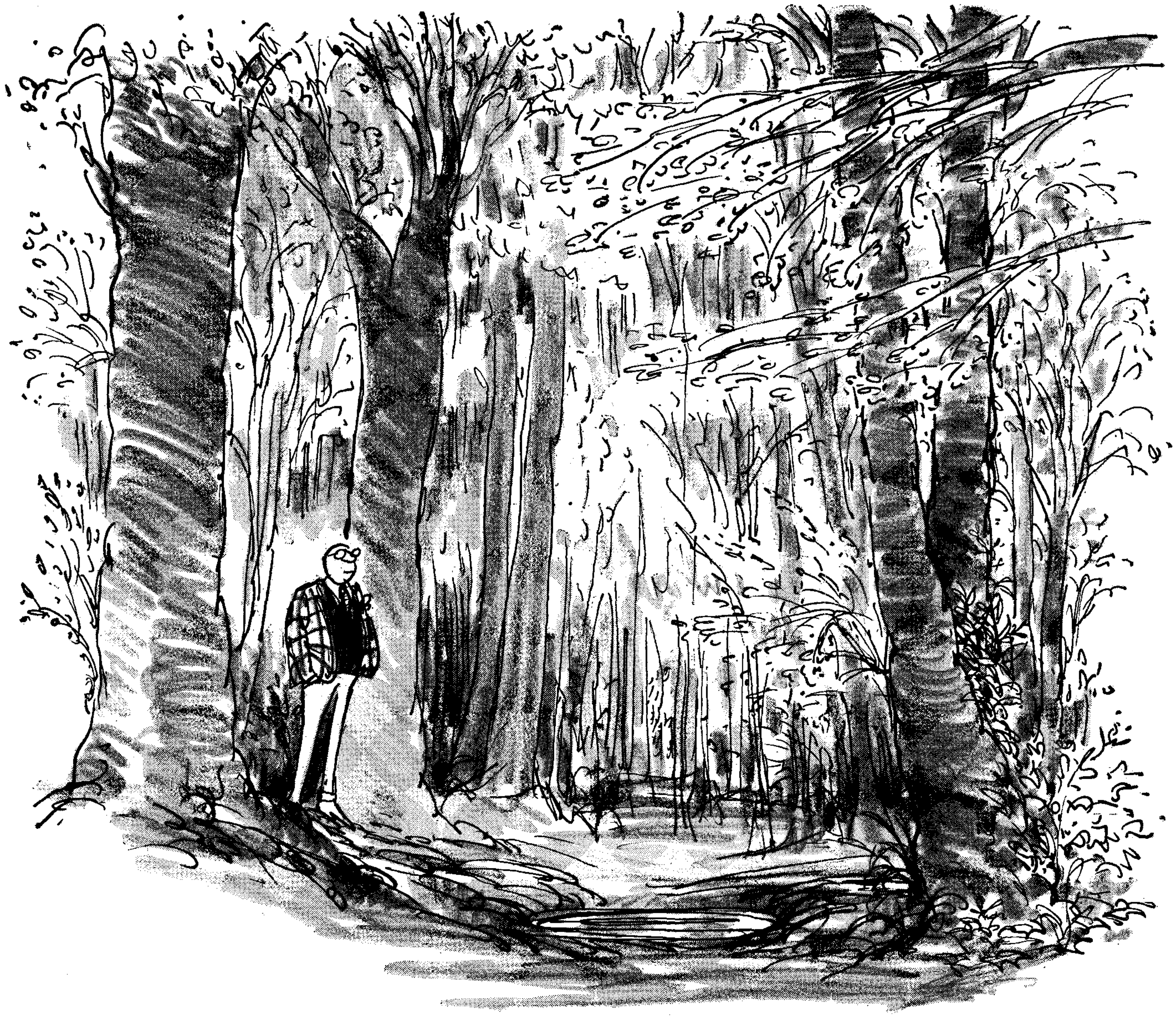
(FOR JENNIFER)

Now it is snowing
on the firs,
the Norway maples,
the ash—
white feathers
on the brown cocoons
of beech leaves,
on the rail of the hickory fence
juncos jump under.
Squirrels gossip.
A blue jay flies
through the chiselled air
of your gold hair.
The cold-fingered possum,
the horned owl,
firking a mouse
under the winter pillow,
the soft rabbit,
listening,
will look for you
out in the field
where the white land
avalanches
into the river.
Two drops of blood
where grapnels cut
stain your skin
like the eyes
of a heart.
You laughed
(girls remember)
last summer.
The salt-water autumn
filled your mouth.
Life fell in minutes,
in curled leaves.
Your hands
went under
the river.
Now winter
brushes your thighs.
Frosted lips
like rubber fish
sip
the dying water.
In the water
it is snowing.
Sparrows swim
through pine islands.
The cold sea
is a fox,
a mackerel.
The mailman dooms
each house
each day
with its daily letter.
In the church
of the spruce
a cardinal's
feathers;
men's feet
walk the hall;
frozen fingers
shake out
the birds' hearts
this seedless
winter.

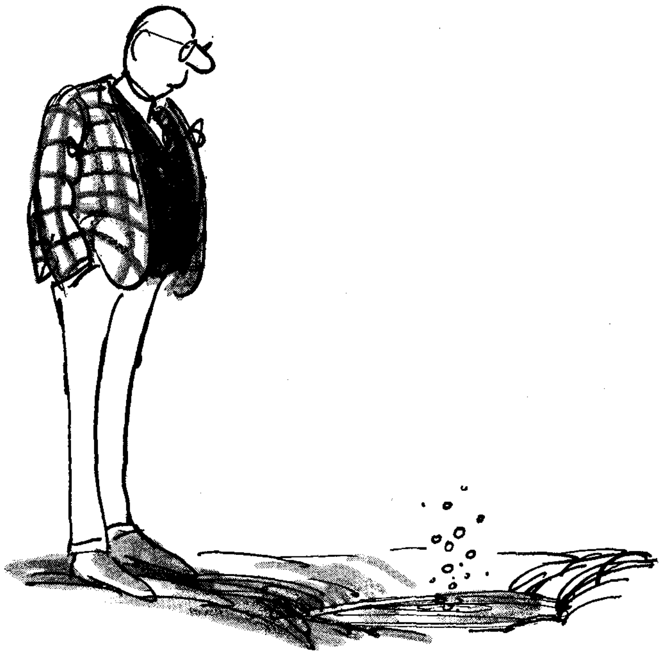
They buried her because her body showed
no motion, like the leather fish in rows
outside of Gloucester. She plunged into her head.
To sound the stars drowned sailors swing the dead.
She'll lie all winter underneath the snow,
cocoons of sunlight curled up on her toes.
In spring, when fish swim to the river's head
to spawn, they'll fork around her block of stone,
not thinking is she alien or own,
not asking for her name or has she grown,
well schooled in moving to avoid the dead.

I press my nose
to the dark window.
The glass is as cold
as the brass shadow
leaning across
your fresh tomb.
Your heart pumps
the north wind
against my eyeballs.
The arms of your mind
reach up like branches
swinging me in.
Light-fingered fancies
race to the end
of spring: yourself
is a girl in red
drowned in the ocean,
your hair in kelp,
your feet as bare
as the leather road
down the back of the island
where night after night
the voice of despair
like a tambourine
breaks the silence.
Tossed and torn
on the wet grass
through the March rains,
then wound at last
on its hundred fingers
like a milkweed pod,
the cocoon of your soul
blows away
down wind.

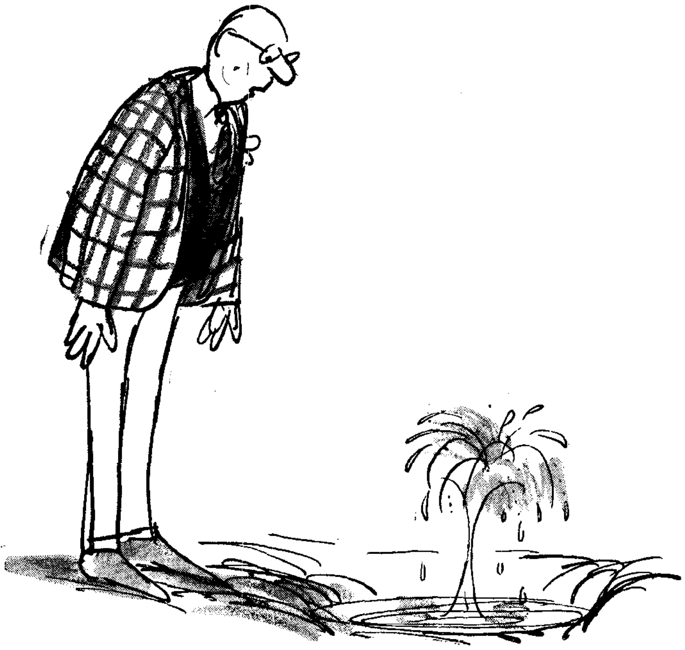
—F. D. Reeve



*Of late, Arnold Flagler had begun to spend much of his weekend time walking alone in the woods. One day, he found himself on an unfamiliar path that led him to a small pond.*

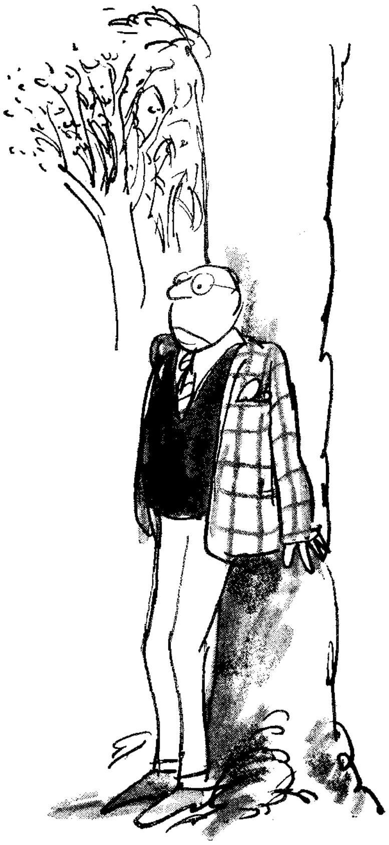


*As he stood beside the pond, the water began to stir and bubbles to rise*

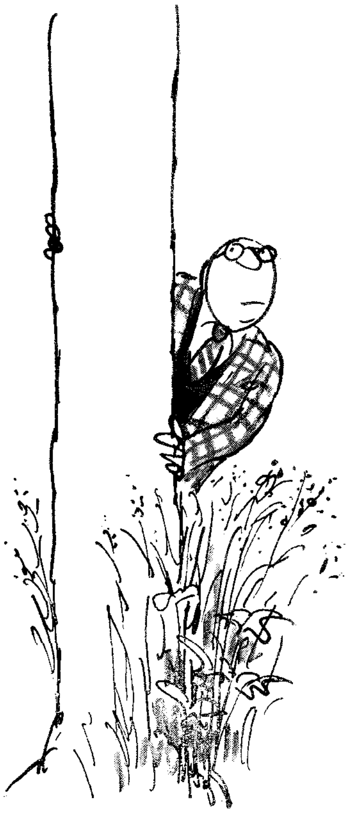


*until they formed a lovely little fountain, and a voice called, "Arnold Flagler, this is the fountain of youth!"*

# THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH



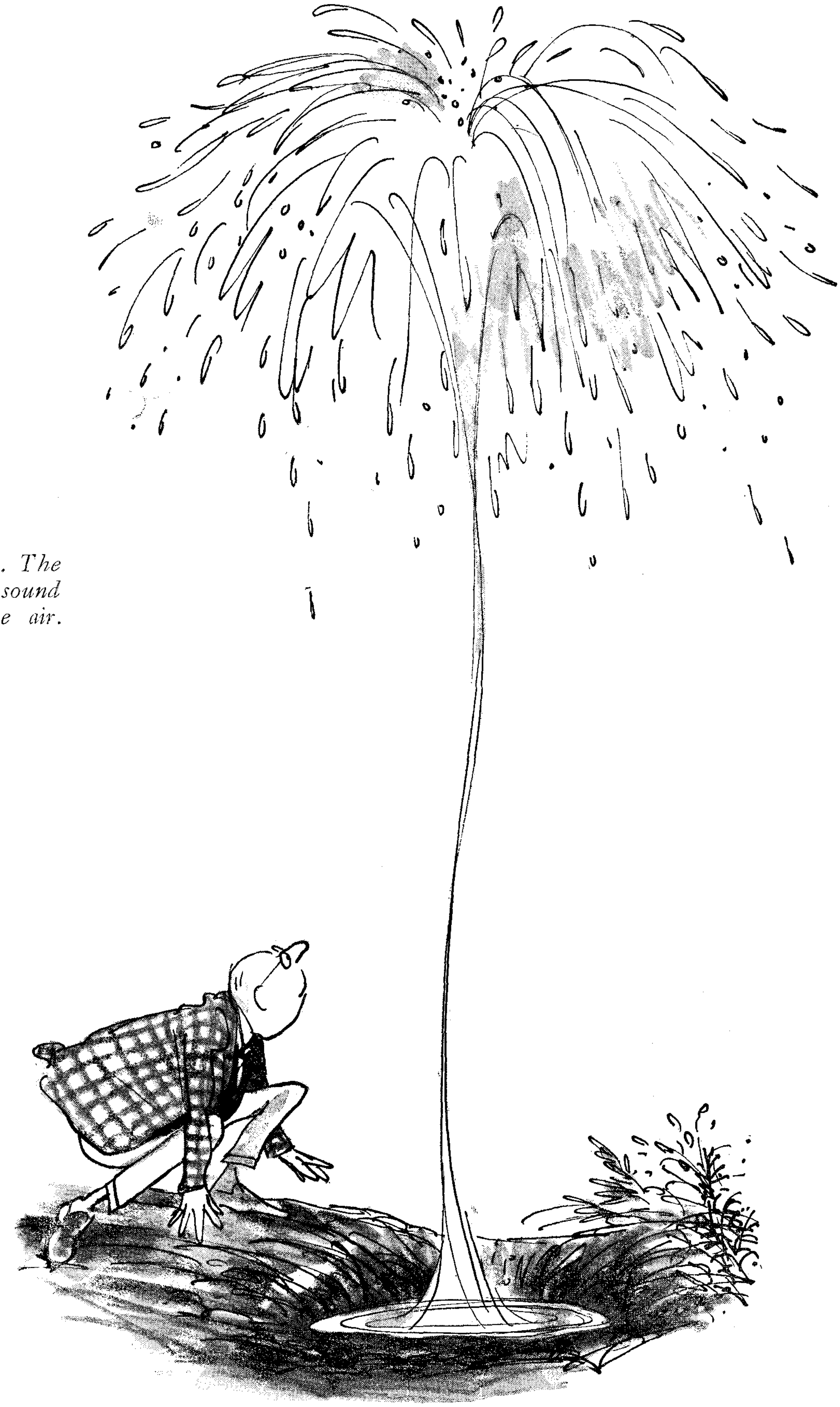
*Mr. Flagler shrank back in fear. The fountain leaped and soared, and a sound of unbelievable music filled the air.*



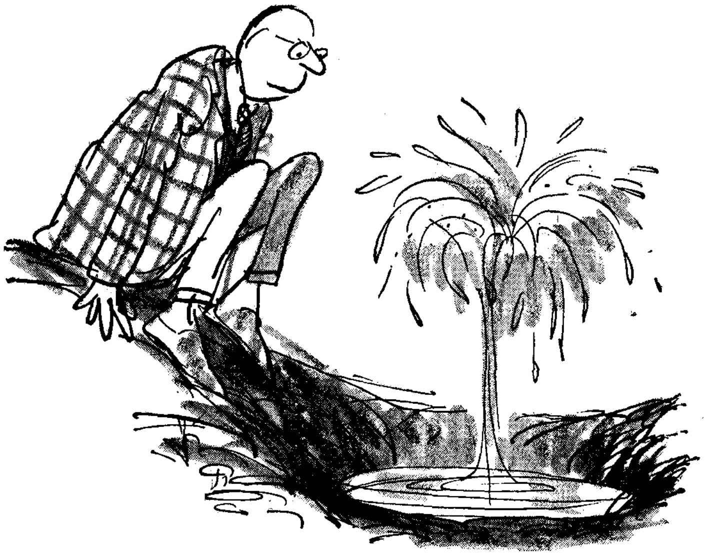
*The voice called again. "This is the fountain of youth, Arnold Flagler! Drink!"*

*"What will happen to me if I drink?" Mr. Flagler asked.*

*"Youth will be yours," said the fountain.*

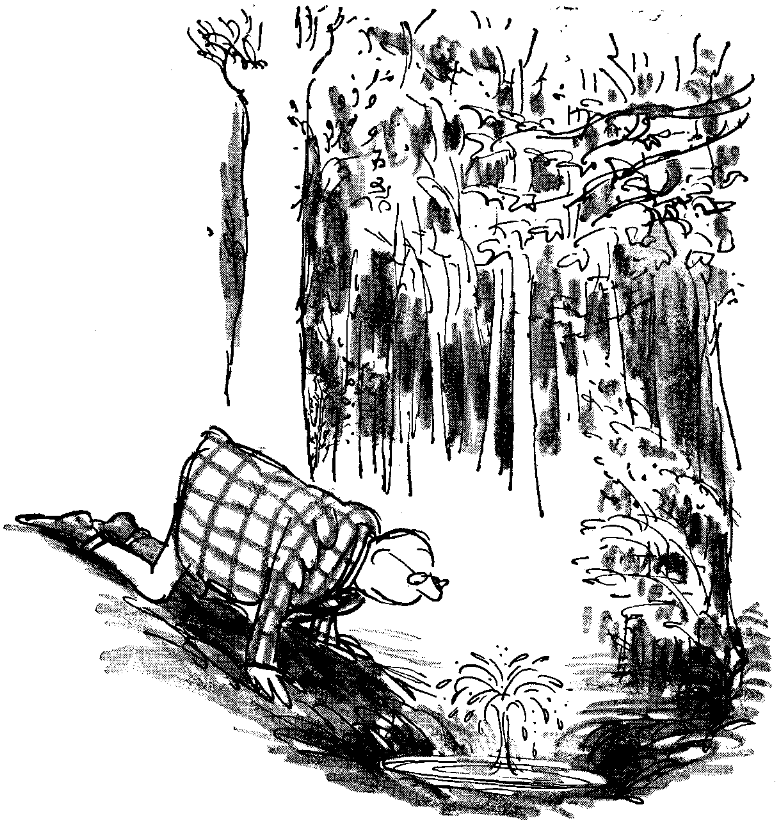


*"I mean, how does it work? How young will I be?" The fountain swirled and sang as it danced higher and higher. "Youth will be yours," it repeated.*



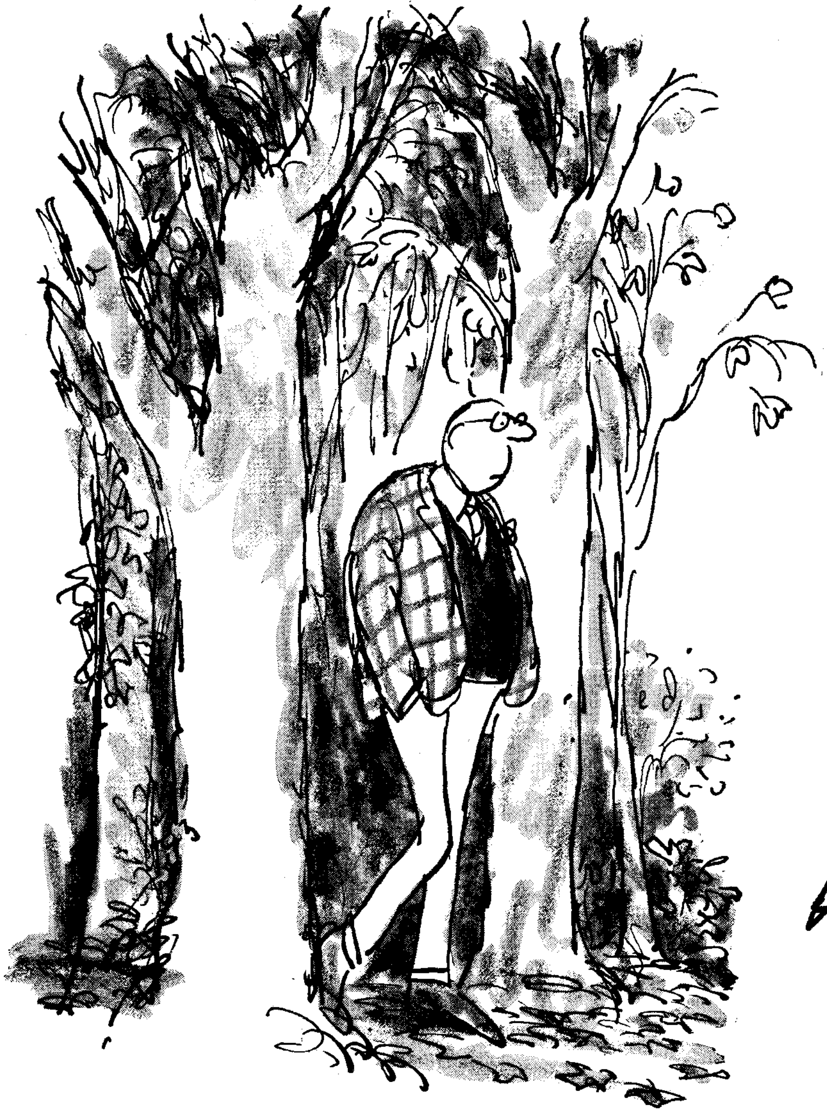
*"Will my family know me? What about my pension and the cumulative profit-sharing plan, and all that?"*

*The voice of the fountain was fainter now. "Youth will be yours," it said.*

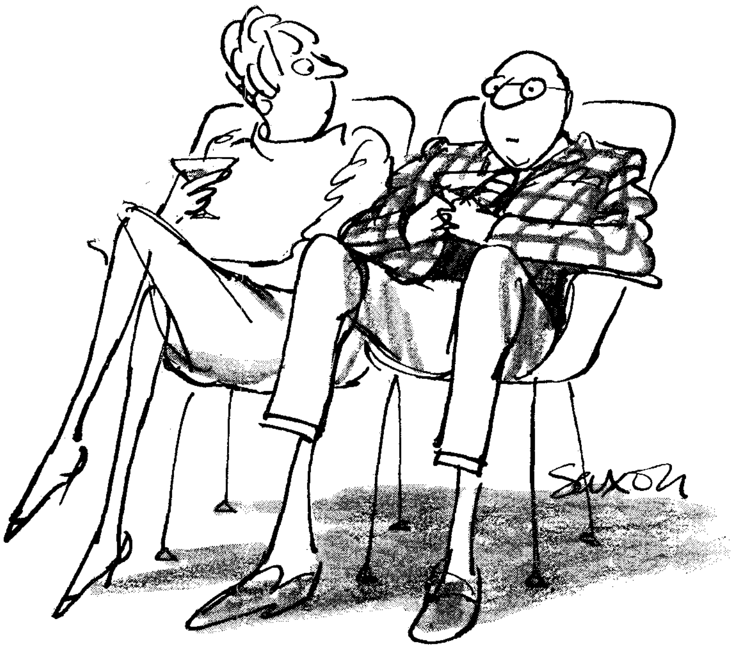


*"Listen," said Mr. Flagler desperately. "Just tell me one thing. Has anybody else tried this? Anybody I know?"*

*The music faded away and the waters subsided until the fountain vanished and the pond was still.*



*Mr. Flagler walked slowly home.*

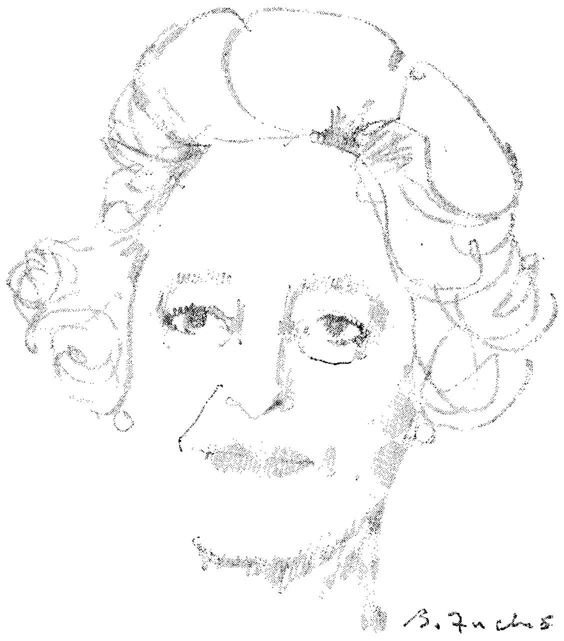


*"What did you do in the woods today?" asked his wife that evening.*

*"I got lost," said Mr. Flagler.*

# PROFILES

## PUBLISHER



*Dorothy Schiff*

"I'D like to have all views expressed in the *Post*, especially now that we're alone in the afternoon field," Dorothy Schiff, owner and publisher of the New York *Post*, whose survival of the *Sun*, the *World-Telegram*, and the *Journal-American*—not to mention, in the morning field, the *Herald Tribune* and the *Mirror*—has been a big journalistic surprise, told an interviewer a while ago, during the first of several lengthy chats. "I think we have too many feature writers saying the same thing. Jimmy Wechsler [James A. Wechsler, the *Post's* editor from 1949 to 1961 and since then its editorial-page chief and one of a stable of columnists, who currently add up to around thirty] recommended Bill Buckley to me some time ago, when Bill's agent was shopping around for a New York outlet for his column ["On the Right"]. I said no. Later, I saw him on TV and thought he was provocative. By then, I wanted him, but the *Journal-American* had him. So we got him after the *World-Journal-Tribune* folded a year ago last May. I don't think his column is provocative enough often enough. I told him so the other day, and he seemed surprised. We're considered a left-wing paper, and I think he was afraid that if he was too provocative we'd drop him. His column is syndicated in over two hundred papers, but he likes to be in the *Post* because it gives him a chance to reach the opposition. *I* like him to be there because he is really the only Satan in the intellectual establishment."

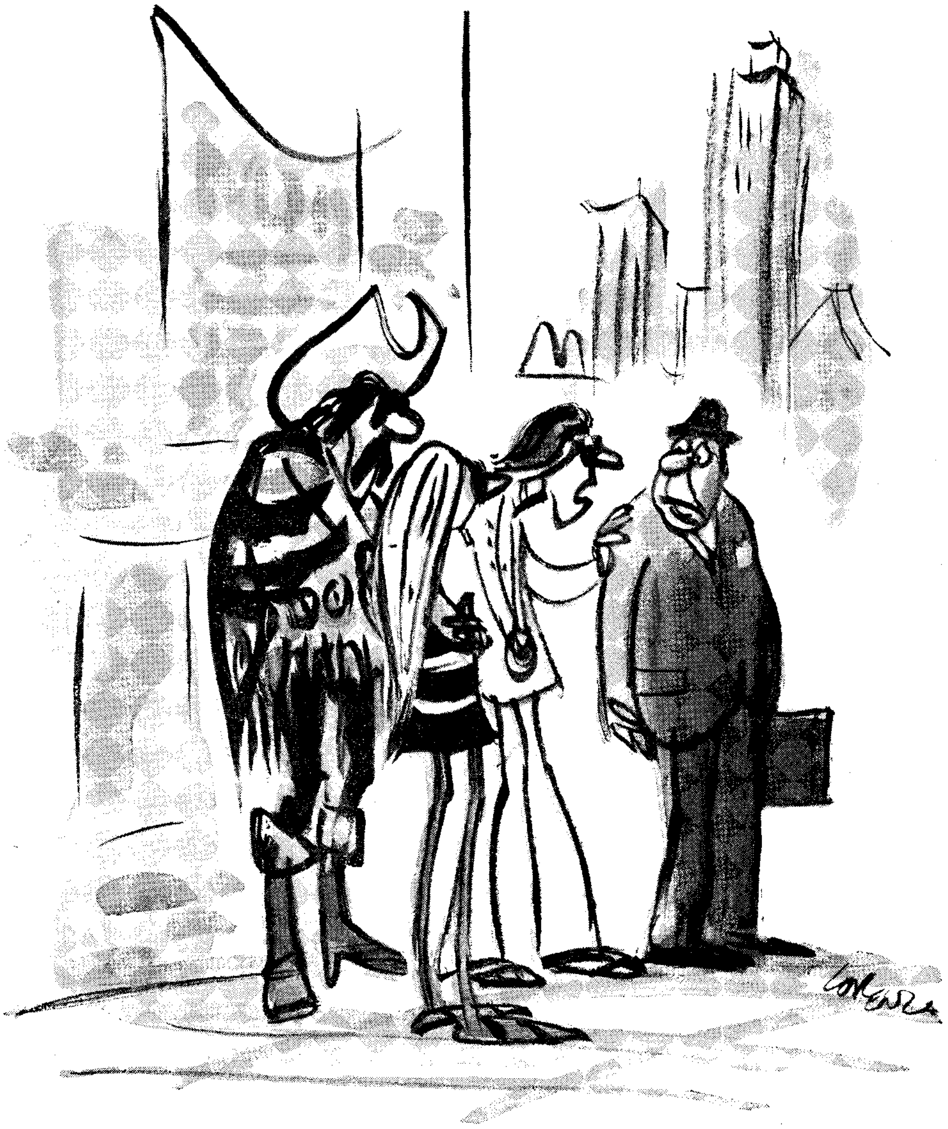
Mrs. Schiff lit a cigarette, and went on, "As a rule, we drop columnists only if they're inaccurate or dull. We don't drop them for their political views. Personal journalism lives in the columns. I'm in favor of personal journalism. I have also always wanted the news to give both sides. I don't think we should be pamphleteers. The editorial page is something else, but when you edit the news you get into trouble. It's difficult. There's no such thing as objectivity, of course. Most writers are inclined to be crusaders, or to the left. I'm not as politically excitable as I used to be. [On November 3, 1958, the day before Election Day and a week after the *Post*, following some soul-searching, had finally come out for Averell Harriman for governor, Mrs. Schiff devoted the entire first page of the final edition to a last-minute message headed "To Post Readers," in which she repudiated Harriman on the ground that he had unfairly charged his opponent, Nelson Rockefeller, with being pro-Arab and anti-Israeli; in the paper's list of endorsements the space for governor was left blank. The Rockefeller forces bought up thousands of copies of the issue and distributed them over the lower East Side.] I don't think that I myself am a crusader. Jimmy Wechsler is, and I've gone along with him many times. He has such a quick mind. He is a delight to work with. Occasionally, when we disagree about something, he says, 'Why don't you just *order* me?' It's the last thing I want to do. I am more skeptical than he is. I'm not sentimental at all, though I can cry, as I do sometimes at movies on TV. I'm not sentimental about human beings. I've acquired a skepticism about some of the people for whom we have carried the banner."

Mrs. Schiff remarked that the *Post's* average daily circulation had risen from four hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand since its emergence as the only evening newspaper in town. "I noticed that we were sold out by midafternoon today on the stand downstairs," she said, referring rather grandly to a newsstand around the corner on Lexington Avenue from her apartment building, in the East Sixties, where the talk was taking place in a duplex penthouse she has owned since 1943. "This always annoys me. I think news dealers should get all the copies they can sell. I think we were sold out because we have a page-one story on a very intense and dangerous chase. ["Manhunt for Triple Killer," the story's headline read.] I have popular taste myself. I'm a good guinea pig. I generally feel the way the majority of people feel. Crime sells better than housing, say. I'm interested in gossip. I enjoy reading Doris Lilly [whose social-chitchat column in the *Post* is called "Party Line"], Earl Wilson ["It Happened Last Night," more Broadway-Hollywoodish], and Leonard Lyons ["The Lyons Den," more cosmic], as well as such writers in other papers as Eugenia Sheppard [*Women's Wear Daily*] and Suzy [*News*]. [Mrs. Schiff herself, whose name may not appear in the *Post* without her permission, had recently been mentioned by Suzy: "At Serge Obolensky's dinner for Cecil Beaton . . . Dorothy Schiff wore black chiffon dotted with jet."] I suppose Leonard is not exactly gossip. I'm in a tantalizing position vis-à-vis gossip. People tell me things personally and then say I can't use them in the paper. Last week, I saw some of the Kennedy people in a restaurant in a combination that fascinated me, but I didn't feel I could relay it to Doris Lilly. Then, quite independently of me, she ran something about it. This sort of thing happens all the time. I knew Jack Kennedy quite well. I knew his father in Palm Beach when I was a girl. My family had a house there. I didn't really know Eisenhower. I met him only once. He had wonderful blue eyes. China-blue. L.B.J. I've known for years. He's imposing. He's so big. He's extremely positive. He's the President of the United States, and he can get very angry. He's fascinating. When he inherited the Presidency, he asked me to come see him at the Waldorf. As I was leaving, he said to be sure to call him when I was in Washington. So I finally did, and was asked by Bill Moyers, his press secretary, to come to the White House at six o'clock that afternoon. I stayed an hour—there were just L.B.J., Moyers, and me—and the President talked about everything: Vietnam, race relations, his children. There were no drinks, which I thought was peculiar at cocktail time. We talked about Vietnam dissent. He was defensive about this. The peace negotiations were mentioned, and I suggested that international negotiations might not be dissimilar to labor negotiations. 'What if the other side doesn't want to negotiate?' he said. After I left, I thought of something I wished I'd said—'Find a key, not a Ky.' *Esprit de l'escalier*. I think L.B.J. is trying terribly hard. He's a terrific salesman. I like Lady Bird very much. Once, at a lunch at '21,' in a private dining room upstairs, she told me she had been mistaken for me by a man in the elevator. I found out later that it was Max Ascoli. I don't think we look much alike."

Mrs. Schiff lit another cigarette, and continued, "I must be the only person who still takes the train to Washington. I hate to fly. Merle Oberon has invited me to visit her in Acapulco, but I don't think I'll go. I don't like automobiles much, either, or elevators. I like trains. I once almost missed a White House dinner when the trip took six hours because of a stalled freight car near Wilmington. We had to back up nearly all the way to New York. Luckily, I had given myself some extra time. I don't like to fly unless I'm with someone I have great confidence in. Someone who looks like a protector. I flew to Israel with Rudolf Sonneborn before we were married. [Mr. Sonneborn, a Baltimore petroleum man who has been active in Jewish affairs, became Mrs. Schiff's fourth husband in 1953; they separated in 1965.] I'd met him at a dinner, and he said, 'Come to Israel with me next week.' He had to stay there on Zionist matters for two months, so *I* stayed two months—I didn't dare fly back until he flew back. Years ago, when I was in my early twenties, I met Henrietta Szold [an early American Zionist leader] at my Aunt Frieda's [Mrs. Felix M. Warburg]. I said that I'd like to go to Palestine and work. Miss Szold asked me what I could do. I said I could sew. She discouraged me. They were looking for people with skills—nurses and organizers. Well, when I finally went there with Rudolf I was surprised by the physical aspects of the place. I'd heard so much about roses growing in the desert, but at that time it looked more like a desert than a garden. I saw the kibbutzim, and was tempted to become a member, austere as they were. I won't even fly to East Hampton. I have a married daughter with a house there, and three young children, and I visit them summer weekends and on my vacation. I usually take two weeks off. I always take the train."

Mrs. Schiff, a strikingly attractive sixty-five-year-old grandmother with a high forehead, wavy gray-white hair, blue-gray eyes, a mobile mouth, a size-10 figure, a well-modulated voice, and a rather searching expression, noted that her visitor was looking around the room. She took him on a tour of it and the rest of the upper floor, where they had been sitting. The apartment had four exposures, and was very light. The sitting room contained a fireplace; two rows of open glass shelves filled with Staffordshire china figures; a colored-crayon picture of a bowl of flowers by Picasso; two Grandma Moses snow scenes; a Thomas Lawrence oil of a young woman; and a couple of bright-colored decorative paintings signed "Carlo Canevari." "I don't know who he is," their owner said. "I got them on Madison Avenue." She led the way past a foyer that was hung with a gilt-metal chandelier embellished with china flowers, metal leaves, a Meissen parrot, and a base of floral and insect motifs, into a dining room whose only picture was a John Hoppner portrait of a young man. Meissen birds perched on eight mahogany wall brackets. "I'm very fond of those birds," Mrs. Schiff said. "I kept them and the rest of the china and the portraits out of some things I inherited from my paternal grandmother."

Back in the sitting room, where she was conversationally refuelled from time to time by her interlocutor, she said, "I don't mix as much as I'd like to on the news side of the paper. I sometimes ask to see editorials before publication, when a particular question is involved. For instance, Cardinal Spellman's obituary editorial was read



*"Hold it, Pops! We're placing you under citizen's arrest for irrelevance."*

© 1968 Chanel, Inc., 1 West 57th Street, New York

Spray Perfume and Spray Cologne, each 6.00

**Every woman alive loves Chanel Nº 5 sprays.**

# CHANEL

The Towncliffe Attitude

You can look for years
and never find it.
And then
Towncliffe proves
you were right to wait.
Because here it is.
The bowl-them-over suit,
pure and simple.
The walking suit
of all time.
Every inch conspiring
to tell the world
you're in touch with
elegance,
in gear with verve
and taste.
Towncliffe,
the tailor's tailor,
hooray!

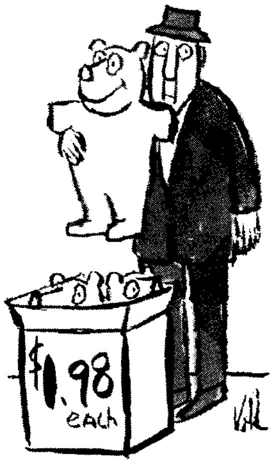
Pure wool, satin-lined mellow Velour in Champagne or Sparkling Red. 6 to 16. About $120.
Slightly higher west.

BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK
CHARLES SUMNER, BOSTON
KAUFMAN'S VENDOME, PITTSBURGH
BEST'S APPAREL, PORTLAND & SEATTLE
JULIUS GARFINCKEL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Towncliffe, Inc.
512 Seventh Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10018

to me over the phone before it went to press. I'm used to editing over the phone. We used to have an editorial conference around noon, but now Jimmy Wechsler simply calls me up then and we go over everything on the phone. When we make political endorsements, a list of names is sent to me for my approval. And I have a good deal to do with the weekend magazine features. I usually pick the books we serialize. The office sends me suggestions, and I make the choice. I spend so much time on unions and our new building. We bought the Hearst building on South Street, you know—the old *Journal-American* building. Lockwood Greene, the plant engineers, are renovating it for us. It's costing millions of dollars. We're putting in new presses and air-conditioning. We'll be moved in by the summer or early fall of next year, but we're already printing out of it, as a supplement to the press production in the building that we now occupy, in part, on West Street. I think our landlord there will be glad to see us leave—we're so messy and so dirty, what with ink, grease, presses, and so on. [Daintier tenants of the building include the Bank of New York's Computer Service Division, Data Processing Center, and Deposit Account Administration.] For the time being, we're limited in the number of copies we can print late in the day. The paper formerly had to be kept to ninety-six pages, but now we can go to a hundred and twelve. When we get the new presses, we'll be able to go to a hundred and twenty-eight or more, and, in general, take care of all the advertising we are offered. I want to go into color for pictures, like some of the Chicago papers. No one in New York is doing that. I like it. The public will like it. Color TV has spoiled me for black-and-white. It's like the difference between color comics and black-and-white comics. Our readers used to be mostly in Brooklyn and the Bronx, and then Queens came along, but now, although the readership has increased in these boroughs, the upper East Side of Manhattan and the downtown financial district are our strongest areas. This is very good, for business reasons. We bought a horoscope feature ["In the Stars," by Carroll Righter, which gives readings for the twelve signs of the zodiac for every day of the week], and it is extremely popular. I don't believe in astrology, but everyone I knew wanted it. Since we're an afternoon paper, the horoscope's readings—the advice it gives to people, keyed to their astrological periods—are made for the day after publication. But, of course, our first edition comes out in the morning—the presses run from eight-forty-five until about six, except on Sunday, when we don't publish—and I get a copy here at the apartment at nine-forty-five, by messenger. Well, one day the advice to Pisces—I'm Pisces; I was born on March 11, 1903—said, 'Be charming all day and you will get what you want.' So I was charming all that day. But I had forgotten that the advice was for the *next* day. By the time that day came, I was exhausted and reverted to my normal brutal self."

Mrs. Schiff smiled gently, and lit another cigarette. "I love going to parties, but I don't like to give them," she said. "I'm always afraid they're going to be disasters when I give them. Sometimes I cancel them when I have a good excuse. I live alone, and I find that I don't mind walking into a party by myself now and then, especially when I go for professional reasons. It's better for me to live alone; you can concentrate better on work this way. And if you go to a party alone, you can stay or leave as you please. I enjoy looking forward to a party, but sometimes when I go I wish I'd stood in bed. I once gave a dinner here for Arthur Goldberg, when he was at the U.N., and, exceptionally, I enjoyed it. After the V.I.P.s had left, that is, and I could relax. Some of the guests stayed until two or three in the morning. I like writers and politicians. I like labor leaders quite a bit. I like Harry Van Arsdale [president of the city's Central Labor Council] and Bert Powers [Bertram A. Powers, president of the New York Local of the International Typographical Union]. Bert and his wife, Patsy, have become good friends of mine—not, as far as he is concerned, in business, where he treats me just as roughly as the rest of the publishers, but outside. He's interested in many things. He's taken courses at the New School. I enjoy talking to people like Walter Reuther. Over the years, I've seen a lot of David Dubin-



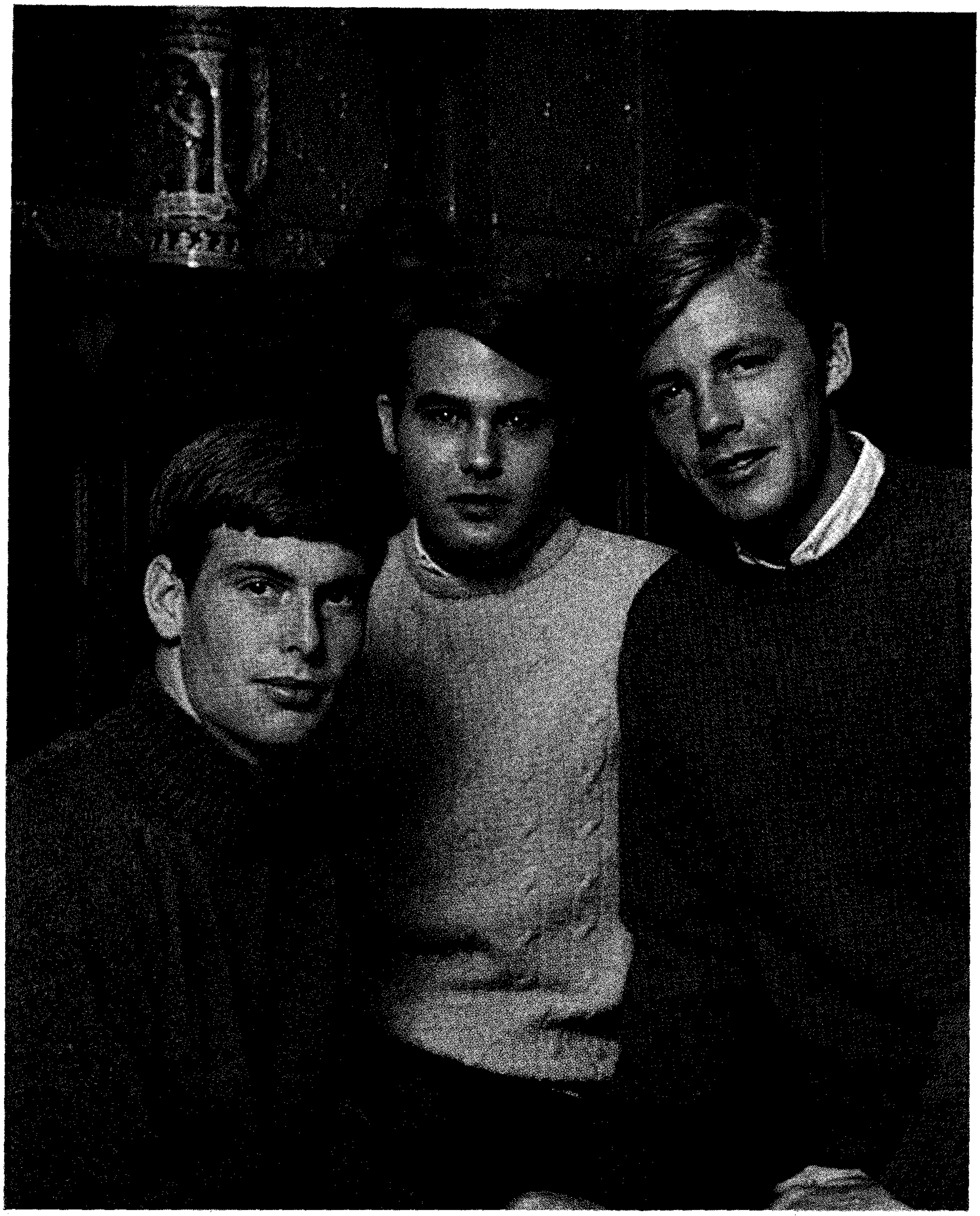
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

At the end of a great day,
the taste of
a great Kentucky Bourbon.

# It's an Old Forester kind of day

**At 86 or 100 proof "There is nothing better in the market."**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY © 1967.



ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE JAEGER CLUB?

We knit these casual sweaters in England of beefy Shetland yarns.

They're in classic, and soon to become classic styles.

And we make them in over twenty colours that are certain to please you.

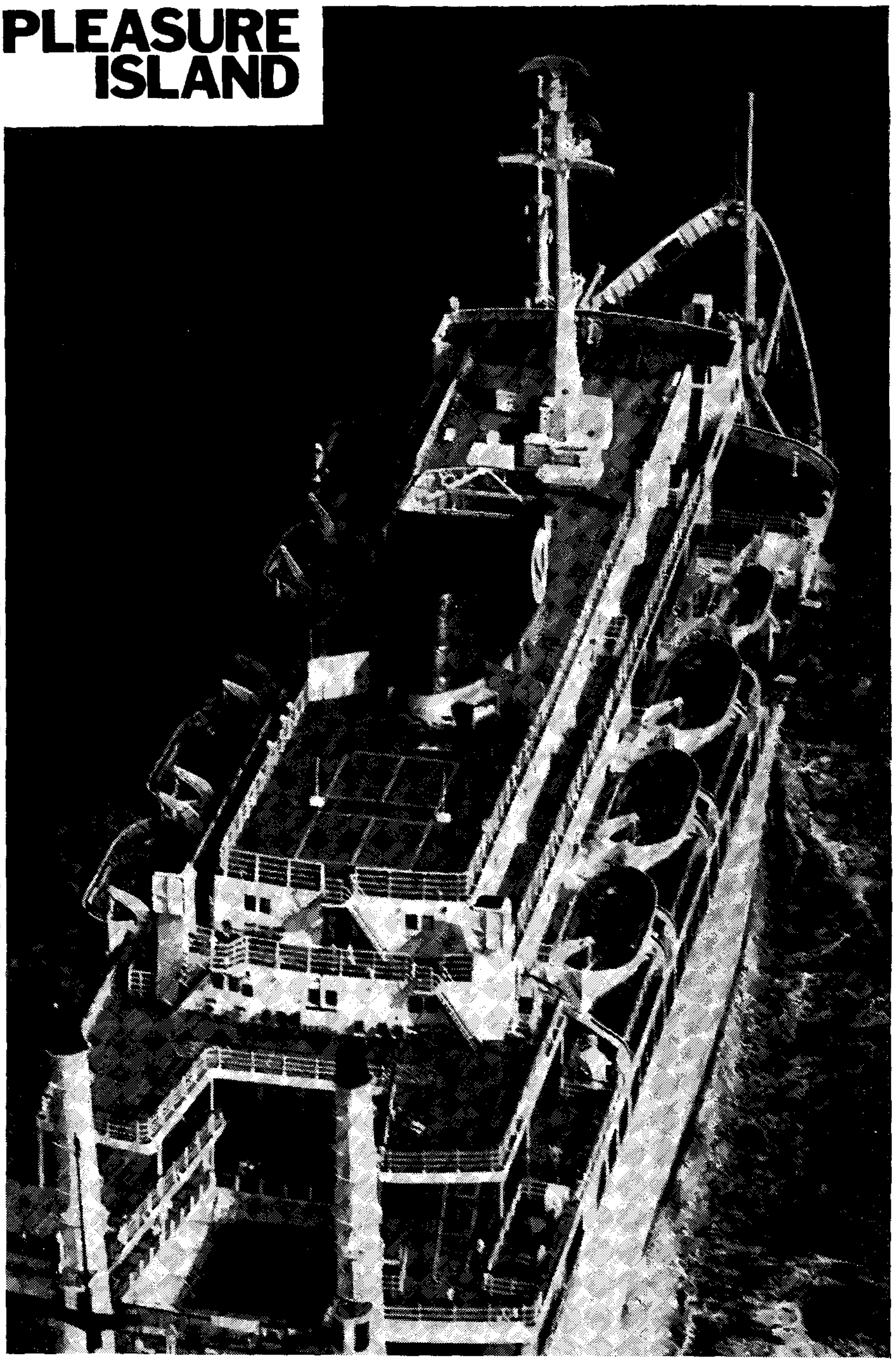
Look for them at select shops, where, when you ask for sweaters, say YAY-GER.

JAEGER
LONDON

American Sales Agent, F. A. MacCluer, 501 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

sky, who used to run the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. He told me that my grandfather Jacob Schiff contributed generously to it. Grandpa Schiff, although a banker [Mr. Schiff was the head of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.], was on a lot of liberal committees. He was helpful to the I.L.G.W.U. because of his interest in Eastern European immigrants. Oh, the number of people from the lower East Side who've written to me about him! Rose Franzblau [the *Post's* human-relations columnist] told me that she's never forgotten the time he singled her out for congratulations at her graduation from one of the Hebrew schools he endowed [Mr. Schiff set up Hebrew schools in all five boroughs of the city, sent many of the teachers to college to get their doctorates, and supported them while they were learning]."

Mrs. Schiff's visitor mentioned the 1962-63 newspaper strike, which was called by the Powers union, and she said, "Four papers were struck—the *Times*, *News*, *World-Telegram*, and *Journal-American*—and three others suspended publication in sympathy: the *Herald Tribune*, *Mirror*, and *Post*. We thought the strike might last seventeen days, as the one in 1958 did, but it went on for nearly four months. After just under three months, I got out of the Publishers' Association and resumed publication. I wanted to do so after the first three weeks, but I was dissuaded by several liberal advisers. I continued to fuss and fume about the thing in my own mind, and then something happened on the morning—February 28th—when I *did* make the decision to pull out that made me very angry. The Publishers' Association had formed a new subcommittee of three members, none of them from the *Post*. I suggested Sidney Orenstein, our labor lawyer, as a fourth. I was voted down. I felt we were frozen out, and resigned. My announcement was greeted with silence and consternation. I called Bert Powers and asked him to meet me for lunch. I'd moved temporarily into two small rooms at the Pierre at the time. I told Bert to meet me at the Pierre, and he said, 'Where is that?' When we met and I told him that I was going to resume publication, he said at first that he'd tell the *Post* men not to come back. I was flabbergasted. I argued with him, and he gave in. Although he's never told me, I think I know why he first said he wouldn't allow the men to come back. He had probably been told that we'd lose all our advertising, and he didn't want to take the responsibility for that. We got



**PLEASURE ISLAND**

"Pleasure Island" is what we call our luxury liners, the ssARGENTINA and ssBRASIL. And for good reason. They're designed strictly for your pleasure. Fun ships with night clubs and entertainment. Sun ships with two pools and acres of deck. All outside staterooms. All air-conditioned. All first class. Take a Pleasure Island Cruise this year, just for the fun of it.

**SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES**
32 days from New York
28 days from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
Sept. 20, Nov. 15.

**SEA-SAFARI CRUISE**
53 days from New York—Oct. 24.
49 days from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.—Oct. 26.

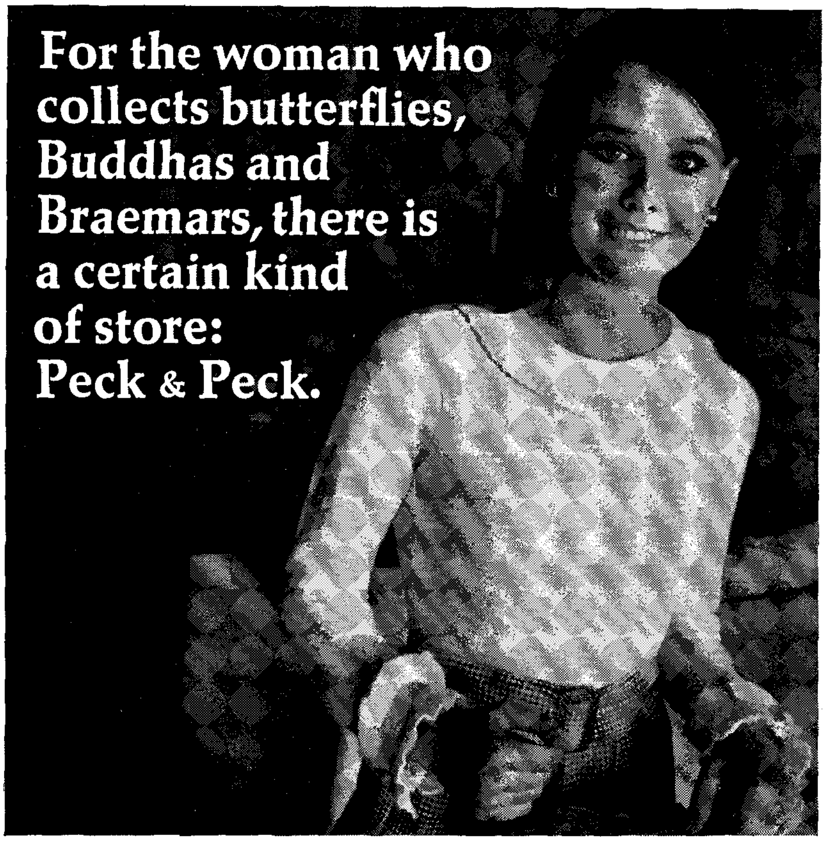
**CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR SOUTH AMERICA CRUISE**
33 days from New York—Dec. 20.
29 days from Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.—Dec. 22.

**'ROUND SOUTH AMERICA CRUISE**
54 days from New York—Jan. 24.
50 days from Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.—Jan. 26.

**SAFETY INFORMATION:** The ss ARGENTINA and the ss BRASIL registered in U.S.A. meet International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960.

For colorful literature see your Travel Agent or
MOORE-McCORMACK LINES
2 Broadway, Dept. N-88, New York 10004

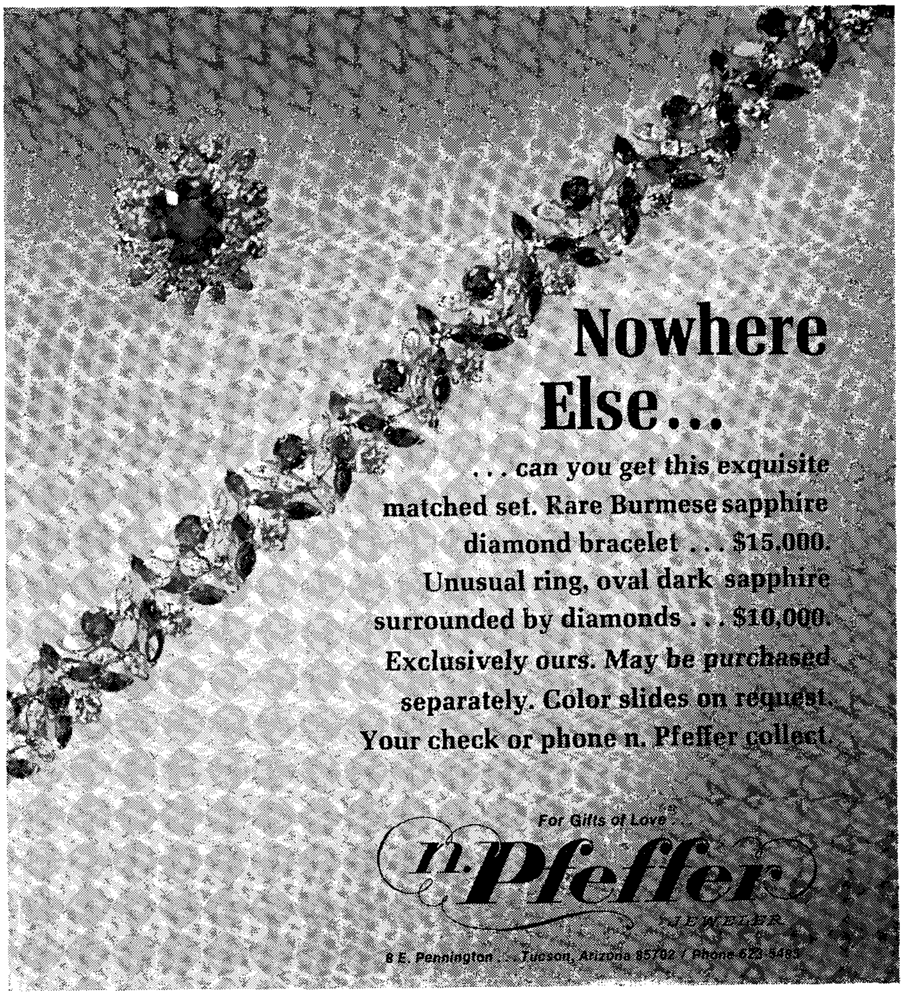
**MOORE-McCORMACK LINES**



For the woman who collects butterflies, Buddhas and Braemars, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Leave it to Braemar to make lacy ruffles out of cashmere. Putting in an appearance at the neck and cuffs of this elegant pullover. Clear buttons at the cuffs; back zip. White only. 34 to 40, 40.00. With the sweater is a gathered skirt closed by an antiqued shoe buckle. Wool. Grey/white tweed. 8 to 16, 17.00

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE/SOUTHAMPTON



Nowhere Else...

. . . can you get this exquisite matched set. Rare Burmese sapphire diamond bracelet . . . $15,000. Unusual ring, oval dark sapphire surrounded by diamonds . . . $10,000. Exclusively ours. May be purchased separately. Color slides on request. Your check or phone n. Pfeffer collect.

For Gifts of Love . . .
n. Pfeffer
JEWELER
8 E. Pennington . . . Tucson, Arizona 85702 / Phone 623-5483

a lot of Easter advertising right away—we reopened on March 4th—but our major department-store and national advertising came back only after the other papers reopened."

Mrs. Schiff reflected for a moment, and said, "Bert told me to hold a press conference at the *Post* to announce resumption of publication, so I did. I didn't know how you hold a press conference, but he told me. I'm terribly shy, but he gave me strength to do it. I remember in the early years of the Depression, when I was one of a group raising money for some charity, I was supposed to get up at a meeting and announce the sum I had raised, and I couldn't do it. I've improved since then. I was brought up by my parents in the English tradition of never mentioning money. Not that I had much to mention until I was quite grown up. When I was at the Brearley School, I was never given an allowance, as the other girls were. My mother said to ask her for money if I needed it, but I didn't feel like doing that, because then I would have had to tell her what I wanted it *for*."

The *Post's* publisher—whose parents were the late Mortimer L. Schiff, a third-generation partner in Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and Adèle G. Neustadt, whose father, Sigmund, was a partner in the banking firm of Hallgarten & Co.—gazed at her visitor searchingly. "What does it mean when someone says that a woman thinks like a man?" she asked. "This has been said to me, of myself, two or three times. Just the other day, my daughter Sarah Ann—Mrs. Werner Kramarsky; she's the one with the place in East Hampton—said to me, 'So-and-So told me that everything else about you is very feminine but that you think like a man.' *She* wanted to know what this meant. Actually, I suppose I'm the only woman newspaper publisher around here, now that Helen Reid has retired and Alicia Patterson is dead. Of course, Kay Graham, in Washington, has an *empire*, what with the *Washington Post* and *Newsweek* and TV and radio stations. Sometimes at meetings where I'm the only woman, I hear someone say, 'Look out! Mrs. Schiff is here. Watch your language.' Or there'll be a personal remark—'That's a good-looking suit you're wearing'—which embarrasses me, because it seems unprofessional."

Mrs. Schiff's caller, who was a male, congratulated her unprofessionally on a good-looking suit she was wearing, and asked her where she got it.

"Evelyn Byrnes, Fifty-eighth Street and Park Avenue," she said. "Very expensive. I go there because it's on the ground floor. At Bergdorf's, you have to go upstairs in an elevator."

She continued, "I think the men in my profession do take me seriously now, but they didn't for years. I've heard it said that only a dame could do what I did in the Publishers' Association and be forgiven. I suspect that if I were a male publisher more people on the paper would call me, asking for my opinion on something they planned to write. They sometimes get a hot memo from me the next day—the day after they haven't called, that is. Sometimes Jimmy Wechsler *will* call and ask what I think of an idea he has, but he's the only one. I try not to have any sacred cows. I'm quite brave. The people who've been on the paper a long time think that I have a feeling for this business, and that I often turn out to be right. They think I have the common touch, and I think so, too. If I think we've had too much about, say, Jackie Kennedy, other people will think so, too. There was a time there when she was on page 1 three times in a row. As you rise in your profession, you scare everybody. They hesitate to call you directly. They feel they have to have an intermediary. They're afraid to bother me; they think I'm too busy. Even my own children—I have three—are like that during office hours. I *like* to be called. I'd rather that people call me instead of trying to reach me through others. But I don't expect to have any friends. I used to have lots, but they've disappeared. Most of them were conservative, and perhaps I've become too much of a maverick for them. I was fortunate, in a way, in my childhood. I was brought up in a big place, rather isolated. I can entertain myself. I can manage."

The maverick's visitor asked her who some of the *Post's* old-timers were.

"Paul Sann, the executive editor, was there before me," she said. "He came as a copy boy in 1931, when he was seventeen. Byron S. Greenberg, the business manager, has been there since 1936. Leonard Lyons and Sylvia Porter [who writes a financial column called "Your Dollar"] were there when I got there—he came in 1934, and she came the next year. Jimmy Wechsler has been on the paper since 1946. Rose Franzblau came in 1951. We acquired Drew Pearson when the *Mirror* folded, in 1963. I had wanted him before. We don't like to kill columns for reasons other than libel, fac-

COTTON:
YOU CAN FEEL
HOW GOOD
IT LOOKS

SHUTTERBUG sees your little girl as a charming figurine. With sharply nipped-in waist and gracefully flared skirt. In cotton corduroy, its surface glimmering with lights and shadows. For all its party beauty, it's practical and *comfortable* as cotton always is. Blue/brown with white bow; sizes 3 to 6X about $10.00, 7 to 14 about $12.00. At stores listed below and other fine stores.

COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.

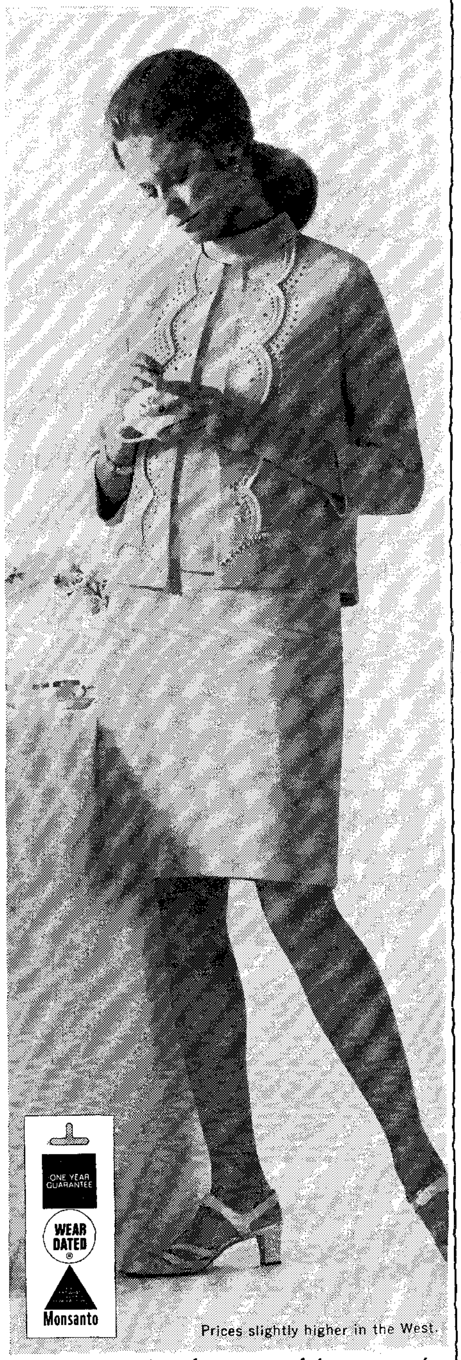
COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE COTTON

Lord & Taylor, New York; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Roos/Atkins, San Francisco; Joske's, Houston; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas; Loveman's, Birmingham.

SOME
PEOPLE
COLLECT
CINTURA®

**Treasure:** Cintura's beautifully tailored, delicately detailed cardigan suit with turtle shell in Acrilan® acrylic double-knit. White, teal, gold or sterling grey, sizes 8 to 18, about $35. At Macy's, New York / The Boston Store, Milwaukee / The Jones Store, Kansas City / La Salle & Koch, Toledo or write Cintura Knits, 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.

*Designed by Pierre*



Prices slightly higher in the West.

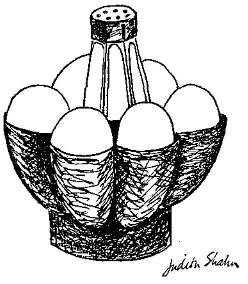
*They're Wear Dated, guaranteed for one year's normal wear, refund or replacement by Monsanto.*

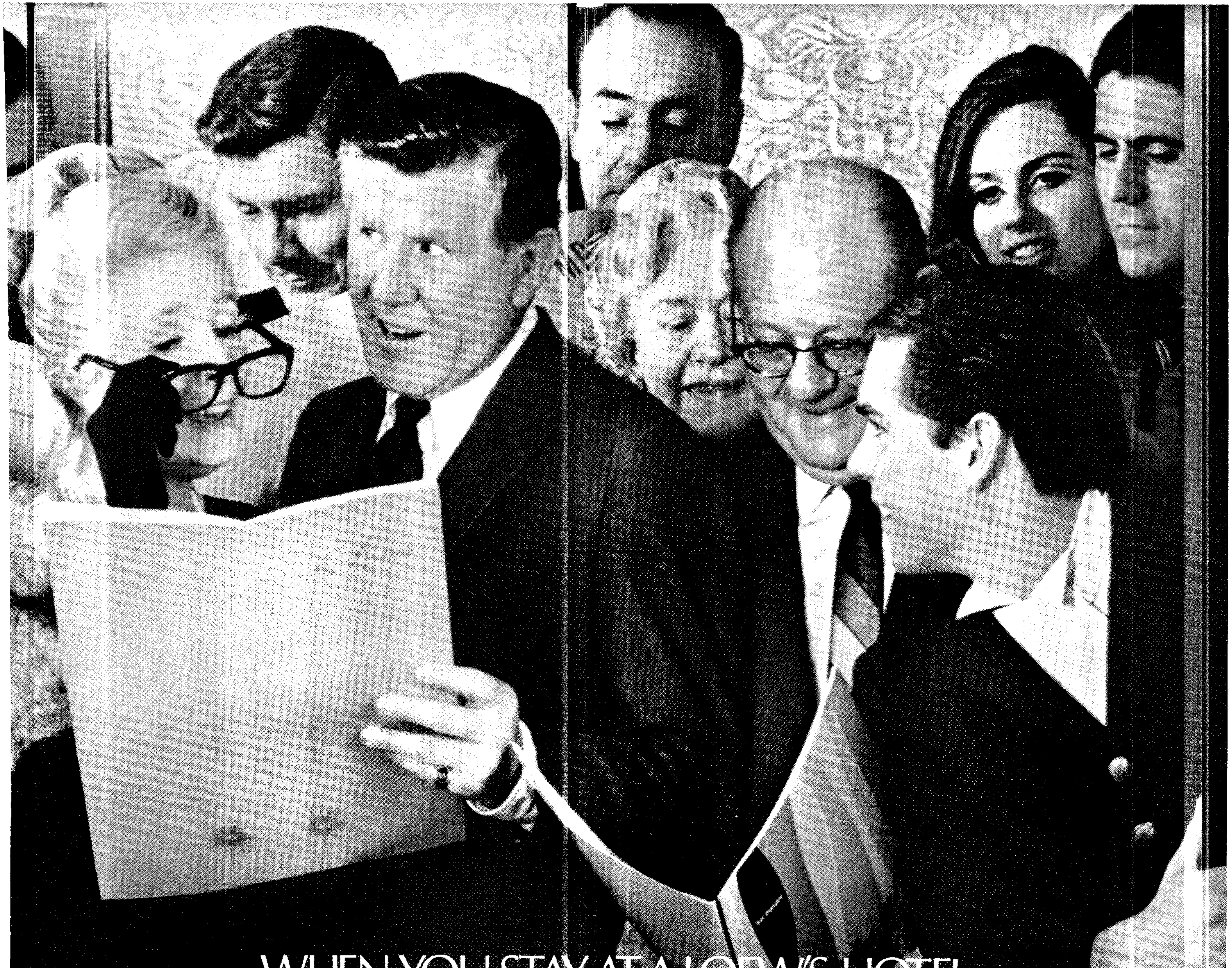
tual error, or lack of space. If we lose confidence in a columnist for any reason, we drop the column permanently."

Mrs. Schiff's interlocutor asked her how she happened to come to the *Post*, or how the *Post* happened to come to her.

"One night in 1939, when I was married to George Backer, he came home and said he'd heard that the *Post* was going down the drain," she said. "The Curtis people had sold it six years before to J. David Stern, who owned several papers, including the Philadelphia *Record*. I'd married George in 1932; we met through Herbert Bayard Swope. George liked to write, and he was interested in politics. He introduced me to the *Nation*. Not that I enjoyed reading it very much; it was too heavy for me at that time. I'd never even heard about Karl Marx until the nineteen-thirties. I knew something about ancient history but very little about modern. Oh, yes—the paper. George said that we ought to take over the *Post* from Stern. This involved paying its debts and meeting future deficits. I said that we just couldn't do it. George said we had to. He said that otherwise the oldest paper in the city [the *Post* was founded in 1801, by Alexander Hamilton] would disappear, and a thousand people would be thrown out of jobs. This moved me. I was told it would cost two hundred thousand dollars to bring the paper out of the red. That turned out not to be true. It cost millions! My father died in 1931, and my mother died the next year, so I had inherited some money when I was still in my twenties. Well, I acquired a majority of the *Post* stock on June 23, 1939, and later I got it all. I stayed home, and George went down to the paper as president and editor. I was a director, vice-president, and treasurer. It was all his idea. I often do things that people tell me to do. Randolph Churchill stayed in this apartment for a while in 1949. He told me to put all the lights in this room on one switch. I said I had thought of it but that the building superintendent had said it would be too expensive. It cost fifteen dollars! Randolph also told me that Jimmy Wechsler, who was then one of our Washington correspondents, was the best one in the business. 'If I were a liberal newspaper publisher, God forbid, I would make Jimmy Wechsler my editor,' Randolph said. So I brought Jimmy up here to write editorials. Randolph was very bossy."

Mrs. Schiff smiled, and began to backtrack a bit. "After George got me interested in American politics, I became active in the 1936 Roosevelt campaign," she said, lighting a cigarette. "I was a Republican. My father was a Republican; my mother was completely apolitical. The others used to tease me about that. But Mrs. Roosevelt defended me once by saying that she, too, had been brought up as a Republican. I was asked by Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach—I'd been with her on the board of the Women's Trade Union League, an organization that helped working girls with classes in English and public speaking—to head up the radio committee of the women's division of the campaign. I was still a Republican. I moved into an office in the Biltmore Hotel that summer. My job consisted of having my secretary—they gave me the first one I ever had—address postcards to county vice-chairmen asking them to hold listening-in parties when the President or members of the Cabinet were scheduled to speak. It was like a club. Jim Farley, who was chairman of the Democratic National Committee, told us to answer every letter we got, and I still do so, as a rule. When readers write in complaining about typos, we send them a form reply. Well, around 1936 I began to be taken to Hyde Park. I had a great time there. I stayed with Mrs. Roosevelt's friend Nancy Cook, who occupied part of a cottage on the place. I was something of a novelty to them. They wore ground-gripper shoes; I wore John Frederics hats. I no longer wear hats. My next political job came in 1937, when Mayor LaGuardia appointed me to the New York City Board of Child Welfare. I was now a Democrat. Our purpose was to provide financial aid to dependent children under sixteen who had one parent dead, missing, or in an institution. We were unpaid social workers. We had endless committee meetings in an old building back of City Hall. I took the subway to the Brooklyn Bridge station. We were not allowed to deal directly with the clients, which I would have preferred. Professional social investigators took care of this. I'm very interested in direct communication. I have always felt





# WHEN YOU STAY AT A LOEW'S HOTEL, YOU DON'T TAKE A TAXI TO A GREAT RESTAURANT, YOU TAKE THE ELEVATOR.

There's nothing like a nice juicy traffic jam to ruin a nice juicy steak. In fact, going out to dinner sometimes can actually ruin your appetite. So we make sure you don't have far to go.

Just downstairs.

Downstairs at the Drake in New York is Shepheard's and Steak Nino.

Downstairs at the Ambassadors in Chicago is the Pump Room and Shashlik on a flaming sword.

Downstairs at every Loew's Hotel, there's a superb restaurant. Where you're treated like a guest. Not a customer.

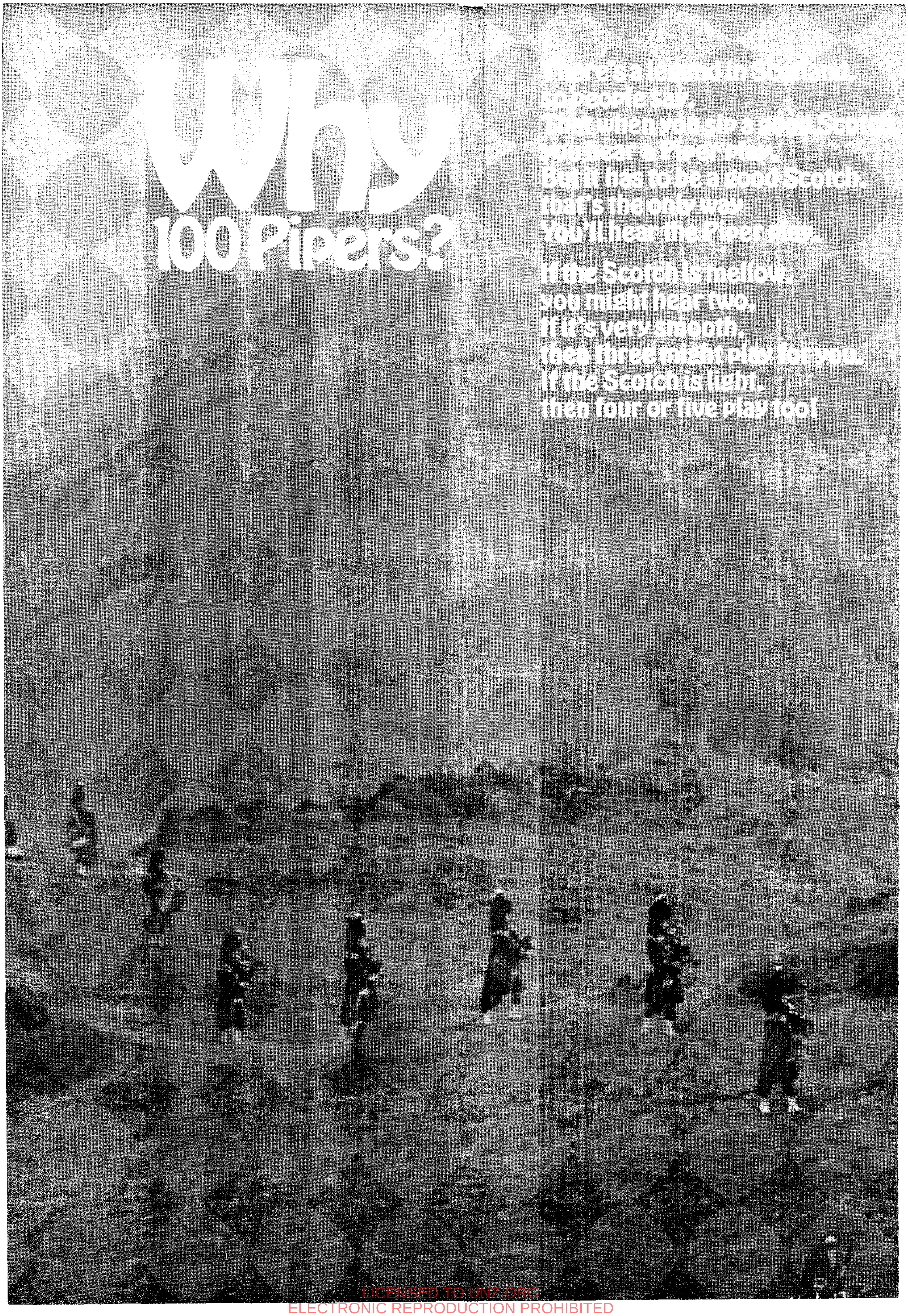
That's why we don't have to call our Hotels "Loew's Americana" or "Loew's Paradise Island" for you to know they're Loew's Hotels. Things like our fine food speak for themselves.

So, if you don't stay at a Loew's Hotel for our service, stay for our food.

After dinner, it's only a short trip back to the hotel.

**Loew's hotels**

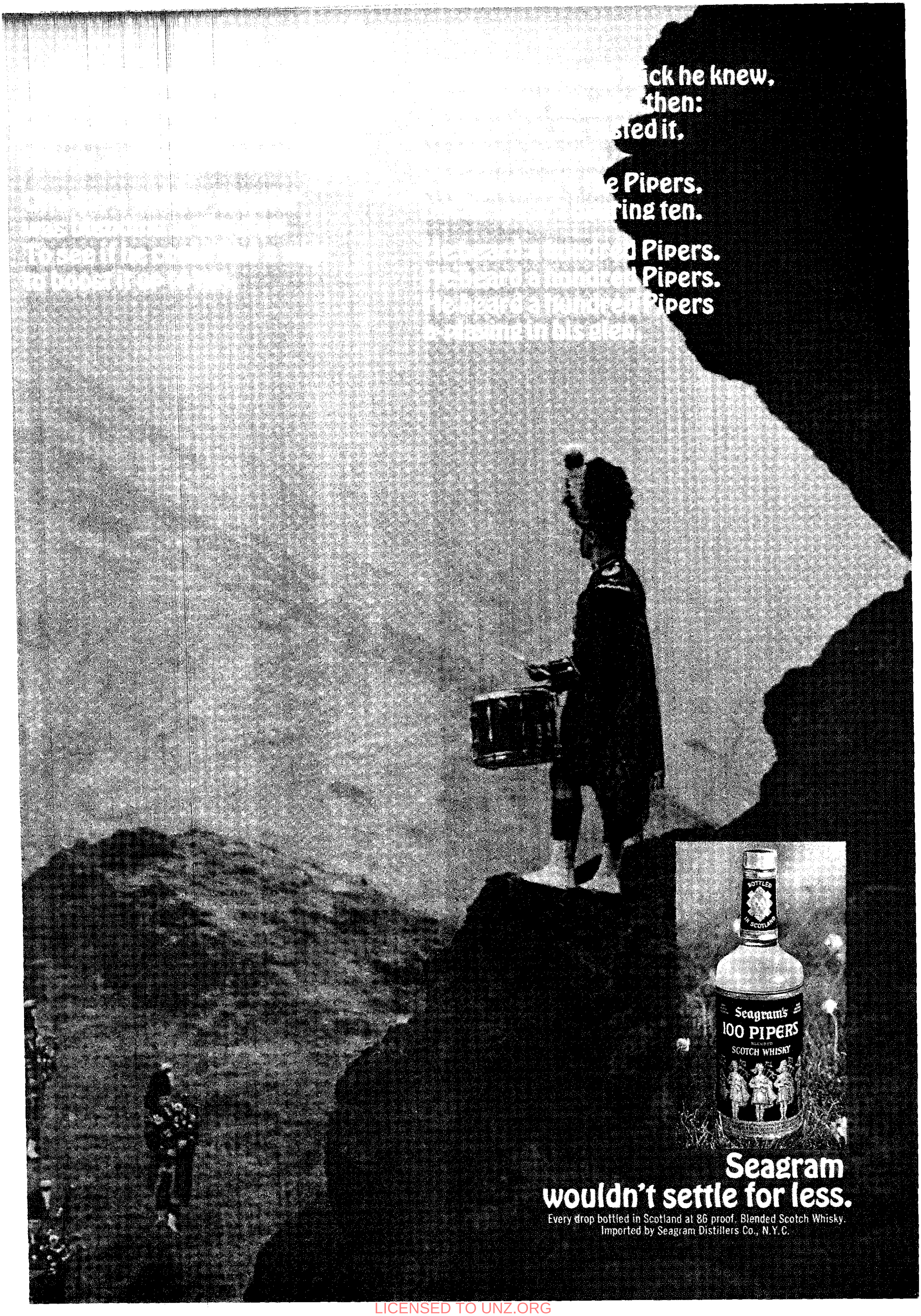
NEW YORK CITY: THE REGENCY, THE DRAKE, THE WARWICK, THE AMERICANA, THE SUMMIT, CITY SQUIRE MOTOR INN, LOEW'S MIDTOWN MOTOR INN, HOWARD JOHNSON'S MOTOR LODGE. CHICAGO: HOTELS AMBASSADOR. SAN FRANCISCO: HOTEL MARK HOPKINS. MIAMI BEACH: AMERICANA OF BAL HARBOUR. PUERTO RICO: AMERICANA OF SAN JUAN. NASSAU, BAHAMAS: PARADISE ISLAND HOTEL & VILLAS. PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT



# Why 100 Pipers?

There's a legend in Scotland.
so people say.
That when you sip a good Scotch
you hear a Piper play.
But it has to be a good Scotch.
that's the only way
You'll hear the Piper play.

If the Scotch is mellow,
you might hear two.
If it's very smooth,
then three might play for you.
If the Scotch is light,
then four or five play too!


ck he knew,
then:
sted it,
e Pipers,
ring ten.
To see if he co
to boost it up
d Pipers.
Pipers.
He heard a hundred Pipers
a-playing in his glen.
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Seagram's
100 PIPERS
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY

**Seagram wouldn't settle for less.**

Every drop bottled in Scotland at 86 proof. Blended Scotch Whisky.
Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

# Quick & quiet.

## DC-9.

The McDonnell Douglas DC-9 is what the jet-age is all about: fast, smooth, and quiet.

This sleek twinjet is expressly designed for people on the go—whether the going is all business, pure pleasure, or a little of both.

Its powerful fanjets get you up and over the weather before you know it. These quiet engines, and the DC-9's advanced aerodynamic design, also make it possible to fly into close-in airports and small town fields jets once passed by.

Even on flights as short as 100 miles, you'll fly in relaxed, easy-chair comfort, at speeds rivaling the biggest jetliners.

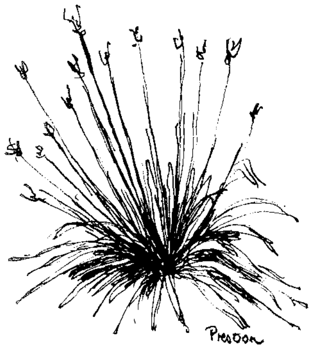
Ask your travel agent or airline to book you aboard a quick and quiet DC-9, or on one of our big, super-luxurious Super DC-8s.

**MCDONNELL DOUGLAS**

JOIN THE TEAM THAT'S BUILDING AN EXCITING FUTURE. 39 LOCATIONS NATIONWIDE. WRITE: BOX 14526, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63178.

that I could reach the Negro child that no one can talk to. I suppose I'm wrong. I had a large place in Oyster Bay, and I later became involved in Democratic politics there. I ran for Nassau County delegate to the 1938 Constitutional Convention. I lost to Bob Moses, but I ran a little ahead of the ticket. I know it's a mistake for a newspaper publisher to be in politics, but in 1952 I was persuaded to run as an anti-Tammany candidate for the Democratic State Committee from the Ninth Assembly District. I agreed, provided that Lloyd Garrison also run for the Committee. Insurgent candidates, we were called. We won. I love politics, and I love canvassing. I love getting into people's kitchens. I like getting into my own kitchen, for that matter. I love to cook my supper when I'm alone."

"About the paper," Mrs. Schiff's visitor said.



"George ran it, but I paid for it," she said. "It cost eight hundred thousand dollars the first year, and over a million dollars the second. Everyone thought George had bought it. The *Times* said he bought it. He would have if he could have. His father, who died in the nineteen-twenties, was supposed to have left something like ten million dollars in real estate, but it was the Depression, and anyway most of the estate was in trust for his mother, who was alive, and still is. How do I tell the story of my money? Perhaps I won't. [Her parents' estates, of which she and her brother, John, were the chief beneficiaries, were officially valued at $31,380,191, exclusive of property in France.] My father died at his place in Oyster Bay in June, 1931, the day before his fifty-fourth birthday. I had dinner with him alone the night he died. I had married Dick Hall [Richard B. W. Hall, a stockbroker] when I was twenty, and we had two children, Mortimer and Adèle—Sarah Ann is my daughter with George Backer—but Dick and I weren't together much, and the children and I always stayed with my family in the summer. That last night, my father and I had the most intimate talk we'd ever had; he told me things about his early life that I'd never known. He went upstairs around ten o'clock, and at seven the next morning there was a knock at my door. It was William, his butler-valet. 'I can't rouse your father,' he said. My father was sitting in a chair, dressed in his bathrobe, with a rug neatly tucked over his knees. His eyes were closed, but he wasn't asleep. He was dead. It was a heart attack. That August, my mother took passage to France on the Bremen for herself and me and the children, but when the time came she was sick and couldn't go. She had arranged for me to have meals in the Ritz Restaurant on the boat with some friends of hers, the Gordon Douglases. At dinner one night, during the coffee, a fat man came over to our table and said, 'The big boss wants to meet this girl. He'd like her to join him for coffee.' The emissary was Lord Castlerosse, a gossip writer for the London *Daily Express* and a friend of the Douglases, and the big boss was Lord Beaverbrook, its publisher. Mai Douglas said that he ought to come to *our* table, but I thought it might be fun. 'He's very easily bored, so don't stay too long,' Castlerosse said as we walked over. Lord Beaverbrook, who was in his early fifties, told me that he had come to New York from Canada as a young man, looking for a business loan, and that after being refused by Morgans for having no collateral he had gone to my Grandfather Schiff, who gave him the loan on his personality." Mr. Schiff's granddaughter's personality was not lost on Lord Beaverbrook. "Castlerosse wanted to take me away after twenty minutes, but Beaverbrook told *him* to go away," she said. "Beaverbrook called me in Paris a few days later, and got me to come to London. This was the summer of my life! He had a series of dinner parties at which he introduced me to Winston Churchill and H. G. Wells and William Gerhardi, the novelist, and Leslie Hore-Belisha, who was then an M.P. and later Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, Minister of Transport, and Secretary of State for War. I was so green. I knew nothing. Beaverbrook taught me a lot. Hore-Belisha took me to see Sir John Simon, who was then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. I began to learn a little about politics. There was a colonial fair in Paris that summer, and, at Beaverbrook's suggestion, I wrote him a long letter about it. When I got back to New York, he asked me to write him something about the United States, so I wrote him a long letter

**bleyle**

PARIS · STUTTGART · MILANO

Three-part perfection in fine wool double-knit. Brass-buttoned blazer: no-sleeve turtle top; leather-belted skirt. In a palette of fresh-from-the-tube colors. At the best stores. For the one nearest you, write:

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.
1451 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036

**HALLE'S**

TUDOR SQUARE
SUMS UP FALL

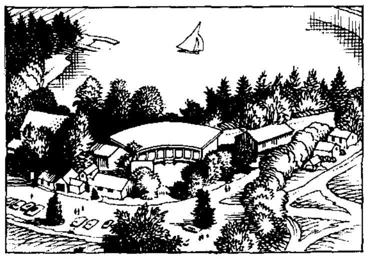
Jumper in camel or grey wool flannel, $30; plus shirt in camel or red acetate paisley, $18. Both 8-16. Sportswear, Cleveland and Akron. On mail and phone orders add 60¢ beyond delivery area.

about Prohibition. That winter, I met George. My mother was dying. He was sympathetic. He had been a secretary to Jimmy Walker. He wrote speeches for the Mayor. He adored him."

"About the *Post*," Mrs. Schiff's visitor said.

"It was rather serious when we took it on, and flamingly liberal," she resumed obligingly. "It had been a Wall Street paper under Thomas W. Lamont, who had bought it in 1918 from Oswald Garrison Villard, and it continued in this way under Curtis, which bought it in 1923. It was a standard-sized paper, not a tabloid. As I said, it was losing a lot of money. I began to take an active interest in it in 1940. I wanted to make it more popular. I was interviewed by the *Herald Tribune* concerning my ideas about it, and my role. I said I wanted to write a column for it. Ted Thackrey—Theodore O. Thackrey, our executive editor—read this interview and asked to see me. We'd never met. He persuaded me *not* to write a column, but he urged me to *have* some columns, a women's page, and so on. Later, in the nineteen-fifties, I *did* write a column of my own for several years. Well, George was appalled at the thought of popularizing the paper. I think he thought this would vulgarize it. He was more interested in editing than in being a publisher, and he was more interested in the editorial page and in international affairs than in local news or human-interest stories. He was a liberal, and he was uncomfortable representing management in talks with the unions. He was not fascinated by advertising or administration. He was a gentle soul, and not the hard-hitting, city-room type of editor. On the night of Pearl Harbor, he stayed uptown and wrote editorials while Ted and I got the paper out. Soon after this, I asked George to let me do what I wanted with the paper. He said he didn't want to be married to a career woman, and I can't say I blame him for that. Our marriage broke up. He left the paper in April, 1942, and I succeeded him as president. I've been on the job ever since. We changed to a tabloid after he left, but the losses continued through the forties except for one year—1944—when we drastically cut costs. Since 1950, except for a couple of years in the early nineteen-sixties, we've been in the black. Some years, very *much* in the black. In 1967, we made more than half a million dollars, all of which we're plowing back into the cost of the

The pleasure
of your company



For a perfect vacation, head for beautiful Basin Harbor Club on magnificent Lake Champlain. Golf on our private 18-hole course, swim in our temperature-controlled pool, play tennis sail or fish in the beautiful lake. For children, there's a supervised playground. For everyone, delicious food in abundance and wonderfully comfortable lodgings.

For reservations and information: New York Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, Telephone (212) LT 1-6595.

BASIN HARBOR
CLUB
Robert H. Beach, Manager

VERGENNES • VERMONT

COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER

Cafe Pierre

Nice 'n easy...that's Stanley's style.
Elegant music with a gentle bounce.
Come dance to Stanley Worth's band...
and listen to the romantic songs of
Ellen Harwicke at the piano.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET • 838-8000

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

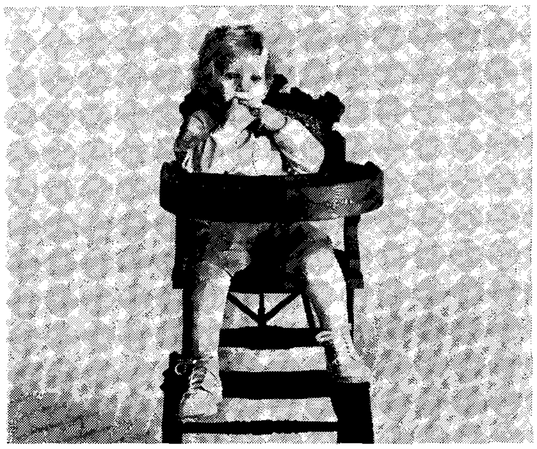
new presses. I don't pay myself a salary or any dividends."

Mrs. Schiff's interviewer had heard at a journalistic cocktail party that the *Post* was worth between fifty million and seventy-five million dollars, and he asked its publisher about this.

"You never know what a newspaper is worth until you try to sell it," she said. "When Sam Newhouse bought the Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* he reportedly paid fifty million dollars for it. Its daily circulation was less than two-thirds of what ours is now, so perhaps we *are* worth something like a hundred million. It's always been a great surprise to me when we make money. I *like* to make money. If a newspaper isn't self-supporting, it's like being a kept woman. It's good for office morale to make money—it gives the people who work for you a sense of security. They know the owner isn't likely to sell out or fold up. If you begin to lose money, you lose such an awful lot. But when you begin to make it, you can make a lot. My brother [John Mortimer Schiff, who succeeded his father as the senior partner of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.] recently said to me, 'I'm very proud of you.' He'd never said such a thing to me before. The *Post* isn't especially different from what it's been for years. He said that Wall Street had expected it to fail and was enormously impressed because we seemed to have succeeded."

In the summer of 1943, Mrs. Backer, as she was then, became Mrs. Thackrey. Her new husband, who had started his career with the Kansas City *Star,* had been upped from executive editor to editor and assistant publisher of the *Post,* which he had joined as assistant city editor in 1936. He remained at the helm through 1948, but in the summer of that year he and his wife had a serious journalistic disagreement.

"Ted had not been interested in politics, but he got involved in the Henry Wallace campaign," she said. "At that time, I didn't favor Truman, but I was even more opposed to Wallace. Ted wrote half a dozen pro-Wallace columns, and I wrote half a dozen in rebuttal. In the end, I came out for Dewey. [In those politically excitable times, the *Post's* publisher announced this choice a week before Election Day.] Ted was against the Marshall Plan, which I was for. We separated, professionally and personally, at the beginning of 1949. I let him take over the paper, but this arrangement was short-lived. My lawyers at that time—Greenbaum, Wolff &



Sometimes mothers are so worried about keeping your playsuit clean, they forget you're supposed to play in it.

"bits 'n' bytes" playsuits are the kind of playsuits that make you look like a little angel. But that doesn't mean you have to act like one. They're 100% Acrilan® acrylic fiber. And they're guaranteed for 1 year's normal wear. (Refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto.)

So when your mother puts you into one, she won't automatically put you into your high chair right after.

In sizes from 12 months to 12 years. And all kinds of colors.

"bits 'n' bytes"® playsuits. You can play in them.

One year guarantee NO-IRON
WEAR DATED®
ACRILAN® acrylic fiber by Monsanto

IN CHICAGO—MARSHALL FIELD

GORDON
OF PHILADELPHIA

At Lord & Taylor, all stores
Country Store of Concord, all stores
Bullock's Westwood, Los Angeles
Makoff, Salt Lake City
for the store nearest you,
write Gordon Sales Associates,
1410 Broadway, New York 10018.

Gordon makes the difference

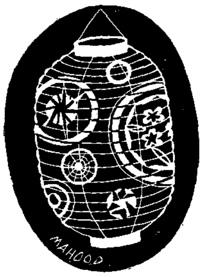
...the difference between hoping you look great and knowing you do. It's men's wear tailoring as men know it. As women envy it. As Gordon sews it. Gentry pants in corduroy specially treated to hold its pile, stay soft, keep a press and fight a wrinkle, about $19. Worsted wool mock turtleneck... by Activair, about $17. SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Ernst—worked out an agreement that didn't work out. Ted left in April, and I've been in full charge of the paper ever since. We were divorced that summer. He'd gone off to start the *Daily Compass*. I'd been Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Backer, and Mrs. Thackrey, and after Ted became publisher of the *Compass*—it had rather a short life—I thought it might be confusing to have two newspaper publishers named Thackrey in New York, so I resumed my maiden name. I asked my brother whether I should call myself Miss or Mrs. He said, 'You have three children. It had better be Mrs.' ”

The latter-day Mrs. Schiff, who retained this name when she married Mr. Sonneborn, lit another cigarette and launched into another chronological digression. “I admired President Roosevelt, and I guess he liked me,” she said. “He started inviting me to Hyde Park in the nineteen-thirties. Then he urged me to buy half of a fifty-four-acre farm he owned around there and build a house on it. I didn't do anything about it, but one day I got a bill for nine thousand dollars for the property. I asked Sam Rosenman's advice—Justice Samuel I. Rosenman; he'd married Ted and me, and he was counsel to F.D.R. both as governor and as President—and he said, 'When the President of the United States wants to sell you a farm, you should buy it.' I built the cheapest house I could on it. It was a cute little red house. I still had my big place in Oyster Bay, where I took the children summers, so the first year I had the farm I loaned it to Sam Rosenman, and the second year I let Jim Forrestal have it. Later on, I used it myself for a couple of summers. The President would take me driving in a special manually operated car that Henry Ford had built for him. He'd say, 'How's the pape?' The paper. Nancy Cook cautioned me not to mention the war or politics to him. He was supposed to relax when he was at Hyde Park. He didn't like anything sad. On our drives, he'd tell anecdotes about how he ran away from his governess as a child, and how he was now ducking the Secret Service. He loved crossing a certain highway, where the traffic would be stopped for him. He said this had never happened when he was governor—not until he was President. He liked to tease his wife. I remember once, when we were having lunch at Granny's—his mother's—house, Mrs. F.D.R. said she was going to introduce him at the 1939 World's Fair. 'What are you going to say about me?' he asked. ' “Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States,” ' she said. 'What else can I say?' 'Darling, aren't you going to say *one* kind word about me?' he said, with a piteous expression. I was at Hyde Park on Election Night in 1936 and 1940. The last time I saw the President was Labor Day weekend of 1944. He looked terrible, and was eating soft cereal. After Miss Le Hand retired, I wanted to work for him, but he said no. He was very suspicious of city people. He wanted me to go into the Department of Agriculture. Despite my farm, I didn't think this was my dish of tea. I sold the farm after his death.”

Mrs. Schiff paused, and then said, “The President's mother approved of me. Whenever we met, she would say, 'How are your aunt Mrs. Lehman and your aunt Mrs. Warburg?' She meant Mrs. Herbert Lehman and Mrs. Paul M. Warburg. Well, Mrs. Warburg was my Great-Aunt Nina, and I gave up explaining that Mrs. Lehman wasn't my aunt at all.”

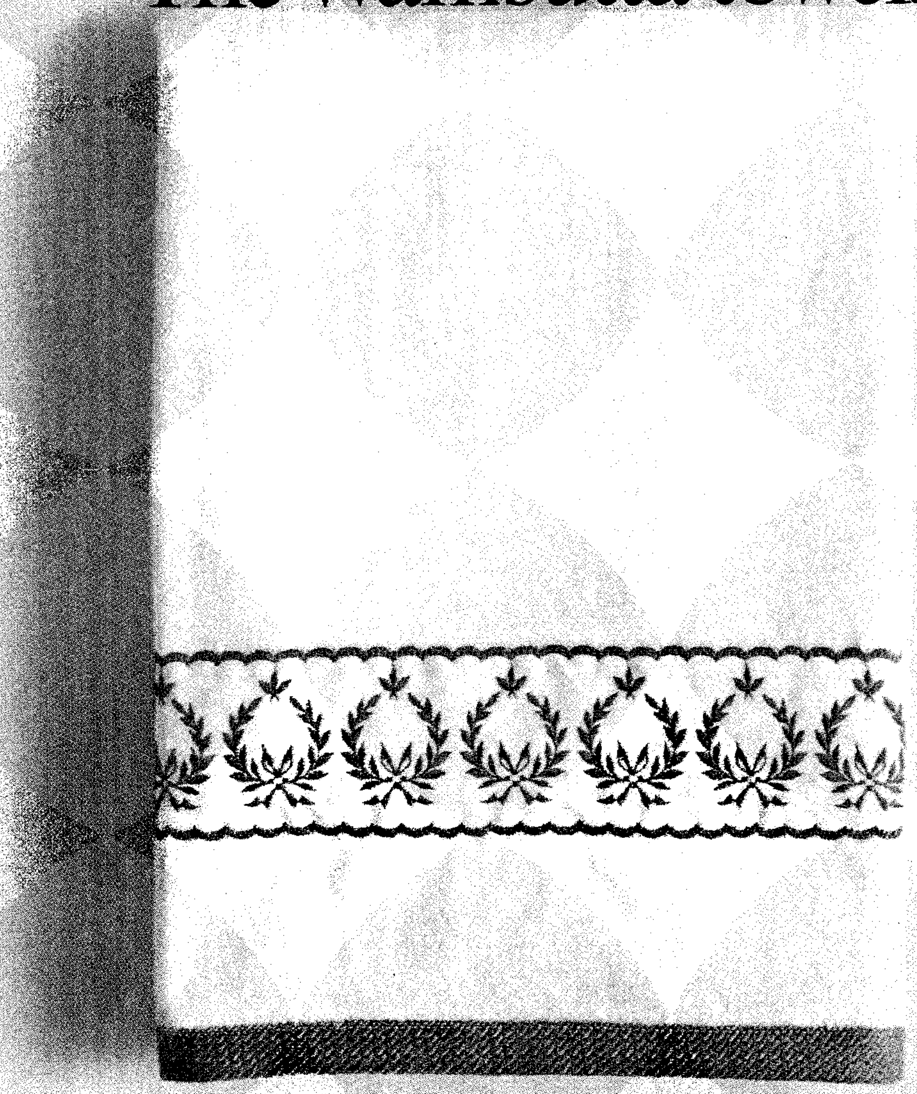
ON the theory that the rich deserve the best, Mrs. Schiff's biographer invited her for their next session to La Grenouille Restaurant, where, arriving a minute or two after him, she was greeted by the management with affectionate cries of “Mme. Scheef!”



“I feel that Oyster Bay is the graveyard of my childhood,” she said, upon being urged to carry on in Memory Lane. “My brother John still has the grounds there, or most of them. I hardly ever go out to visit, but I have a strange feeling when I do. The trees are still there. I was always a bookworm, and my mother was a fresh-air fiend, so I'd get under a tree and read. I used to read by rote. I'd take the best-seller list from the *Bookman* and just check things off. I did a lot of things by rote. I'd rush through museums in Europe. My family took us abroad—John and me—nearly every year. We were on the Olympic when the *Titanic* went down, and at Aix-les-Bains when the First World War broke out. I remember everyone singing 'Nearer My God to Thee' on the Olympic. As children, in the country, we had every kind of athletic lesson—tennis, golf, riding, swimming—but I never liked sports. I don't like the country. I think it's lonely. I sold my mother's Palm Beach house, which she

# The Wamsutta sheet has met its match.

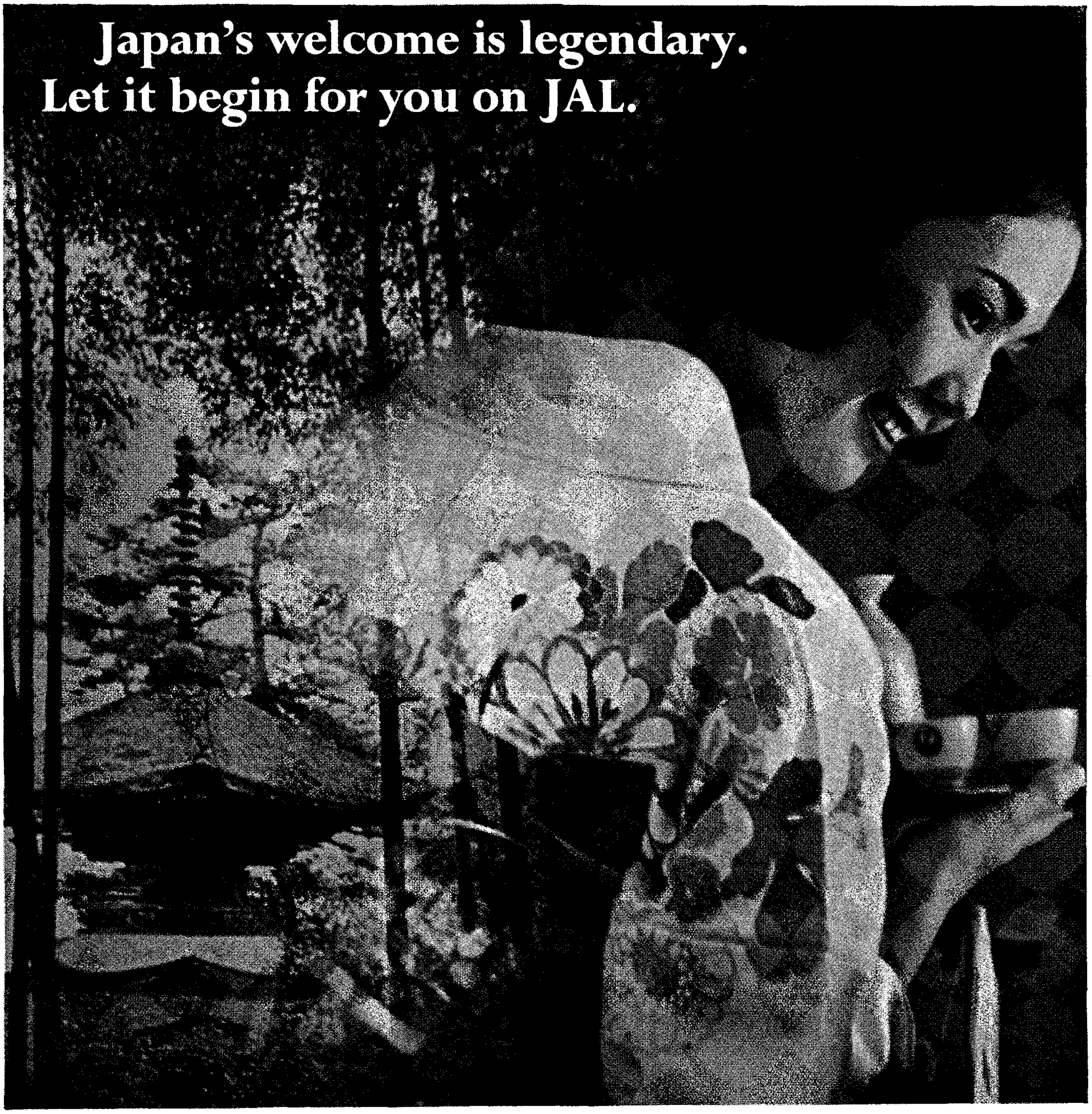
# The Wamsutta towel.



There's more to this match than looks. There's something called "luxury"—the kind that made Wamsutta sheets a tradition. The kind that goes into Wamsutta towels. This is why our towels are so soft and absorbent. Why they add a touch of luxury to even the most "hurry up" bath. The Wamsutta towel: in styles that coordinate with Wamsutta sheets. And in styles that stand alone.

**Wamsutta®**
**Heritage Towel Collection**

SHOWN: "THE CLASSIC TOUCH"™ SHEARED EMBROIDERED TOWEL WITH "THE CLASSIC TOUCH" ULTRACALE "NO-IRON" SHEET. WAMSUTTA MILLS (DIV. OF M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC.), 1430 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10018. ALSO FROM WAMSUTTA, FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY: SUPERCALE®, ULTRACALE®, LUSTERCALE®, AND BABYCALE®. IN FINE STORES FOR THE FINEST HOMES.


Japan's welcome is legendary.
Let it begin for you on JAL.

Enjoy JAL's unique service to Tokyo any day of the week from New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Honolulu.

The hospitality of Japan begins with the classic bow of your hostess as she welcomes you aboard one of our Jet Couriers. And the special attentions go on for the whole trip, for they're our own way of honoring guests.

You may not have enjoyed service like this before: *O-shibori* hot towels to refresh you. Warmed *sake* to sip. Oriental delicacies to try, before you dine on delicious Continental cuisine.

We offer other extras besides serenity, too. Stopovers in Hawaii at no additional fare. Service to over 30 cities around the world. Frequent daily departures. Enjoy the good life on Japan Air Lines next time you travel. Ask your travel agent about us. Why be a passenger with some other airline when you can be our guest?

JAL
**JAPAN AIR LINES**
the worldwide airline of Japan

left to me, almost at once after she died. I sold my share of Oyster Bay [a hundred and thirty-five acres, out of eight hundred and sixty-five acres owned by her father] to Mme. Jacques Balsan when she came back here after the fall of France. I sponge on Sarah Ann in East Hampton. My mind is completely on presses and on candidates for President. I suppose the *Post* is my life. I'd like it to be a combination of a tabloid and a literary magazine. Perhaps that's what it is."

Mrs. Schiff took a sip of a Bloody Mary and said, "I was born in my father's house at 932 Fifth Avenue, which *his* father, who had been living there, had given him when he married. My father later bought several of the neighboring houses and lots to protect himself and to house his collections of French eighteenth-century illustrated books, majolica, furniture, rugs, and so on. He loved inlaid tables. I was educated at home until I was ten. Endless teachers came in—for piano, carpentry, French, German, and whatnot—some of whom I shared with my five Warburg first cousins. My mother was afraid I'd be contaminated by germs if I went to school or stores. After reading about leprosy, I was afraid I was going to have it. I was also terrified of the ragamuffins who came to the house at Halloween. For a while, I had a fantasy that I was adopted. I was a year and a half older than John, but there was so much stress on the male. The dynasty feeling was very strong. My father wanted the family name to carry on. [*His* father, the renowned banker and philanthropist, had come to this country in 1865 from Frankfurt-am-Main, where the Schiff family tree, heavy with rabbinical, scientific, and mercantile luminaries, has been documented back to 1370.] I was surprised to learn, after I grew up, that my parents had been just as fond of me as they were of John. We were given Bible lessons at home by a Miss Clemens, whom the Felix Warburgs also had for their children. I remember the lovely Gustave Doré pictures of God emerging from beams of light—not a bit like the rather punishing, jealous Old Testament God we learned about from Miss Clemens. I always felt He was frowning at me when I did something wrong. I was always *doing* something wrong, and getting sent away from the table. Grandpa Schiff was very religious. When my brother and I were small, he came to the house and blessed us every Friday night. 'May the Lord's

The Summer Replacement.

PIMM'S
IMPORTED
PIMM'S No. 1
PIMM'S CUP

**Summer was made for drinks that are mild, cool and refreshing. Summer was made for Pimm's Cup.**

If you start with an ounce and a half of Pimm's added to a tall glass of ice filled with lemon soda or ginger ale, you'll end with the coolest, most refreshing drink under the sun. They've been doing it in England since 1859.

Try the Summer Replacement this summer, and who knows, Pimm's may become your fall, winter and spring replacement, too.

Serve your Pimm's Cup authentically in glass reproductions of the original Pimm's tankard. Send $3.00 for a set of four to: Pimm's, Box 356, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N. Y. 10011, Dept. N.

PIMM'S CUP

67 Proof.

Julius Wile NEW YORK

CUSTOM CASUALS

THE NEW CLASSICS
OF TOM MALLO

*Giant houndstooth plaid, exclusively Custom Casuals' for a suit with newly long, shaped blazer and kicky panel skirt. Blue with red or green, picked up by its own blue wool jersey, mock-turtle blouse. Beautiful team work! Sizes 8 to 16. About 95.00**

*Bonwit Teller*
*Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.*
*Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh*
*Ray H. Bjorkman, Minneapolis*
*Or write Custom Casuals Inc., 205 West 39th St. New York 10018*

*higher on the West Coast.

countenance shine upon you,' he would say. I didn't know what 'countenance' meant. I didn't dare ask. Grandpa gave me a copy of the Old Testament, but later on I read the New Testament on my own. I never dared tell him this. I was ambitious as a child. I wanted to be like the people whose statues were in Central Park. I spent so much of my youth there. Our nurses and governesses took us there even on the coldest days. My cheeks froze. They had to be rubbed with ice when we got home. I got to hate the Park. I resolved never to go there again after I grew up, but a few years after making this resolution I was back there—once a week, with my babies, on the nurse's day off."

Mrs. Schiff laughed ruefully, and, looking around, greeted three or four acquaintances in the restaurant.

"I finally got to the Brearley School," she said as lunch was served. "There, I felt that my white stockings and white button shoes with patent-leather bottoms stood out, not in a good way. The other girls had black ribbed-cotton stockings and brown oxfords. My mother bought all my clothes, and hers, in Paris. Most of my classmates lived in brownstones on the upper East Side. Their food was different from ours—it seemed better to me. They had hot cocoa with whipped cream for lunch. We only had water. We had thirteen servants, including a butler and two footmen. I remember feeling it was odd that our caretaker and his wife moved to the country—Oyster Bay—in winter and to the city in summer. I never travelled in a public vehicle, including taxis, until I was married. Not counting ocean liners, that is. On trains in this country, we had a private car, because my father was a director of a railroad. He could send telegrams free, because he was also a director of Western Union. The Brearley was at Sixty-first Street and Park Avenue in those days, and I went there—sixteen blocks—and back on foot. If the weather was bad, I made the trip in my mother's car. She had a Renault, and my father had a Rolls-Royce. Carl Van Doren was headmaster during my last two or three years at the Brearley. He taught us English. I ran into him many years later at a cocktail party, and he said that I had dark hair and red cheeks, and just sat there looking sullen, as though I were daring him to teach me anything. I went to Bryn Mawr when I was seventeen, but I stayed only a year. My mother disapproved of my going to college. She said I'd become a bluestocking. She said that I could go for a year, and that then I'd have to come out. Dr. Grenfell [Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell], who ran a mission in Labrador, spoke at Bryn Mawr when I was there, and I wanted to work for him in the summer, but Mother wouldn't let me. Grandpa Schiff died in the fall of 1920, right after I entered college. When I came back from the funeral, Carey Thomas, the dean of Bryn Mawr, asked me if the Schiff who had just died was my father. I was so rattled that I said yes. My grandfather was very strict. He had a house on Fifth Avenue a few blocks north of ours. One day when I was fifteen or sixteen, I called on him. He asked me what I had on my face. I said powder. He asked me to show him the box. I handed him a Dorine cardboard box with a powder puff. He threw it out the window. I stamped my foot. 'At least give me the fifty cents it cost,' I said. I don't believe he did. My father had two racing stables, one here and one in France. He lived in fear that *his* father would find this out, but Grandpa never read the sports pages of the papers.

"I had my coming-out party at home when I was eighteen," Mrs. Schiff continued, between bites. "Lewis Strauss [Rear Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, an eventual Kuhn, Loeb partner who had been brought to the firm by Mortimer Schiff as a young associate in 1919] remembers it vividly. He was appalled by it, because there were no Jews at it. Virtually. I wasn't particularly aware of this at the time. I'd invited the girls I'd gone to school with and spent summer vacations on Long Island with. We were all in the *Social Register*. I was surprised to read in 'Our Crowd' that my brother John 'went sailing into the *Social Register*' when he married Edith Baker in 1934. [The Mortimer Schiffs first treated themselves to a *Register* listing in 1904.] After I came out, I wanted to get a job. I went to the Ballard secretarial school at the Y.W.C.A. and learned typing and shorthand. I was constantly taking correspondence courses from Scranton, Pennsylvania, in everything from ac-

# If you don't believe Peugeot is so tough, call George Engel.

# He proved it the hard way.

George Engel is the editor of *American Rodding,* the performance car magazine. His publication has acclaimed Peugeot "The Toughest Car in the World" and "The Best Imported Sedan Under $3,000." After you read the details of the unusual 10,000-mile road test he conducted, you'll understand why.

**Free extras**

"Instead of borrowing a Peugeot from the manufacturer . . . we purchased a 404 from a local Peugeot dealer . . . . The 404 comes with a number of "extras" that are valued at about $500 . . . . These include Michelin tires, power brakes, sliding sunroof, automatic fan clutch, full leatherette upholstery, heater/defroster and many others.

**Torture test**

"After the break-in period we stopped babying the car and drove it as hard as we could . . . full-throttle starts . . . hard cornering, hard braking, stop-and-go city traffic to high-speed turnpike driving for hour after hour at speeds I wouldn't care admitting to . . . . The suspension straightens curves and smooths out bumps in an unbelievably good combination of soft ride and complete control . . . . It will go places you wouldn't normally consider taking a car.

**"Peugeot is great"**

"After more than 10,000 miles over every conceivable kind of road, I'm thoroughly convinced that you cannot buy a better all-around imported sedan without spending, at the very least, $1000 more for it . . . . If you haven't gotten the message yet, I think the Peugeot 404 is *great.*"

**Send for illustrated brochure**

For brochure, a copy of *American Rodding's* 10,000-mile road test, or overseas delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Department NY-47, 107-40 Queens Blvd., Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375, or see your local dealer.

# Peugeot. The toughest bargain you can drive.

counting to psychology. I asked my father for a job at Kuhn, Loeb, but he wouldn't take me."

Over coffee, Kuhn, Loeb's rejectee said, "I met Dick Hall at a party, and we became engaged two years later. He was six years older than I, and a First World War veteran. My parents objected to the possibility of our marriage and took me abroad. To forget. This didn't work. They even brought a Rothschild over here for me, but it was too late. Anyway, he came over here with his mistress—he was a French Rothschild—and there was some trouble about this with the immigration authorities. My father had to get him out of the country rather fast. Dick and I were married in Oyster Bay by Bishop Herbert Shipman, whom I knew very well. I was twenty. I don't know what would have happened if Grandpa Schiff had still been alive. My mother came to our little apartment for dinner soon after we were married. We were dependent on my parents financially. The maid passed a rather noncommittal-looking dish, and Mother said, 'What is that?' I said steak, or chicken, or whatever. 'No, thank you,' she said. I never dared invite her for dinner again. I didn't have anyone else for quite a while. Do you suppose that's the reason I'm such a nervous hostess?"

*Paul, the Grenouille maître d'hôtel,* came to the table and said that there was a call for Mme. Scheef. She took it on an exposed telephone in another section of the restaurant, and, on her return, said that it was the *Post* operator, telling her that there had been a White House call from Walt Rostow (Special Assistant to President Johnson for national-security affairs), and that *she* had told the operator she would go home and call him back. She invited her lunchmate to accompany her to the apartment. They drove there in her car, which was waiting outside the restaurant; the driver, one of a Negro couple she employs, also acts as her butler. On the way, she remarked that William Cullen Bryant had been the *Post's* editor from 1829 until his death in 1878, that he had been succeeded by Parke Godwin, and that in 1881 Henry Villard had bought it and Carl Schurz had become its editor, followed by Edwin Godkin. "It was founded as the *Evening Post* by Alexander Hamilton, but J. David Stern dropped the '*Evening*,'" she said.

Her companion asked her whether she was influenced by the paper's past, and she replied, "You don't want to kill the oldest newspaper in the city."

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE
DROPPING IN
AT "NEW YORK'S BIGGEST LITTLE HOTEL"

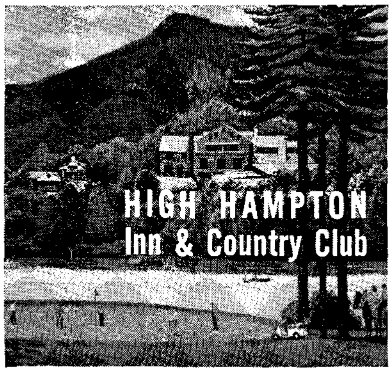
THE TUSCANY . . . ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV • ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

*other Tuscany Innovations:*
EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our Restaurants Are Extraordinary. Too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, Heliport, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

*May we send you a brochure?*

the Tuscany
39th St. just east of Park Ave., N.Y. 10016
*Bertram Weal, General Manager*
Tel. (212) 686-1600



Beautiful mtn. scenery surrounds this distinguished resort. Private 18-hole, par 71 golf course (bent grass greens). Activities for the family. Boating, tennis, riding, swimming, fishing. Open mid-May to mid-Oct. Special rates after September 3. Write for brochure: High Hampton, Cashiers, N.C., Dept. N.

IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

*A Renaissance of Graciousness*

A luxury hotel in the great European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.

THE MADISON
*Washington's Correct Address*
15th & M Streets, N.W.
Washington, D.C.
*in New York ask operator for ENterprise 6402 or see your travel agent.*
Marshall B. Coyne, President

Barrie Ltd.®
*Moccasin*

*FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST*

Made from soft Scotch-grained calf • Fully leather-lined • Genuine hand-sewn vamp • Hand antiqued and polished • Double leather sole and heel • In Golden Tan Grain ☐ Blackened Cherry Grain ☐ Smooth Black Calf ☐ or Smooth Brown Calf ☐ $19.95 postpaid. *Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—NEW HAVEN.*

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
AND WASHINGTON, D.C. FALL 1968

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $42.50. Color from $150.
Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

Back at the apartment, Mrs. Schiff put in a call to Mr. Rostow, whose line was busy, and took her visitor on a tour of the lower floor. The general effect, again, was one of lightness—flower pieces on the walls of a study and a guest room, and in her bedroom a Marie Laurencin watercolor of a ballet girl and a big needlepoint rug with squares of bright flowers. "It took me five years to make that rug," she said. "I've just finished one for Sarah Ann's house in the country. Now all three of my children have rugs that I've made. I do needlepoint when I have television on. I read the *Times* thoroughly first thing in the morning here—I drive down to the office around eleven—and I also follow the news on TV. I like TV movies and panel discussions. I don't swim or play golf, so I do needlepoint. It's occupational therapy. If I could paint or play the piano, I wouldn't be doing a handicraft."

The telephone rang; it was Mr. Rostow. "The President likes something we wrote about Vietnam," Mrs. Schiff said after hanging up. "Isn't that amazing? People ask me why I haven't been to Vietnam, but you have to *fly* there."

MRS. SCHIFF's visitor expressed a desire to read some of her columns and to see her office, and she accommodatingly invited him to lunch there the following week. The *Post* building, at 75 West Street, near the lower end of Manhattan, proved to be remarkably dingy and down-at-heel, but the publisher's room, on the lower floor of a duplex penthouse—gained, after the regular elevator to the fifteenth landing, by a tiny lift—was impressive: a large panelled-oak Jacobean chamber with eight big windows, four of which directly overlooked the Hudson. The furniture was comfortable—chairs and a sofa with flower-print slipcovers. The walls were hung with portraits of George Washington and Jacob Schiff, a large color photograph of a portrait of Franklin Roosevelt by Frank O. Salisbury, a scroll attesting to Mrs. Schiff's membership in the French Legion of Honor, and a couple of letters signed by Horace Greeley, the founder of the New York *Tribune*, and Charles A. Dana, its managing editor and later the owner and editor of the *Sun*. There were three beige telephones—one on an enormous desk at the north end of the room, one next to an armchair in front of a centrally located fireplace, and one near a card table with a su-

VODKA WYBOROWA

Wonderful Mouthful!

FROM POLAND WHERE VODKA ORIGINATED

100 PROOF

Imported By AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.
IMPORTED
Polmos
VODKA
WYBOROWA
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

*The new edition of the Baker Album of Collectors' Choices presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.*

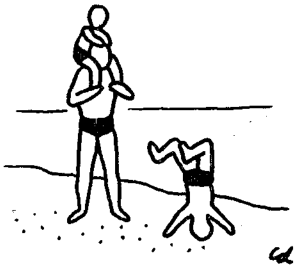
Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
308 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

perimposed round top, seating six, at the south end of the office.

“The room was here when I came,” Mrs. Schiff said. “I think that the Cyrus Curtises stayed here occasionally after he bought the *Post*, and that this was their living room. There's a large bathroom next to it. The floor above this had a dining room, kitchen, and maid's room, which I converted into offices. Dave Stern used to give cocktail parties here for advertisers. I started on the third floor of the building, where our accounting department is now, and then moved up here. I was afraid it would be ivory-tower. It *is* ivory-tower. The walls were originally dark, but I had them pickled to beige. I got that big partners' desk in London during the Depression for a song. It was over a hundred years old, so I didn't have to pay any duty on it. I had it restored a year ago, and the man who did the job said it was worth a lot. He wanted to buy it. As you can see, it accommodates two people. You can sit on either side of it, with drawers facing you.”

The partnerless owner of the partners' desk handed her caller Xeroxes of some of her columns written in the nineteen-fifties, and said that he could keep them. “The greatest fun is writing your own column, but it took too much of my time,” Mrs. Schiff said. “It seems to me I spend most of my time dealing with money matters, and I loathe that. In the column, I dared say things that other people wouldn't say. Once, at the end of an interview with Einstein, I quoted him as saying, ‘We had great hopes for Israel at first. We thought it might be better than other nations, but it is no better.’ This got me a lot of angry letters. The late A. J. Liebling once wrote that as a writer I stood somewhere between William Randolph Hearst and Bishop Sheen. I suppose this wasn't meant as a compliment, but they both had—or have—a large following, didn't they?”



Mrs. Schiff's visitor studied her columns after he got home. The early ones were headed “Publisher's Letter” and started out, “Dear Reader;” later on they were headed “Dear Reader” and simply started out. The latter-day Reader had heard that the columnist had so often obtained her material at public dinners, which she generally graced at the dais table, that she became known in the office as the banquet editor, but the examples given him bore this out only fractionally. They struck him as chatty, descriptive, well written, and occasionally hardheaded. The one on Einstein contained a passage that read:

> Saintlike, simple, gentle Professor Einstein was sitting in a chair facing a large “picture” window. In front of him was a table laden with marked books and sheets of white paper covered with tiny, neat symbols. He wore a faded blue sweater over his tieless blue shirt, gray trousers, and brown mouton slippers on his bare feet. An old-fashioned steamer rug had slipped off one knee and an electric heater was beside him. The temperature of the room was comfortable. Two walls were lined with shelves filled with books and folders.

Another ran, in part:

> Government by the “best” men is an aristocratic, not an American, concept. The American people refuse to be ruled by their better element or minority.... Why aren't more reformers elected? Because they are inexperienced in a field where shrewdness and tact are among the necessary qualifications. The “bosses” are popular. They know and sympathize with the people. They are in politics for a living. They have learned that they must surrender their own opinions to produce harmony and a solid vote. The reformer usually has other occupations at which he has been only partially successful. The really successful cannot take time out for politics.... But isn't the reformer usually right in principle? Yes, but politics doesn't consist in being right. It's in making other people think you are.... Super-refinement puts a man out of sympathy with much that is basic in humanity. A logical argument is all right in a court of appeals, but cannot sway votes.

Mrs. Schiff produced drinks from a small, well-stocked bar and sat down near the fireplace. A secretary came in with a political advertisement for her approval, but before she could finish reading it the telephone rang.

“Hello, John,” she said, and, after gossiping about a party held the previous evening, which her brother and his wife had also attended, she launched into a discussion of the financing of her new building.

“I've asked John for a plan on how to pay for it and its improvements,” she said after finishing her talk with him. “Where to borrow the money. Which insurance companies. Which banks. How long the loan should be for. Kuhn, Loeb takes care of our investments, but they don't finance this sort of thing. They're not that kind of bank, but my brother's advice is helpful. There are a whole lot of things

A
SISTER
DRESS
with
colorful alpine
flower embroidered
bands on a bonded knit
of Orlon* acrylic. Sizes
3-6x about $12, 7-14 about
$14. White only.
*DuPont reg. T.M.

BLOOMINGDALE'S, N.Y. (in Dry Dock Country) and branches; and other fine stores.

RAR moppets
520 Eighth Avenue, New York
THE CHILDRENS' WEAR CENTER

The S.S. France original incredible low-price two-week cruise vacation with London or Paris thrown in

The S.S. France Transatlantic Cruise Vacation. An incomparable combination. Ten days aboard the world's longest luxury liner. Plus a three-day fling in London or Paris. All for one low package price. For singles, couples, or groups. From $549, Tourist Class. First Class, from $880.

You cruise from New York to Europe and back again on the 'France,' the Atlantic's luxurious sea resort. There's renowned French cuisine, and free wines. Swim, sun, and savor the friendly French Line atmosphere Americans have enjoyed for over 100 years. Do the frug and Funky Broadway 'til your feet fall off.

On the fifth day out, you'll take off for either London or Paris. To see the sights you've heard so much about. Carnaby Street. The Left Bank. The British Museum. The Louvre. Buckingham Palace. Versailles. (Hotels, meals, transportation included in the price of your ticket.) Later, it's back to the 'France' for five rousing days sailing to New York.

When do you leave? Every two weeks, beginning July 18, continuing thru September 26. See your Travel Agent or write for our free brochure. You can also enjoy the same atmosphere on a regular passage to and from Europe on these same sailings.

You could have an unforgettable European vacation without ever leaving the S.S. France.

**SAFETY INFORMATION.** The S.S. France, registered in France, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960.

French Line®
555 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
212–363–3940

The friends
you don't
bring,
you'll
meet.

All French Line income from America is spent in America

that I hate talking about and don't try to understand, like depreciation"—she laughed—"and stuff. We'll sublet some space in the new building. Presses are terribly expensive. Most of the *Journal-American* ones were built at least thirty-five years ago. We can't do the financing out of income. The whole business is costing ten million dollars or more."

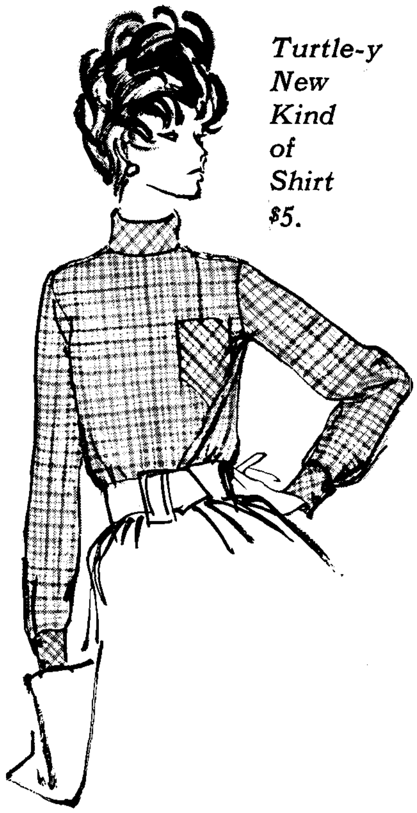
She read the rest of the advertising copy, and her visitor asked whether this kind of chore was routine.

"Anything that's a bit out of the ordinary is shown to me," she said. "Especially political and 'cause' ads. I want to be sure that the information in the ad isn't misleading."

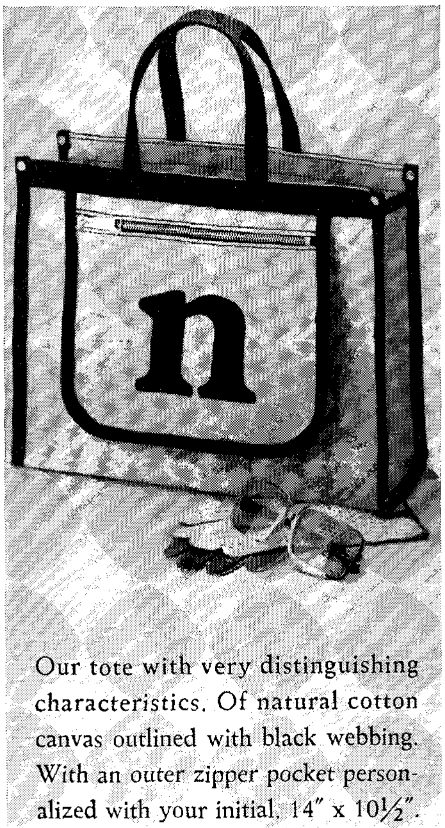
She picked up the telephone and asked her secretary to get Julian Leeds, the *Post's* advertising manager. "Julie!" she said, and a conversation about the advertisement ensued. Mrs. Schiff hung up, and then called the city desk. "Get me Paul Sann, or, if he's out, Stan Opotowsky [the managing editor]," she said. After checking the facts in the ad with Mr. Opotowsky, she informed her visitor that it was O. K. Hardly had she taken a sip of her drink—a tomato-juice-and-vodka on the rocks—when the telephone rang. "Jimmy, hello!" she said. A ten-minute chat with Mr. Wechsler developed, mostly about the possibility of Mayor Lindsay's being appointed by Rockefeller to fill the senatorial vacancy caused by the death of Robert Kennedy. Mrs. Schiff felt that such speculation was unrealistic, and wondered why the *Times* had run a story on it on page 1. She said that the story might have been stimulated by Lindsay people. "It isn't credible that a Republican governor would take the chance of Lindsay's accepting and turning the mayoralty over to the Democrats," she said. "It's ludicrous."

Mr. Wechsler disagreed. He thought that Rockefeller might offer the appointment, and that Lindsay would turn it down. He suggested running an editorial advising such action, but Mrs. Schiff turned *this* down.

Lunch followed, on the card table—a corned-beef sandwich and coleslaw for the guest, an egg-salad sandwich for his hostess. "I generally lunch here," she said as she poured coffee. "There aren't any good restaurants down here. . . . People ask me whether I enjoy having power. I never think of whether I have power or not. I think power is a male concept. I hope I have influence. I like to persuade. When I started out here, I did things, or tried to do them, with a sledgehammer.


Turtle-y
New
Kind
of
Shirt
$5.

Ship'n Shore®


Our tote with very distinguishing characteristics. Of natural cotton canvas outlined with black webbing. With an outer zipper pocket personalized with your initial. 14" x 10½". And $14, from our Handbag Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

The Talbots

**Wraparound.** A basic skirt for the casual wardrobe, this wraparound corduroy steps out with two big pockets, a generously cut overlapping back panel, and smooth-fitting button-front waistband. Washable. Wheat, espresso, pine, Yale blue, or steel grey S, M, L, for sizes 8 to 18. $18.00 Postpaid.

Send for free catalog
TALBOTS • DEPT. TT, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities
• IMPERIAL, 935 Lex. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
• GOURMET, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
• EAST, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
• QUEENS, 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
• SUNNYSIDE, 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328
• FLUSHING, 144-08 Northern Blvd. (At Parsons Blvd.) 445-1144

**If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.**

The 1740 House is an early American inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing, boating and tennis. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

That doesn't work—using a cannonball when all you need is a BB shot. I'm referring to outside persuasion—the public. But some people like to be hit. They want Mama to spank them. . . . I used to see quite a bit of Bernard Baruch. He took me to the races when I was married to George. He told me there were three bright women—Clare Boothe Luce and Anna Rosenberg, and I was third, way down. He was over seventy and I was close to forty, but he asked me seriously whether I thought George might be jealous."

As the two left the table, Mrs. Schiff said, "I love clothes, and I sometimes think I'd like to have lots of social engagements, but I don't really have time. In this business, you have to work terribly hard to stay where you are, and superhumanly hard if you want to move ahead."

It was now two-thirty, and a call from her secretary reminded her that she had scheduled a circulation meeting for this time. On his way out, her visitor paused before the Jacob Schiff portrait, which was signed by Harrington Mann. The banker was sitting in an armchair, his face cupped in one hand; he looked shrewd, thoughtful, and benevolent. His granddaughter said that the picture was a copy, and that the original was in the lobby of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. "We went to Grandpa Schiff's house for dinner Friday evenings when I was in my teens," she said. "Lots of family, mostly Warburgs. After dinner, the men and women were segregated. The women went to the drawing room and talked about clothes, food, babies' diets, and housekeeping. The men went to the smoking room, where I was always sure they were talking about world-shaking matters. I was dying to get in that room. Well, I'm in it now."

—Geoffrey T. Hellman

•

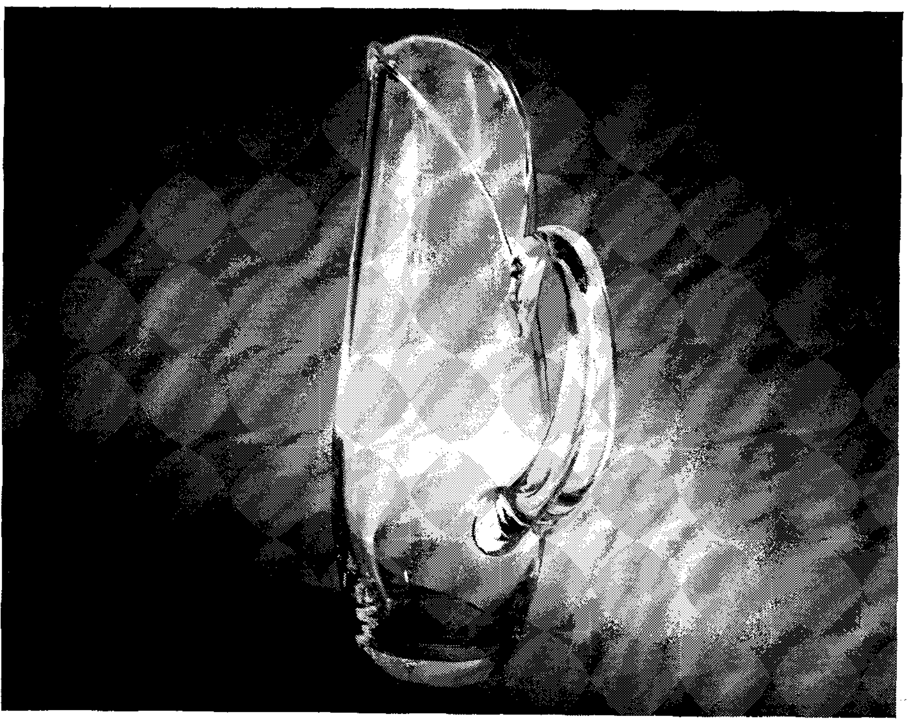
More than 3 million tourists and conventioners visited Philadelphia last year, spending an estimated $88 billion.—*Syracuse Herald-Journal.*

Let's see, three into eight goes twice, two to carry; three into twenty-eight goes nine . . . Well, it comes to $29,333.33 per person. Big spenders.

•

Following the swearing-in, Westmoreland—with Johnson still with him—was given a 19-gun salute in the office of Army Secretary Stanley R. Resor.—*Ann Arbor (Mich.) News.*

Talk about your sonic boom!



*Ten inches tall • Capacity 26 oz. • $87.50*

Crystal pitcher of classic proportions—
for cocktails, water, or punch

STEUBEN GLASS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022

"Pow". . "Mazel Tov". . "I do". . "Come to Order". . and "One lump or two?" These are the sounds of the Sheraton-Russell. Whether you're planning a costume party, Bar Mitzvah, wedding reception, sales meeting or just a social tea, the Sheraton-Russell is the place to have it. For the finest in old world atmosphere and cuisine combined with new world service, it's the Sheraton-Russell in New York,
Park Avenue and 37th Street, Phone 685-7676. Sheraton-Russell

Ⓢ Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities. A World Wide Service of ITT

Programmed for action

by Susan Thomas

VIVO®

Freewheeling Ban-Lon®: bike, hike, go catch the wind. The top is a quick-striped turtle doubleknit in kelly-navy, black-cream, brown-brick. 8 to 16. $12. With it, well-coordinated pants in black, brown, brick, kelly, navy. 8 to 18. $16. Both in Ban-Lon knit of Textralized® DuPont nylon.

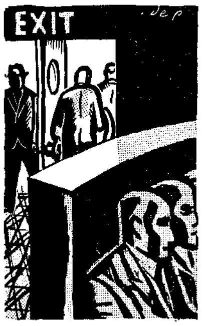
ALTMAN'S, *New York and branches*
BAMBERGER'S, *New Jersey*
FROST BROS., *San Antonio*
SILVERWOOD'S, *Los Angeles*
OLSON & VEERHUSEN, *Madison, Wisc.*
*and other fine stores*
Slightly higher in west.

VIVO BY SUSAN THOMAS, INC.
498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *In the Thick of Europe*

"POLAND is a fine country but badly located," a Polish filmmaker said to me once, after he had been through a frightening struggle with the censors in Warsaw. The liberty won in Gomulka's revolution of 1956 was beginning to wear thin, and the director's freedom to make the films he wanted to make was dwindling. In his maneuvers to work as he pleased, he could resort for the moment only to ruses and irony. Artists are at least wittier than their watchdogs and persecutors. They have that poor compensation while the toll is taken. The filmmaker was Andrzej Munk, director of "Eroica" and "Passenger," who died in a car crash before the resolve of Gomulka's October had finally crumpled to its knees. The dryness of his remark was very like him—and rather like the character of European revolution itself, perhaps. His fellow-director Andrzej Wajda is nationally summed up as Munk's temperamental opposite, but to foreigners there are things in their work that are much alike. They have the same worn energy, a humor that plays dead but always gets up for more, and a skepticism that probably has to do with geography—that "badly located" country. Wajda's great trilogy about Poland in the months during and after the Second World War, which was made in the first years of Gomulka's Poland but is still scarcely known in America, strikes me as one of the most eloquent and complex political statements in cinema. During this week of dim commercial releases, overhung by the news from Czechoslovakia, I went back to see "Ashes and Diamonds," which is to be shown on August 19th in the APA-Phoenix/Janus film festival at the Lyceum. The picture was made in 1958-59. It is the third film in the triptych, following "A Generation" and "Kanal." In the light of what has since happened to Polish filmmakers—purged of Jews, robbed of work, dragooned into positions of non-alliance with the Czechoslovakians' own revolution—it is a shaking film to see.



The Poles are often accused of romanticism, as if that necessarily meant sentimentality and decorativeness. Their form of it seems to me to be something different. In Wajda's films, it emerges as a hard-won gaiety, deeply bitten with a knowledge that the only other option is fear. The feeling for Poland in the trilogy is passionate but not deluded, and always tinctured with dark humor. Farther west, romanticism peters out into reverie, but in Central Europe it often ends in fierce and poetic action. Unless we have lived in a country accustomed for centuries to terror, informers, knocks at the door in the middle of the night, constant choices between the terrible and the only slightly less terrible, I'm not sure that we are equipped to criticize such romanticism. The history of Poland can make you feel that we know nothing. "Ashes and Diamonds" is a sage and brilliant statement by a filmmaker from a land where for hundreds of years politics has been not an exhibition game played by the few but the common name of how to survive.

When the three films came out, they seemed what they literally are: a born filmmaker's account of the experience of a young generation of Poles schooled only to kill—to kill first the Nazis and then one another, in the battle for power between the London-based government-in-exile and the Moscow-trained government waiting to move in from Lublin. If one sees it now, it has even more resonance. There is not only the echo set up by the double time scheme of a post-Stalinist filmmaker recording a Stalinist period. The films also seem to contain some strange and sober knowledge of what was to happen after they were made—knowledge of how revolutions are betrayed, and of the attrition of the revolutionaries themselves—much as good portraits often prefigure what the sitter is going to look like ten years later.

"Ashes and Diamonds" is set on the last day of the war in Europe: May 7, 1945. Chaos, joy, exhaustion. Every aspect of life is confused and depleted. The film is about a Poland razed to the ground, about young nationalists who have had no youth but assassination, about heroes of the uprising suddenly hunted down by the Communists as Fascists. Other heroes, who were lately their fellows in the last-ditch struggle in the Warsaw sewers, are lining up with the tank-shaped bureaucrats sent to rule by their recent ally and historic oppressor, Russia. The perversions become total. Celebra-

# The carrier of the Now culture.

Any airline can take you somewhere. But only Air-India is somewhere before you take it.

It's in.

It's the 5000 year old Now airline. The only airline that can transport you to India en route from New York to London. Make it happen. Tonight. At 8:30.

Fly on a meticulous Air-India Boeing 707 jet. A perfectionist Air-India crew will make your trip the most relaxing, rewarding air experience you've ever had. With sari clad hostesses. Among other Eastern delights.

On Air-India, it's not the scenery.

It's the scene.

**Air-India to London,** Europe, India and almost everywhere.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________
State____________________
Zip____________________

Air-India's new paper Rajah jacket in white.
☐ Small (38-40) ☐ Large (42-44)

And Air-India's newest paper sari. Hot pink with orange and green scrolls bordered in purple. Complete with choli.
☐ Large (12-14)
☐ Small (8-10)

Designed by Elisa Daggs. $8.00 each.

Make checks for sari or jacket payable to "Paper Sari" and send to Air-India, 666 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 10019.

NY

**I want my own paper Sari or Jacket.**

The airline that treats you like a maharajah. Over 35 years of flying experience.
For reservations, call your travel agent or Air-India, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019 • PL 1-6200.

girls hate to take them off!

DARLENES AT CAMELOT
Darlene®

*In so many color coordinates. V-neck slipon, about $10.00; turtle neck shell, about $6.00; checked kiltie, about $18.00. Rolled turtle neck slipon, about $11.00; houndstooth-plaid kiltie, about $18.00. At fine stores everywhere. Darlene Knitwear, 1407 Broadway, N.Y.C.*

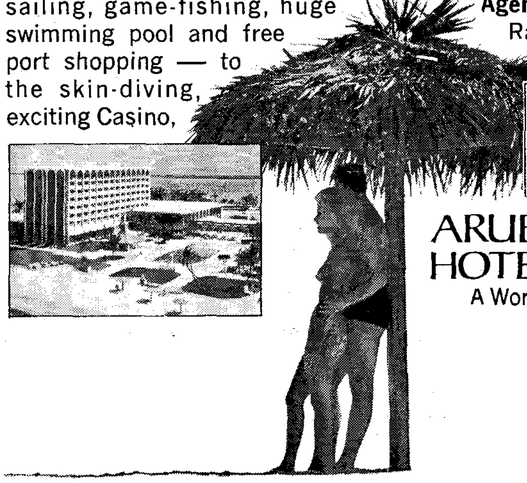
Take off on an Aruba "Sunfari"!

RATES: FROM $9.50 PER PERSON, SHARING A TWIN.

**Take off to the Caribbean and the magnificent new Aruba-Sheraton Hotel & Casino.** This is it! The Aruba "Sunfari". Luxuriate at the brand-new Aruba-Sheraton. Everything from a soft-white, private beach, sailing, game-fishing, huge swimming pool and free port shopping — to the skin-diving, exciting Casino, magnificent meals. Entertainment nightly in the Rembrandt Room and Club Diablo. **For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, see your Travel Agent. Or call any Sheraton.** Rates: from $9.50 per person, sharing a twin.

FLY TRANS CARIBBEAN AIRWAYS. YOUR "FLYING ISLAND" TO ARUBA.

ARUBA-SHERATON HOTEL & CASINO
A Worldwide Service of ITT



tion incredibly turns into new emergency. The debonair Zbigniew Cybulski plays one of two patriots of the uprising who arrive at a banquet with orders to kill a Russian-trained Pole; two wrong men are killed, and the Cybulski character is himself shot in a chase through a yard full of laundry. The figure that looks like a child playing ghost in a sheet gets a hand free to feel his own blood, and smells it with an inquisitiveness near amusement. No wonder the young of Poland responded to him. "Cool" is a more vital virtue there than here. Cybulski's way of dying makes no claims for himself. It brought back something from a Brecht play: "Unhappy the land that has no hero," and the reply, in Brecht's own voice, "Unhappy the land that needs a hero." Sometimes Wajda is called baroque, as if he created flamboyant figures that invite overblown loyalties, but in the trilogy he does exactly the opposite. He sees heroics as an ambush that has already murdered generations. Cybulski describes his famous dark glasses, which the character wears in the story because of the time he spent in the sewers, as "a souvenir of an unhappy love for my country." "Will I be a big shot?" asks a fairly sloshed old man at the victory banquet, sizing up the factions and deciding to look after himself with the likeliest side. "Poland is ours again!" says a tearful worker who has never held title to anything, and never will. It is a sad film—low-toned and charitable. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

●

Humphrey compels the vision of a happy old-time drummer, who sails into town with a shine on his shoes, a smile on his face and a sample case full of notions.

Selling unity, progress, social idealism or the power of positive thinking, Humphrey remains eternally the happy salesman. Give him an order and he's happy. Don't give him an order and he's still happy. But try to stop him from giving his spiel and you'll surely wipe out that simile.—*Brantford (Ontario) Expositor.*

It was becoming tiresome anyway.

●

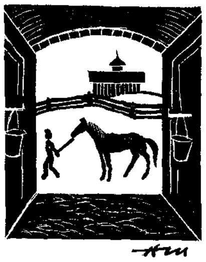
English Lady with Persian Sea Hound requires a secluded waterfront cottage in this general area. Must be salt water property, as the added buoyancy is necessary for this species of animal, because of the extraordinary fact that the Persian Sea Hound's pelt has a specific gravity slightly higher than fresh water, the animal is a poor swimmer, but must bathe daily.—*Adv. in the Victoria (British Columbia) Daily Colonist.*

As must every true English lady, specific gravity or no specific gravity.

# THE RACE TRACK

## *Busy Weekend*

THE Whitney Stakes at Saratoga, the Delaware Handicap at Delaware Park, the new Monmouth Invitational Handicap at Monmouth Park, and the American Derby at Arlington Park all came piling in on us last weekend. As everyone expected, Dr. Fager had the easiest of victories in the Whitney, leading by lengths for most of the mile and a furlong over Spoon Bait, Fort Drum, and Fast Count, the other starters, to each of whom he gave eighteen pounds, and who finished in the order named. I suppose you could say the race was a *succès d'estime*, since almost everybody bet on the winner. (There was only win betting on the race, and of the $87,668 wagered $73,376 was on Dr. Fager. It cost the management $3,403 to make up the minimum payment of $2.10 on him.) Dr. Fager's next appearance will probably be in the Aqueduct Stakes at the Big A on Labor Day. John Nerud, who trains him, is also thinking seriously of sending him to Atlantic City for the United Nations Handicap there on September 11th. Though the good Doctor has never raced on the grass, Nerud believes that his action is smooth enough to do the trick. It should be interesting, and I'm not going to miss seeing it.



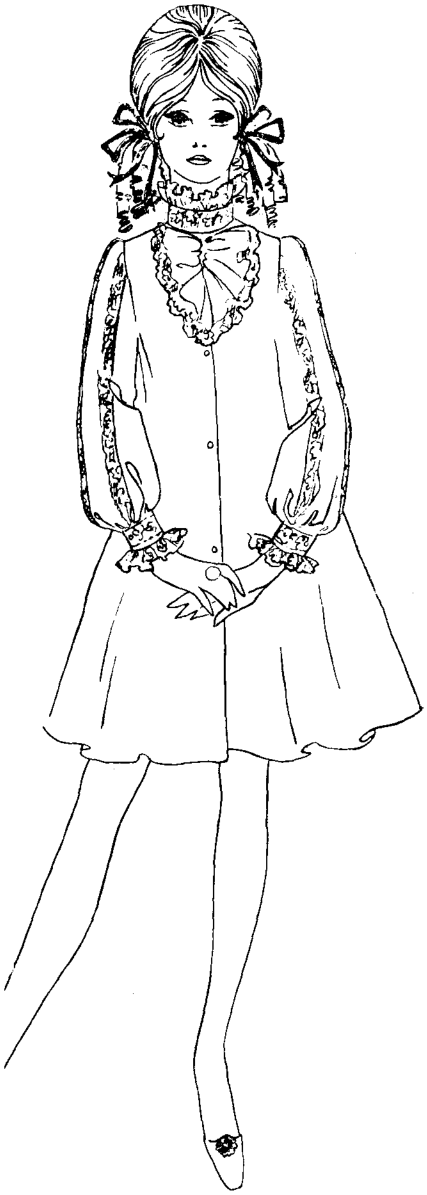
THE Bohemia Stable may not have another Kelso in Politely, but she's better than an empty stall. Last Saturday, she stormed through the stretch at Delaware Park to win the jackpot of the meeting by nearly three lengths from Plucky Pan, with Treacherous third, a length and a half away. Hardworking Straight Deal picked up fourth money, which seems to be the best she can do these days. Politely, who carried 126 pounds and gave chunks of weight to the eight other fillies and mares, began slowly, but when she got going she made short work of her opposition. Her share of the $117,655 purse was $76,475.75. In her six previous starts this year, she had earned $69,275.

IRON RULER, who has finished second or third a heartbreaking number of times last season and this, led the ten other three-year-olds about halfway through the Monmouth Invitational Handicap, at a mile and a furlong, then tired, and Balustrade, a 33–1 shot, came along to win in a driving finish with Chompion and the one-eyed Funny Fellow. Iron Ruler was fourth. It was an exciting end to a successful meeting. In fact, it was one of those afternoons that racetrack managements dream about, for 39,042 cash customers clicked through the turnstiles and tossed $3,950,002 into the tote.

MAKING his first start since the Belmont Stakes in June, Forward Pass won the American Derby, at a mile and a furlong, at Chicago's Arlington Park. Although crowded in the early running by Nodouble, the Arkansas Derby winner, Forward Pass finished four and a half lengths ahead of him. Poleax, winner of the Hollywood Derby, was third. With the retirement from racing of Stage Door Johnny, who bowed a tendon in his left foreleg while doing a slow workout at Saratoga last week, Forward Pass becomes the leading three-year-old in training. No reflection on the ability of Forward Pass is intended when I say that there's no doubt about Stage Door Johnny's being the best of his age. That was proved in the Belmont Stakes, which Stage Door Johnny won with authority. Too bad the best are so brittle.

TO get back to Saratoga, the meeting started off, as usual, with the Flash Stakes, for two-year-olds, which dates back to 1869. The winner was Dot's Imp; Buck Run, the odds-on favorite, was fourth, and Ever On, Forward Pass's little brother, was fifth. There was another mild surprise in the Schuylerville Stakes, for fillies, which Golden Or won in a driving finish from Repercussion and Shoo Fly. Of course, the big event this weekend will be the Alabama Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, at a mile and a quarter, in which Dark Mirage, this old pushover's pet, will try to stretch her string of victories to ten—and I hope she does. Her chief opposition will come from Heartland, winner of the Test Stakes, which is the traditional preliminary to the Alabama. Dark Mirage will carry 124 pounds, giving ten to Heartland. It's a large order.

—AUDAX MINOR



So very wispy . . so very feminine.
Peignoir and Gown in Nylon Tricot
trimmed with delicate white lace.
Pink, Light Blue, White and Yellow,
PSML. The set, about $33.

Bonwit Teller
New York and all stores

Julius Garfinckel
Washington D.C.

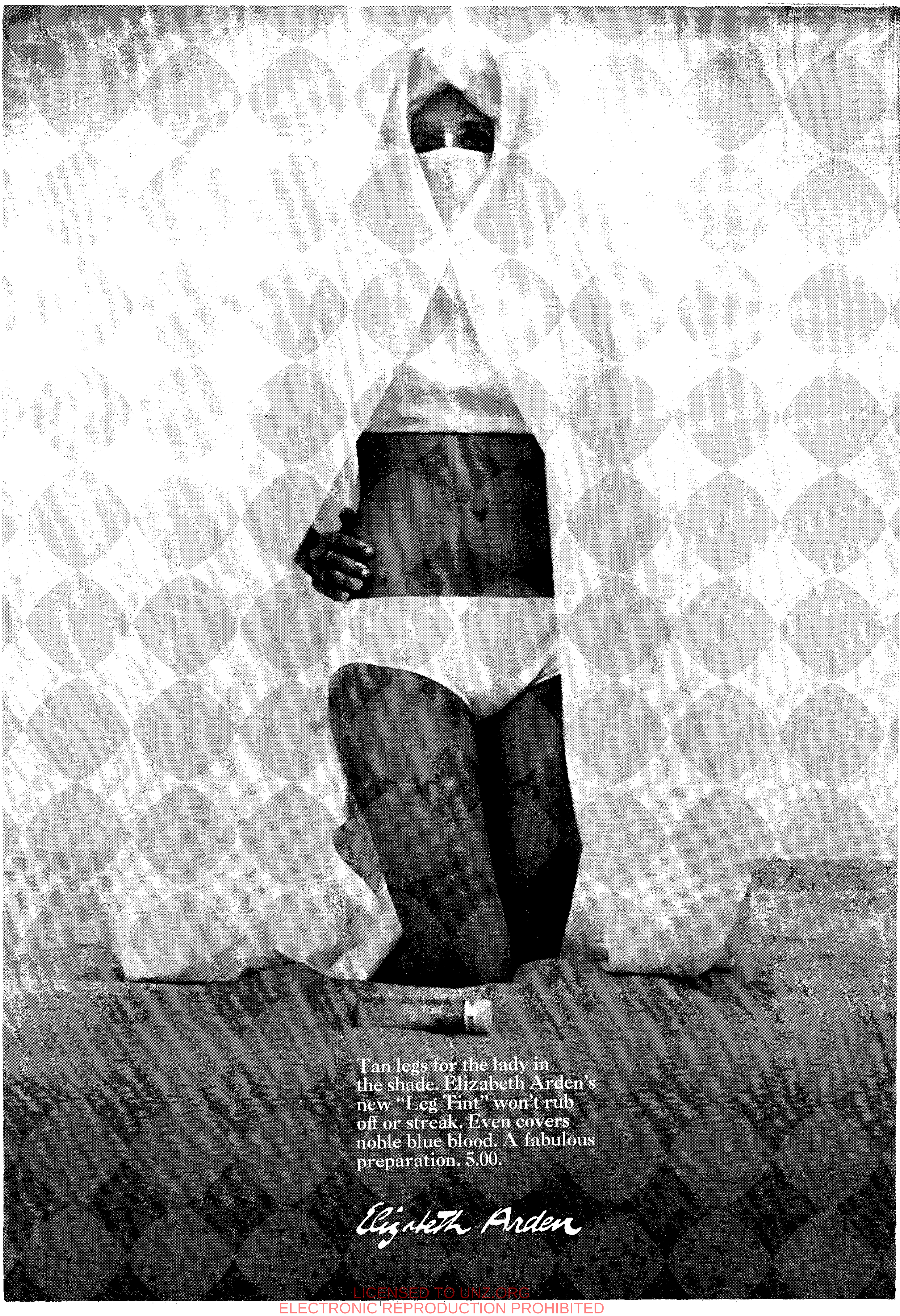
Gidding-Jenny — Cincinnati

Joseph Magnin
California and Nevada

The House of Quaker

24 West 40th Street
New York, N.Y. 10018

A division of Quaker Lace Company
Philadelphia



Tan legs for the lady in the shade. Elizabeth Arden's new "Leg Tint" won't rub off or streak. Even covers noble blue blood. A fabulous preparation. 5.00.

Elizabeth Arden

# THE SPORTING SCENE

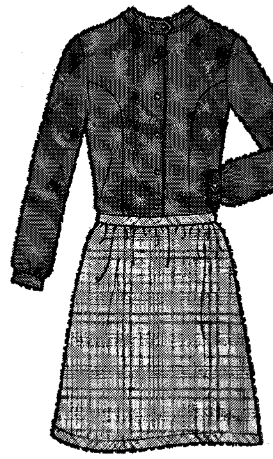
## 0:00.05

THIS year's Olympic crew races, which will take place in October on Lake Xochimilco, in Mexico, will mark something like the Thermidor of the rowing revolution that began in Europe in the late nineteen-fifties. By now, there is scarcely a crew in the world that has not learned and to some degree adopted the radical stroking and training techniques first introduced by the Ratzeburger Rowing Club, of West Germany, and then taken up by Russian, East German, and, eventually, American oarsmen. The Rousseau responsible for this cataclysm was Karl Adam, Ratzeburg's coach. His innovations, in brief, consisted of a quicker-cadenced rowing stroke, with strong emphasis on a decisive entry and grab of the water; the broader, stub-bladed shovel oar; a different alternation of starboard and port oars in the shell; extensive small-boat work; and, most significant, sustained, year-round physical training and the maintenance of high-energy bursts of interval rowing in practice. Adam began teaching interval rowing after he had read the findings of physiologists at the Freiburg Institute, who had discovered that the remarkable success of Finnish and Swedish long-distance runners over the previous two or three decades was attributable to their custom of alternating spells of jogging and hard sprinting in training. An awesome *bouleversement* of the rowing world ensued. Russian crews captured the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley in 1958, 1961, 1962, and 1964. Ratzeburg won the 1960 Olympic medal for eights, and set a new Henley record in winning the Grand in 1965. In 1963, Ratzeburg ate up a Cornell eight that was considered the best American boat of the year. Differences of wind and water make rowing times an unreliable indication of excellence, but it might be noted that a Grand Challenge Cup record of 6:44, set at Henley by the Leander Club in 1934, stood for eighteen years; the Russian winner in 1964 was ten seconds better than the best previous time, and Ratzeburg pushed the record down nine seconds more the following year, to its present 6:16. The main victims of the revolution were American college crews, the aristocrats of the old, graceful, long-layback style, who had won eight consecutive Olympics between 1920 and 1956. Since that time, the real test of a fine American college eight has been its performance not against other colleges but against older and heavier club teams, here and abroad, that have learned the new lessons. In 1964, the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia, Ratzeburgian in all but nationality, upset Harvard and California in the Olympic Trials and then went on to beat Ratzeburg itself in the Olympic finals at Tokyo. *Sans-culotterie* was out of hand.

The Olympic Trials, held in Long Beach, California, last month, and eventually won by Harvard in the most stirring race that most observers could remember, afforded some strong new omens about the current struggle of American crews to catch up with the new methods, about the college-vs.-club rivalry, and about the chances of an American boat's winning in Mexico in October. Prominent among the entering eights were the Harvard crew, which campaigned abroad last summer, and which had just completed Harvard's fifth straight undefeated collegiate season; a young but formidably large and fast University of Pennsylvania crew, beaten twice by Harvard but still on the rise; and a recently reconstituted boatload representing the defending champions, Vesper. On the afternoon of the day before the first heats, I found the members and coaches and spares of these naval powers clustered about their shells outside the boathouse on the east bank of the two-thousand-metre Long Beach Marine Stadium course, an artificial inlet of Alamitos Bay constructed for the 1932 Olympic Trials. Also present were oarsmen representing seven more crews, including Washington, the best Western eight this year; two Stanford boats; a good junior-college crew—Orange Coast, from Costa Mesa, California—and a couple of dozen of the country's best single-scullers, who would also compete to select an Olympic representative. Final practice spins were in progress, and the glittery, late-afternoon water was alive with shells and washy oarprints and outboards bearing trailing coaches with bullhorns and stopwatches. A sculler in a yellow jersey and a white cap came slowly upcourse, as silent as a seabird, and then lifted his self-absorbed gaze and paused on his oars to watch an eight thrash down the next lane, bobbling for a moment as the coxswain cried up the pace. An orange harbor-patrol boat pulled around in a tight circle and warned off an outboard skiff, with a small boy kneeling on a surfboard in tow, which had been about to make a dash through the traffic to the opposite bank. On the float, a sculler heaved his shell out of the water, settled it over his head in Indian

POWER
Cliff Roberts

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



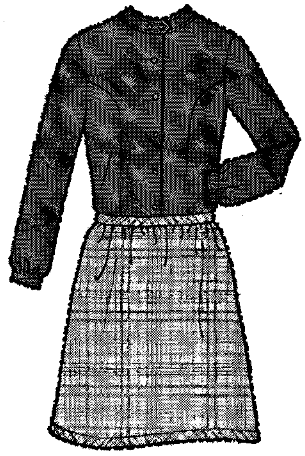
**rather**

Something of the traditional elegance, the look of pride and dedication with a touch of pardonable fanfare, that marks Her Majesty's Household Guard, or an ancient crack regiment on parade. Strut a little. Hire some trumpets. The long-sleeved shirt, 5 to 15. At nicer stores.

Shirt, about $12.

Ladybug®

© 1968 THE VILLAGER, INC.



**regimental**

The shaped shirt, with its proud neckband, is Dacron polyester and wool. The dirndl skirt is wool, corded at the hem, banded at the waist. 3 to 15. The shirt in solids, the skirt in Norwegian plaids of Copen Blue, Redwood, Avocado, Snuff, Camel, Nugget.

Skirt, about $17.

Ladybug®

style, and went teetering and dripping up the gangway, passing a pair of Washington rowers in crew hats and droopy socks who were carrying their long oars down to the water. Two eight-oared shells on cradles were being towelled dry by their oarsmen in front of the boathouse, and a little circle of officials, reporters, and idle rowers formed around each of these bony machines, silently inspecting the Tinguelian assemblage of wheels, struts, ribs, seats, tracks, and stirrups. But this was also a noisy, cheerful convention, for the rowing world is a tight one, and everywhere there were reunion parties of six-foot rowers exchanging gossip and times and recollections. All here were winners, assembled from watercourses across the country, and many of them were sporting the faded old jerseys, won from defeated crews, that constitute the obligatory motley at such gatherings. Stan Cwiklinski, the Vesper bow, who is a holdover from the 1964 Olympic champions, wore a windbreaker with "Polska" blazoned on the back, and the jersey on Scott Steketee, the Harvard No. 5, bore a shield with "Deutscher Ruderverband" stitched on it in Germanic lettering. Here I met Jake Fiechter, last year's Harvard captain and now a credit analyst with a Philadelphia bank and No. 3 in the Vesper boat, who told me at once that he was unhappy at finding himself no longer a part of the favored Crimson crew; and Robert Zimonyi, the fifty-one-year-old Hungarian-born Vesper coxswain, now in his thirty-fifth year at the tiller, who said that he thought Penn would win but that his crew was an unknown quantity, even to themselves, because they had been rowing together for only a week; and Harry Parker, the Harvard coach, who said, almost wistfully, that he saw no reason for Harvard to be called the favorite.

Parker, a strong-jawed young man with thinning blond hair and a cheerful smile, is looked on with awe on the banks of the Charles—or as close to awe as Harvard undergraduates permit themselves to come. One former Harvard rower told me, "I am moved to rise when I hear his name mentioned." Parker is a precise and thoughtful man, apparently incapable of hyperbole. The only rhetoric he has been known to direct toward a Harvard crew is a quotation from Santayana that he recently tacked to the boathouse bulletin board: "What is there in the universe more fascinating than running water, and the possibility of moving over it? What better image of existence and possible triumph?" Here in Long Beach, he was on the eve of a regatta that would test the value of two years of almost unceasing work: his varsity might become the first Harvard crew ever to be selected as Olympic representatives. He knew that a similarly accomplished and admired crew of his had failed in the 1964 Trials, yet he discussed the coming races without a trace of tension or excitement. It was clear at once that Penn was on his mind. "It's a good, strong crew, very fast, and it's done a tremendous amount of work," he said. "I don't think our experience makes that much difference at this point." Last summer, almost the same Harvard crew won at the Pan-American Games and then came in a disastrous fourth in an international race at St. Catharines, Ontario, behind New Zealand, Australia, and Ratzeburg. Later, in Philadelphia, it improved its margin while losing again to New Zealand, and travelled to the European Championships, in Vichy, where it lost to Ratzeburg but beat everyone else, winning second place by a hair over an excellent Russian crew. "Last summer is hard to assess," Parker went on, "but I think the total experience made this crew realize it was equal to the best in the world. If we go to Mexico, we at least have real hopes of coming out on top. This crew is faster and stronger than our crews of '64 and '65, and they're a lot more relaxed off the water. They have more fun."

"Fun" is not the first word that would seem to describe the lot of a contemporary college rower. The Harvard oarsmen row right through the autumn, often in fours or in pickup eights, and when ice closes the Charles they report every day to the Newell Boathouse for an hour to an hour and a half of work, first rowing in tanks and then doing weight lifting on various machines. On alternate afternoons, they run, and in deep winter the orders of the day include shovelling the snow off the steep steps of the Harvard Stadium and then running those twenty-nine steps thirty or forty times in succession, with fifty-pound sand collars around their necks. "It's not as gruelling as it sounds," Parker said, with a small smile, "but the more hard work a rower is capable of, the better off he will be. On the water, it's important for him to get used to the pace he's

THE DAILY NEWS HAS 4,903,000 READERS. THE SUNDAY NEWS, 5,622,000. MANY PEOPLE, OF COURSE, READ BOTH. WITH NO ONE COUNTED TWICE, WE HAVE A TOTAL OF 6,970,000 READERS. SOURCE: PROFILE OF THE MILLIONS.

David Evins

# "I don't care what happened yesterday. Neither does The News."

Mr. David Evins, with a face that looks like Fernandel, sat on the couch of his office, surrounded by a jumble of brilliantly colored fall leathers and held up the shoe he had designed for next winter. "The toe will be slightly rounded," he said. "And the heel a little higher.

"The News has pulse. It has tempo. It's alert. I like that. Since I'm in the fashion business," said Mr. Evins. And he stretched. Elegantly. Mr. Evins' elegant shoes go up to $185.

"I read The News at breakfast." Breakfast is served in a 9-room duplex on Park Avenue. "As soon as I can get it away from my wife and son. I refuse to buy more than one copy.

"I read it from front to back page. From the news reports to the baseball scores to the financial page. I don't have to delve through 1800 stocks to find what I'm looking for."

With that Mr. Evins turned to his new thigh-high stretch boots to be sold soon at I. Miller for about $125.

Over 1,140,000 News readers are in families with incomes of $12,000 to $25,000. If you have something *these uppers* want to buy, give them the message in The News.

*The News is what's happening.*

## N.Y. people like the N.Y. News.

**Dessert lovers beat a path to our door.**

But of course—there's nothing like Ferrara's. What a feast of luscious Continental desserts. Rum-soaked Babas. Cannoli. Eclairs. With Espresso, Cappuccino or Royal Viennese coffee. This summer we have additional sidewalk tables. So after shopping or theatre or concert, come on down. You'll eat up the atmosphere and the treats.

*TRY OUR PANETTONE (ITALIAN COFFEE CAKE). WE MAIL ANYWHERE. ASK FOR FREE DESSERT SUGGESTIONS.*

Est. 1892
Ferrara
*In the heart of little Italy.*
195 Grand St., N.Y.C. • CA 6-6150

Precision counts on delicate tucks and cluny lace. Permanent Press 65% KODEL® polyester, 35% cotton blouse slip. White. Sizes 3 to 10, incl., 5, $4. At Best & Co., New York and branches; and other fine stores everywhere.

Her Majesty

going to sustain over the racecourse, and then try to improve that level. It all comes down to a group effort. That's the pleasure of it. That's where the value lies."

The success of recent Harvard crews has made visible what appears to be a major inconsistency in Ivy League athletic policy. As a bulwark against gridiron overemphasis, spring football practice is still forbidden at the eight universities, in accordance with an agreement signed fourteen years ago and still maintained, in spite of the unhappy bleats of the league's football coaches. Oarsmen, however, are now clearly following what amounts to a year-round program of intensive training. Harvard oarsmen are free to enter other sports (Fritz Hobbs, the varsity No. 4, played on the undefeated squash team this winter), but only trackmen, who actually compete in three separate seasons—cross-country in the autumn, indoor track in the winter, and outdoor meets in the spring—must pursue such a demanding and time-consuming schedule. Defenders of this paradox say that college rowing has been backed into this corner more or less by accident; once a more leisurely spring pastime, it has been made hard and long by the Ratzeburgian regimen and the much faster race times that the regimen created. They also point out that rowing is hardly subject to the kind of over-publicity that leads to athletic scholarships and other forms of semi-professionalism, which, in turn, have required such formal guarantees of amateurism as the spring football ban. The inconsistency will probably be allowed to stand until some university begins to recruit athletes for crew, and to lay serious plans about building itself into a rowing power. (There are signs that one college—which will not be named here—has already taken some steps in this direction. This development is being watched with foreboding by many athletic directors, who have recently seen such purely amateur games as hockey suddenly fall victim to the intensive recruiting and vitiating hypocrisy that characterizes so many college sports programs.)

THE final tuneups went on until dinnertime, and I saw a party of late bathers on a small beach across the inlet standing in water up to their knees and watching the graceful shells lift and flow past them. Harvard eased down the course in a middle lane, and as it came opposite the boathouse it threw on a last power ten. Everyone

THE RICE HOTEL

**You'll like Houston's traditional host**

We're in the most interesting section of downtown Houston. From The Rice, you can walk (a block or two) to the burgeoning new Civic Center, Jones Hall, Old Market Square. And just down Main Street from us is the shopping and financial district. Check us out. Then we'll check you in... and show you why our location alone didn't make us Houston's traditional host.

**Main at Texas, Houston • (713) CA 7-2111**

**DANA VALERY**
*is feelin' groovy*
*from July 29-August 17*
*Mon.-Thurs., 10:00 P.M.*
*Fri. & Sat., 9:00 & 11:45 P.M.*
*Reservations: PLaza 9-3000*
PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA

WE'VE MOVED

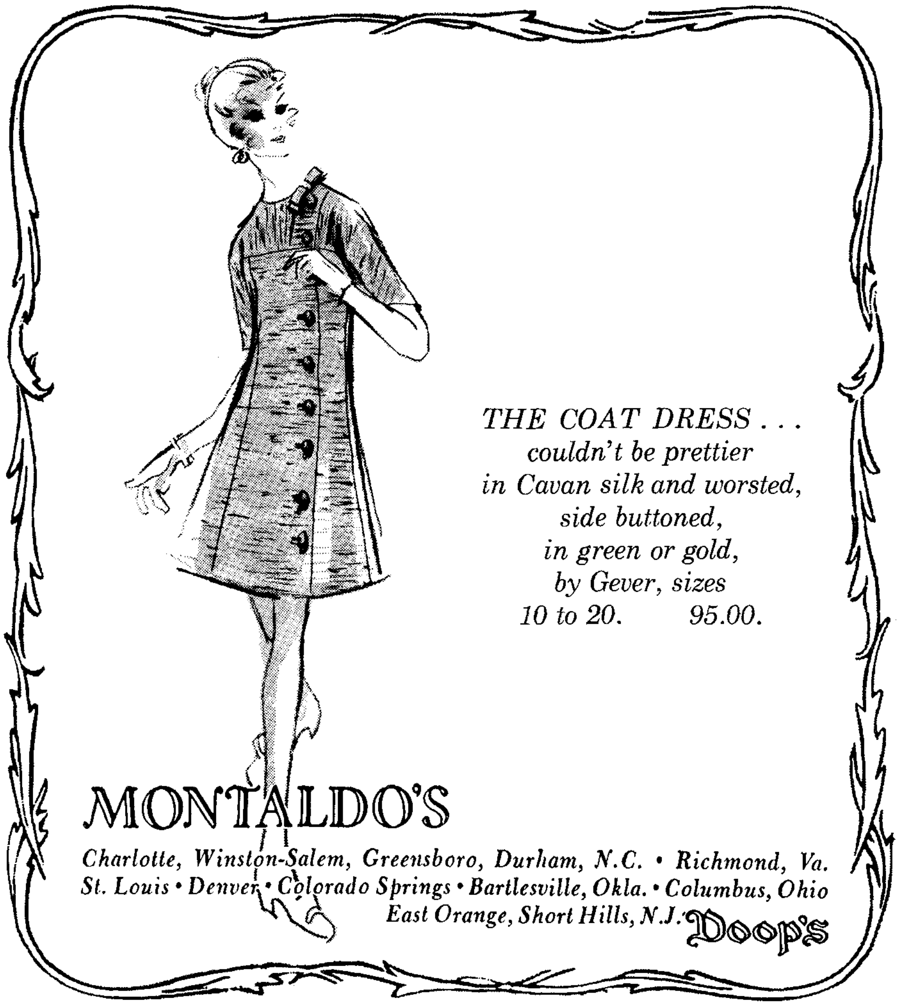
ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
Chateau Madrid
**Los Chavales de España**
**plus the fiery Flamenco Dancing of**
**Miguel Sandoval**
**& his Spanish Ballet**
PL 2-8080

NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

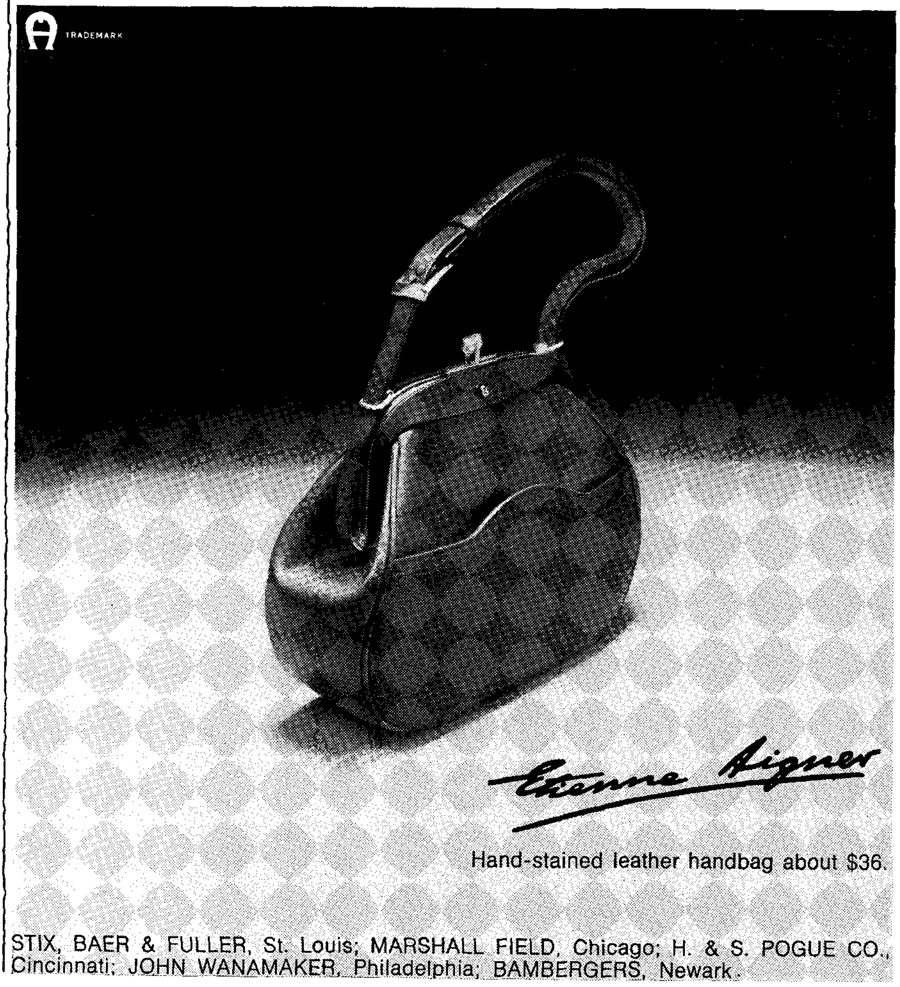
on shore turned to watch, and then the shell dipped into the dazzle of late sun on the water, and suddenly the rowers and the cox appeared in deep silhouette, a flying shadow-boat pressed against the eyes. An hour later, the final crew of the day appeared up at the starting docks, directly in front of the Long Beach Yacht Club. It was Vesper, out in near darkness to practice its starts. The cocktail drinkers on the club lawn gathered to watch, pleased by this impromptu show, and were treated to the sight of a brisk, rattling start, and, a moment later, to a stream of rivermen's curses from the darkness down the course, where something, it seemed, had gone wrong in the boat. All, or almost all, was in readiness for the Trials.

That evening, I visited the Harvard oarsmen in their dormitory in Los Robles Hall, at Long Beach State College. As one who had never set foot in, or through, a shell, I wanted to learn some of the reasons that could induce young men to give so much of their time to this cryptic, unpublic, and intensely demanding sport. I knew that the members of this group were considered exceptional at Cambridge, and not just as athletes—although they had won thirty-nine letters in twelve different sports in high school—but also for their intelligence and maturity. Of the four graduating seniors, two were headed for the Peace Corps, one was planning a teaching career in chemistry, and the fourth was entering the Harvard Medical School. (Since their victory at Long Beach, five of the Harvard crewmen have circulated a letter among other white athletes on the United States Olympic team urging support of the Olympic Project for Human Rights, the group of black athletes that may undertake a boycott or some other form of protest at the Games as a means of dramatizing American racial inequalities. The Harvard letter, while not specifically endorsing a boycott, hopes for a demonstration of support from the entire U.S. Olympic team. The circular states, in part, "Surely, the spirit of the Olympic Games cannot thrive on a hypocrisy that fails to acknowledge that even the highest individual achievement does not save a black athlete from the indignities and injustices visited upon him as a man." This action was discussed by the Harvard crewmen before the Trials, and one of them told me that it was "another reason Harvard had to win.")

I found three of the Harvard rowers—seniors Andy Larkin and Scott


THE COAT DRESS . . .
couldn't be prettier
in Cavan silk and worsted,
side buttoned,
in green or gold,
by Gever, sizes
10 to 20. 95.00.

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio
East Orange, Short Hills, N.J. • Doop's


TRADEMARK

Etienne Aigner

Hand-stained leather handbag about $36.

STIX, BAER & FULLER, St. Louis; MARSHALL FIELD, Chicago; H. & S. POGUE CO., Cincinnati; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; BAMBERGERS, Newark.

SHOW TIME!!

$320 buys 13 nights of night-life in Amsterdam, London, Paris.

The days are almost free

We call this our "Broadway of Europe" Tour. It includes tickets to 6 English plays or musicals, including the famed Mermaid Theatre. A performance at the famous Concertgebouw. It includes a night over an Indonesian dinner. A lively Dutch night-club night. A night in English pubs. A Parisian cabaret night. And two nights on your own. And more!

The nights in the Dutch, English and French hotels, each with wonderful, typical atmosphere—ALL WITH BATH—are included, too. And breakfast every morning. All transfers are included from the airports, not the city air terminals. Oh, yes, the days—we offer free sightseeing tours, too. And more!

The land arrangements cost $70—and there are 70 services available. 70 for $70. Add $250 for the round-trip Jet flight New York/Amsterdam. That's $320.*

For a complete program of the 70 services, send in the coupon, ask your travel agent, or call us, Lufthansa.

*Based on 14-21 day, 15 passenger, GIT Economy Fare from NYC when applicable.

S-810
Lufthansa German Airlines
410 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Lufthansa: I'm ready for a little night-life. Please send your Broadway Tour of Europe folder to:

Name__________

Address__________

City__________State__________

Zip__________Phone__________

My Travel Agent is__________

Lufthansa

Steketee, and the junior stroke, Art Evans—lounging on unmade beds in a wonderfully littered dormitory room, and during the next hour the others—Fritz Hobbs, Dave Higgins, Cleve Livingston, Steve Brooks, and Captain Curt Canning—wandered in and out, in pajama bottoms or old rowing trunks, and sometimes joined our conversation. No matter how many of them were there, the room seemed crowded, for they were large, thickly muscled young men, averaging two hundred pounds. The room also seemed to be stuffed with hair. None of them, apparently, had wasted any time at the barber's in the previous months. They resembled athletes from another age—a band of Ralph Henry Barbour heroes. I counted three separate mustache styles. If there was any tension about the next day's test, it was invisible to me, although the young men may simply have been encouraging one another with their lighthearted disparagement of the Penn crew's intensity and generally gung-ho attitude toward the sport. They told me that at an earlier race they had heard the Penns roaring like Storm Troopers as they carried out their shell. Larkin jumped up on his bed and shouted, "Beat Harvard! Win the Sprints! Win the Sprints!," and they all laughed.

"No kidding," said Steketee. "I think it's getting like Big Ten football down there at Penn. It must be edging up on becoming too much for the rowers. Their aspirations may be less familiar to them than ours are to us, and maybe they don't know how to handle them."

There was a pause, and Evans added, "I hope."

When I asked what it was that kept the Harvard rowers at their painful and seemingly monotonous work almost every afternoon of the year, Larkin considered for a moment, and said, "Well, for me, I think it's what you might call the romantic aspects of rowing. The friendships, the Harvard rowing tradition. Just being in a boat on the river with your friends. That, and the escalation we've gone through from one year to the next. Knowing you're getting better. Knowing others count on you."

Someone mentioned the moments, in practice or in a race, when the eight rowers truly move together and the shell suddenly seems to take wing, and Art Evans said, "Yes, but you can't just row for the good pieces. That doesn't happen often enough. For me, it's competition—trying to make a higher boat and staying there."

"But that ends," Steketee broke in. "You make it, and you've got it made. No, the team part is the thing. Rowing is the ultimate team sport."

"There are no stars in this," said Larkin. "No quarterbacks or .300 hitters. Each person in a shell rows alone, but the only glory comes as a unit. And it's *hard*. People keep asking me what's so hard about rowing, and I point out how tough it is to learn to hit a golf ball two hundred yards down the fairway. You know how many books there are about that. Well, rowing is getting eight guys to hit a drive two hundred yards at exactly the same instant, and doing it over and over again, faster and faster, even when you're all at the absolute end of your physical capacity."

"Can't be done," someone murmured. "We must be nuts."

At this point, Fritz Hobbs burst into the room and announced, "I've got the biggest biceps!" Like the others, he had just submitted to a series of anthropometric tests of somatotypes conducted by a researcher from San Diego State College, and now there was a good deal of muscle-flexing and waist-pinching as they discussed the results. Hobbs asked what we were all talking about, and instantly said, "Well, I know what *I* get out of rowing. I like winning. We're winners, and I like to win. And then, I guess, that you meet such a great bunch of people. I never would have met most of these guys if it wasn't for crew, and now I know them even better than I know my own roommate. It does that for you."

"I think winning is it, too," said Evans, "but not in private terms—not, well, just for me. Continuing our winning is all we can get out of this. You know, in a World Series you can hit a lot of homers and still lose, but in this it's win or nothing."

"I *totally* disagree," said Steketee.

"Oh, come on, stop kidding yourselves," said Evans. "This race tomorrow is just the Eastern Sprints all over again. It's just another race to win. How will you feel if we row great and get beaten?"

There was a great hoot of dissent, and the talk moved up a notch or two to a long, intense seminar on winning

**We've designed a loquacious silk for Mrs. Kenny's air mail letters.**

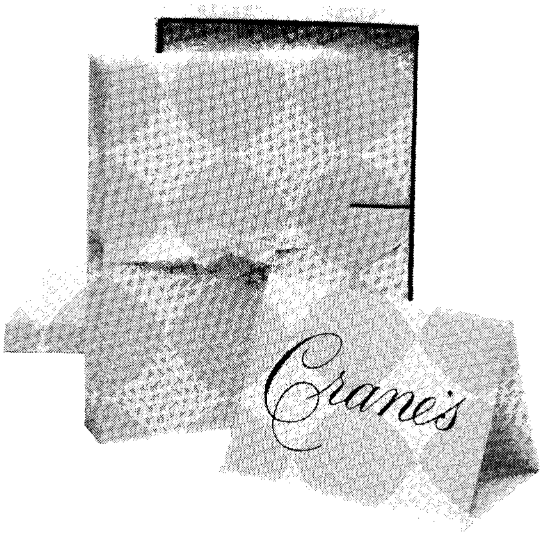
It's an unusual paper—because we believe that letters that fly, or have a lot to say, should be luxurious, and personal, as well as light.

It's called Silk Laid. You may have it plain, or hand-bordered in a wide variety of colors and combinations.

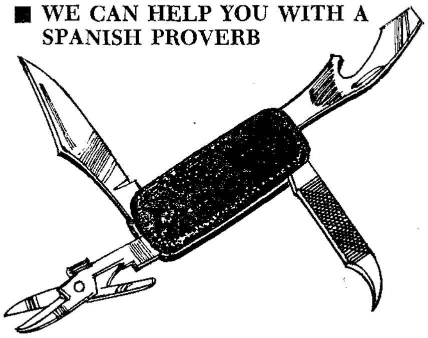
It's made the uncommon way we make all our papers—from stock that's of 100% rag fibers. It has our watermark, too, to show we care.

For ideas in paper that help to keep your correspondence flowing, see the ones we've created. But they aren't everywhere. The jewelry stores, department stores, stationery and specialty shops that carry Crane are a select group—authorities on paper and paper "etiquette." They're the ones to consult, too, about formal invitations and announcements, both the paper and the engravings. They also have lovely Crane gift sets, many for under $5.

And by the way, "About Letters, Notes and Invitations," is an informative booklet you might like to have. It talks about correspondence and papers. We'll send it free, and posthaste, if you write to: Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Massachusetts 01226.



■ WE CAN HELP YOU WITH A SPANISH PROVERB



A Spanish proverb states, *"For each man a good woman, a spirited horse, a fine knife."* While the first two are outside our competence, we are certain we can help with the third. ■ Our **G.P.K.** (Gentleman's Pocket Knife) is only ⅛" thin, but contains in its leatherette-sheathed body: knife, manicurer, screwdriver/bottle opener and scissors. All forged of the finest steel. ■ Once you own the **G.P.K.** we know you won't part with it and will carry it in tackle box, tweed suit or tux! Order yours now but, don't forget, the woman and the horse are up to you!

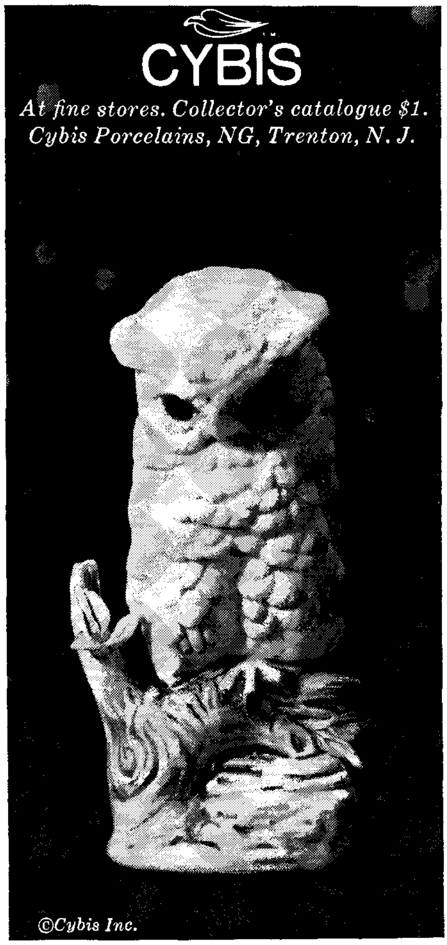
☐ Send me my **G.P.K.** I encl. $5.95 ($4.95 plus $1 post. & ins.) Return **within 1 year if not delighted.** (Calif. resid. add 5% tax.)

NAME________________________

ADDRESS______________________

____________________ZIP_______

**haverhill's** 584 Washington St., San Francisco, 94111 NY0810



CYBIS

*At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1.*
*Cybis Porcelains, NG, Trenton, N. J.*

*©Cybis Inc.*

*See "A History of American Art Porcelain", Museum of Fine Arts, St. Petersburg, Fla., Aug. 1-20.*

as against performance—a moot court punctuated by cries of "Shut up!," "Let him finish!," and "Define your premise!"

"Oh, I get so much *gas* from this crew!" Evans shouted at last. "I'm not talking about winning and losing in *absolute* terms but in relative terms, for God's sake!"

"Well, then, say it right," said Larkin. "Instead of throwing around that word 'winning,' say 'achieve our goals.' Then I'd agree with you."

"Big deal," said Evans.

The talk shifted to Harry Parker, and it was clear to me that this was a subject that these young veterans had discussed very often. All of them said that Parker had an almost mystical ability to anticipate their emotional needs—when to press them hard, how to sense discouragement, when to lower tension with a light moment or an unexpected break in training.

"He's deadly honest," said Canning. "He's never tried to psych us, or insult us with a pep talk. Before a race, we get a briefing, an appraisal. Only that."

"I know he's been sort of a father at times," said Larkin, "but he's mortal. You live with anyone and he becomes mortal. We all get on edge sometimes, even Harry. You have no idea what a relief it is to have that happen—to have the father thing broken. I think we've all grown up. I know we're less and less likely just to accept anything he says. We have to know all the reasons for it, too."

Canning got up and stretched. He is the oldest of the group as well as the captain, and I had noticed that when he spoke the others seemed less likely to interrupt. He is married, and throughout college he had held down two jobs, which required about thirty hours per week, in addition to his rowing and studies. He had graduated *magna cum laude*. "I think Harry has to be honest with us," he said. "We're too— Well, I'll say it—too intelligent to be lied to. I remember after we'd lost last summer at St. Catharines he only said, 'You have to decide what you can be from this. You have to decide to do it. That's the beginning of a great crew.' And he was right. We're here."

"Well," someone added, "we'd wasted our whole summer anyway. . . ."

As I left, the Harvard manager, Mark Harrington, arrived with a handful of small pills. "Hey," he said. "You're all supposed to take one of

One of the Great Independent Hotels of the World
ESSEX HOUSE

In New York, one stands out . . . Essex House, with unique standards of service catering individually to the comfort of each guest. On beautiful Central Park South, you are within easy reach of Fifth Avenue's smart shops, Lincoln Center, Rockefeller Center, theatres, galleries. Elegantly appointed rooms and suites with TV and serving pantry. Hotel garage adjacent.

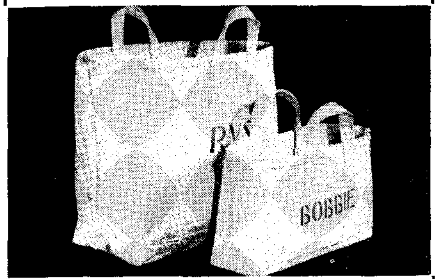
Single from $22, Double from $28
Suites from $38

DINING AT ITS BEST
Casino-ON-THE-Park

For reservations call Robt. F. Warner in Chicago, Boston, Miami, Washington, Toronto; John A. Tetley in Los Angeles, San Francisco; Utell Int. in Dallas, Montreal; Brooker Ltd. in London.
MEMBER OF DISTINGUISHED HOTELS

ESSEX HOUSE
VINCENT J. COYLE, V. P. & MNG. DIR.
160 Central Park So., New York, 10019
Tel.: (212) 247-0300

CANTON CARRY-ALLS



**Large Size** - 24" x 8" x 14" Holds everything: picnics, clothes, bottles, ice, last minute loads.
**Small Size** - 12" x 6" x 9" - Use it for lunch, notebooks, knitting or whatnot.

BOTH made of #6 white canvas. Tough, washable. Stand alone—fold flat.

**Unmarked: Large $6.00* Small $5.00***
*Marked with initials or name up to 6 letters:*
**Large $7.00* Small $6.00***

**If more than 6 letters add 20¢ per extra letter. Specify Red or Blue letters.**

**Postage & Handling: 50¢ per bag East, 75¢ per bag West of Mississippi. (Actual postage billed on 3 or more to one address.)*

**CANTON CARRY-ALLS**
**CANTON, CONNECTICUT—06019 203 693-8551**

SPANISH PAVILION
RESTAURANT
FORMERLY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

*Alta Cocina Española*
Seafood Zarzuela Costa Brava
Braised Partridge Catalana
Striped Bass World's Fair

475 PARK AVE. (57-58 St.) Res. 421-5690

these. Right now, before you go to sleep."

The young men examined the pills suspiciously.

"What are they?"

"Looks like some kind of dope to me."

"Slow pills. We're being doped."

"The fix is in."

Steketee took one between his thumb and finger, and said, "Here, I'll make a test." He popped the pill into his mouth and then, laughing, collapsed in a heap on the floor.

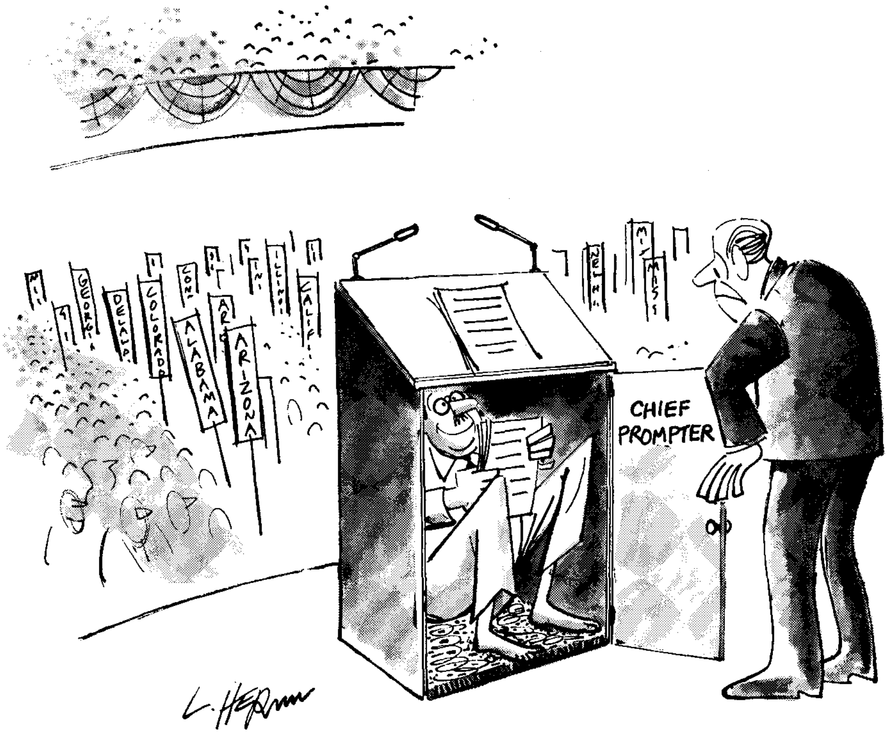
LONG BEACH, formerly a stucco sub-resort of Los Angeles, is now transforming itself into Miami West. The beach itself has proved less valuable than the oil fields that lie beneath it, and the city is drawing immense revenues from a group of artificial islands, heavily studded with oil derricks, that have sprung up right in front of the sunbathers. Tall new hotels have appeared, and a couple of miles to the north the Queen Mary lies immobile, awaiting her sad apotheosis as a hotel and marine museum. Long Beach had spent two million dollars to modernize the Marine Stadium, and the thin crowd of locals who turned up there on Friday morning for the opening Trials had a heartening view of more than two thousand yachts at anchor in the marina up near the starting docks, and of a forest of derricks and rocking oil pumps opposite the finish line. Rowing, of course, ranks somewhere near pumpkin-growing as a spectator sport, and the promoters of the Trials did their best to liven things up with loudspeaker explanations of the complexities of the game ("In an eight-oared shell," a voice said, "each man pulls only *one* oar") and excited descriptions of the invisible action upstream. On the judges' float, there were pretty girls in polka-dotted mini-jumpers to bestow kisses and leis on winners, and a streamside announcer who transfixed the panting rowers with post-race questions ("Just when did you think you had it won?"). The day opened with five heats for single-scullers, which turned out to be exercises in energy conservation, since the races merely qualified the first three finishers for the next day's semifinals, and most of the shouting came from a cheerful band of schoolchildren on the far bank, who piped "One! Two! Three! Four!" whenever a straggle of perspiring scullers finally hove into view. Two heats for the eights were scheduled, and the winners would move directly into Sunday's final, while the

Naturally you belong in Austin Hill

Man tailored—yet faultlessly feminine... soft and fluent in purest wool and wonderful colorings. About $38. Write for the select store nearest you: Austin Hill Ltd., 318 N. Front St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

AUSTIN HILL

AT: Solomon's, Concord, N.H. • Lady Ford, Bay City, Mich. • Roderick St. Johns, Cincinnati, O.



*A title on the door—rates a Bigelow on the floor.*

Need we remind you that a Bigelow lends an air of importance to *any* office? And that Bigelows get the votes in the décor department? Does it take a voice from the wings for you to recall that Bigelows come in special designs, colors and textures? No? Then could we prompt you to send for our free color brochure on commercial carpets? Write to Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. You remember the line...*People who know...buy* BIGELOW.

(*Advertisement*)

Treat Your Family to a Week of Breezy Summer Sun Days at Dorado Beach

(FAMILY VACATION PLAN FROM $106.75* WEEKLY, INCL. BREAKFAST & DINNER)

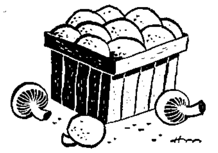
Our twin golden crescent beaches have sheltered lagoons for carefree swimming with the youngsters . . . yet there's excitement enough for anyone with water-skiing, snorkeling, and Sunfish sailing, too. Biking and exploring on 1500 lush tropical acres; two salt-water swimming pools; 36 holes of championship seaside golf. Children's day camp with experienced counselors for swimming, snorkeling and nature study. Evenings, you dine with a view of the gleaming surf and dance beneath the stars. Babysitters are available.

*Family Vacation Plan—8 days, 7 nights, $106.75 per person for parents and two children sharing large air-conditioned room. Includes all breakfasts and dinners, 50% discount on all water-sports equipment, airport transportation on arrival and departure. Effective May 1 to October 20. (Vacation plans for golfers, honeymooners and sightseers also available.)

DORADO BEACH HOTEL
DORADO BEACH • PUERTO RICO • U.S.A.
OPERATED BY ROCKRESORTS, INC.

See your travel agent for color brochure: New York, 586-1141; Chicago, 922-4139; Dallas, 741-6814; Washington, D.C., 347-4951; Los Angeles, 626-7581; San Francisco, 434-0660; Seattle, 682-1981.

losers would have at each other in the next day's repechage races, to select the two other finalists. Penn and Vesper had been drawn in the first heat, with three other starters, and Vesper sprinted off to a brilliant start, only to be passed by Penn before the halfway mark of the two-thousand-metre distance; Penn, picking up speed like a Chris-Craft, passed all four of the other shells in the second five hundred metres. At the fifteen-hundred-metre mark, Vesper was down by two lengths, but then sprinted powerfully in front of the grandstands, pushing up to forty-three strokes per minute, and closed the gap to a length at the finish. Penn had gone up, too, but there was a visible wobble in its beat at the end. Harvard, Washington, and three others went off a few minutes later. Harvard surprised itself with a flashy start, and won, unextended, by nearly two lengths. The times were more interesting than the races; Harvard, in an unfavorable outside lane, had rowed the two thousand metres at 6:03.3, while Penn had broken the course record, coming in at 5:56.1, and Vesper was clocked at 5:59.6. Only two of the Harvards had bothered to wear their official crimson jerseys for the race, but hair and cool had clearly been challenged.



It was a family party at the boathouse after the last shells came in. Parents and wives, sisters and kid brothers and girl friends surrounded the tall rowers. A cluster of red-and-white balloons over the soft-drink stand bumped and tugged in the water breeze, and dozens of pretty girls, in shades and bright summer dresses, looked awkward and delightful as they held down their floppy hats with one hand. Harry Parker refused to blame Harvard's time on its windy lane, and Joe Burk, the Penn coach, while admitting to some astonishment over his rowers' performance, hoped that they would not give much importance to the comparative clockings.

Burk enjoyed a Poseidon-like eminence at the Trials, for in addition to the Penn eight he had at one time or another coached five of the single-scullers, the Vesper stroke, and Harry Parker, who is a Penn graduate. Burk is a lanky, remarkably affable man, with the weathered look of a Maine lobsterman. He twice won the Diamond Sculls at Henley, and he was a much decorated PT-boat skipper in the Pacific. His stakes at Long Beach were just as high as Parker's, for Penn, too, had never gone to the Olympics. He is known in the rowing world as a freethinker. He has eschewed the Ratzeburg-Harvard shovel oar and unbalanced rigging (which places the adjoining No. 4 and No. 5 oars on the starboard side of the shell, in order to balance the torque imposed up forward by the bow man's port oar), and has come up with some surprises of his own. One of these is the Wizard, an electronic dingbat, employed in practice, that measures the power exerted at each rower's position. Each Penn oarsman can watch four lights that tell him whether he is pulling full weight, and a master panel in the stern presumably permits the cox to single out the nonlamplighters for special encouragement or abuse. This year, Burk invented an excruciating game of Patience, with a deck of cards consisting of his rowers' names. The cards would be shuffled and drawn to make up eights at random, and each rower would receive points based on the results of ensuing intrasquad races, with the highest point-winners eventually making up the first boat. No fewer than a hundred and twenty-five hands were dealt during the season, and the Penn rowers navigated some three thousand miles of water, which is at least twice the Harvard total. About a month before the Trials, however, Burk threw away his cards and made two late changes in his first boat, moving up an immense freshman named Luther Jones III from the undefeated yearling crew to No. 6, and a jayvee, Gardner Cadwalader, who was a co-winner of the gold medal for pairs with cox at the Pan-American Games last year, to No. 4. The Penn jayvee boat was also undefeated this year, and the consensus at Long Beach was that Pennsylvania would soon succeed Harvard as the Notre Dame of college rowing—very possibly in Sunday's final.

Harvard and Penn had Saturday off—while six single-scullers and, predictably, Vesper and Washington won their berths in the finals—but much of their day was given over to final tune-ups on the water. At the boathouse, the Harvard giants seemed as loose and lighthearted as ever. After the National Anthem died away across the water, they took turns posturing in front of an imaginary TV camera like pro football players being introduced before the kickoff—a mime fervently ignored by the Penn rowers nearby. The Penn rowers looked a little younger to me, but this might have been an illusory contrast in life-style suggested by the

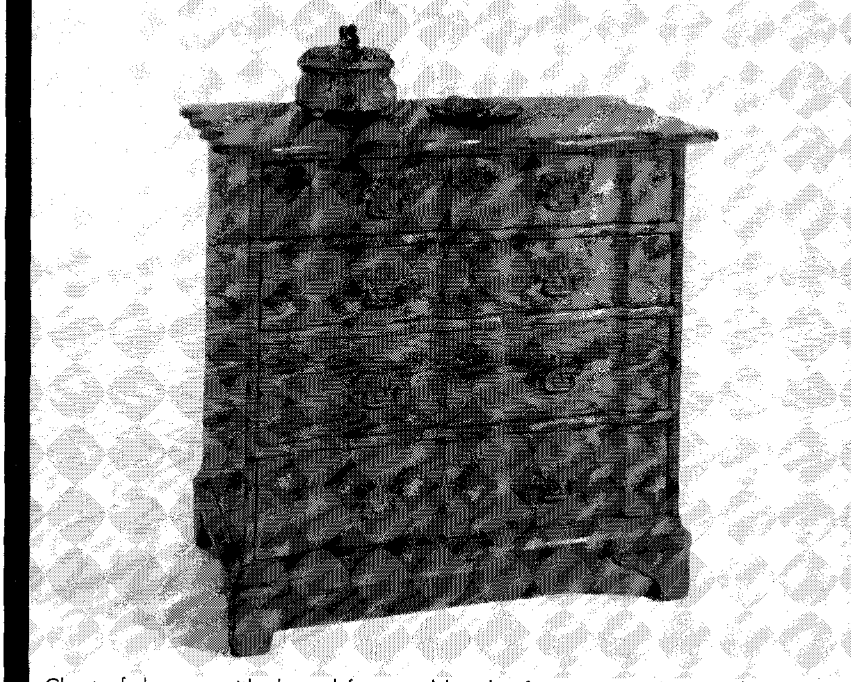
Penns' neater haircuts and firmly set jaws.

I asked Gardner Cadwalader about this difference, and he answered with considerable heat. "I don't *understand* Harvard's attitude," he said. "They're just a strong bunch of rowers riding a winning streak. They were up here [he drew an imaginary graph line with one hand], and by now we've come up to here [the graph line of his other hand passed the first]. When you've been up on top, you forget what competition is like. Four or five years is a long time to keep momentum, and Harvard could be fighting to hold on. You know those somatotype tests those doctors were giving here? Well, I passed them up. They're stupid. They can't measure what's inside. I say this race is going to be just guts. I think we're invulnerable."

A few minutes later, Paul Hoffman, the Harvard cox, took up the issue. He had perhaps given longer thought to the next day's race than any of the other finalists. On the day he arrived at Harvard as a freshman, in 1963, he bought a Mexican travel poster and hung it up on a wall in the Harvard boathouse as an advance invitation to this autumn's Olympics. He told me that his rowers' insouciance still startled him at times; on the previous day, Andy Larkin had whistled a few bars of "Fair Harvard" as their shell was backing into the starting docks—a put-on probably lost on the adjacent shells. But now Hoffman frowned and shook his head. "How can Penn *be* so confident?" he asked unhappily. "Sure, they're fast, but it's experience that counts in a race like this. I know they haven't got a finishing sprint anything like ours. That's where experience shows. Doesn't Penn know that?"

He sounded so much like Cadwalader that I instantly discarded any long theories I had developed about the two crews. If their positions had been reversed—if Penn had been on top for five years and Harvard had been on the rise—they would have spoken each other's words. Winners are cool, challengers must burn; *they have no other choice.*

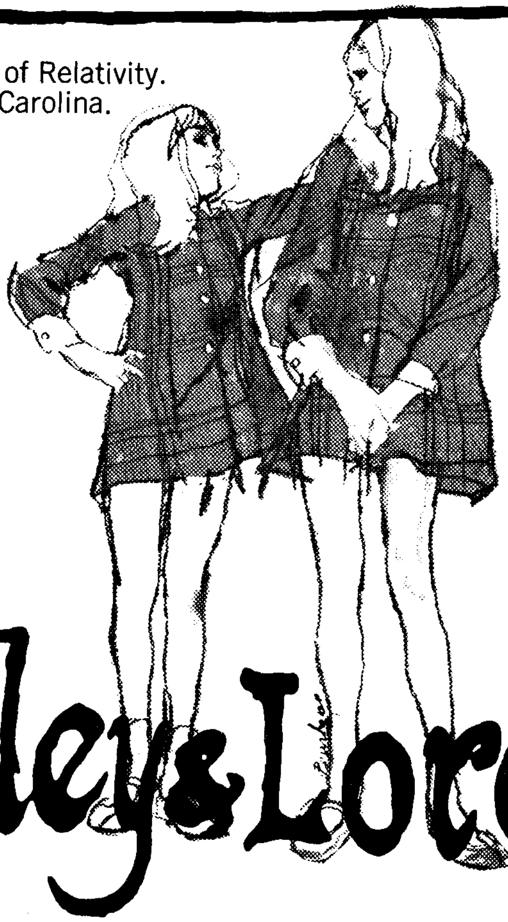
Shortly after this, Dietrich Rose, the Vesper coach, who once rowed for Ratzeburg, advised me not to overlook his crew. "We're the heaviest and oldest crew in this race," he said. "Yesterday was our first race together ever, and look how we shook Penn. We could still surprise them all, the way we did four years ago. Penn will row its own race—they're that fast—and Vesper and Harvard will make their



John Widdicomb
Makers of fine furniture for more than a century

Chest of drawers with shaped front and bracket feet, as it might have been made for an English country house 200 years ago—and finished to look that old. With select, wild grain white pine.

**Get to know John Widdicomb furniture**
See it at any John Widdicomb showroom through your dealer or decorator.
**NEW YORK**, 205 East 58th St. • **PHILADELPHIA**, 2301 Chestnut St. • **BOSTON**, 90 Berkeley St. • **GRAND RAPIDS** Exhibitors Bldg.
Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Houston • Indianapolis • Miami • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco



The Theory of Relativity.
By Ruth of Carolina.

Galey&Lord

Polyester/cotton by Galey & Lord,
1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018, a division of Burlington Industries.

moves. Do you know this is the first time that four American crews who *have all done better than* six minutes for the two thousand metres have ever faced each other? It will be a race to remember."

RACE DAY morning, and a stiff, surprising tailwind was up, snapping the pennants over the boathouse. Because the wind was blowing straight down the course, all the lanes would be equal today, and the times remarkable. The assembled finalists stood together in silent groups, their arms folded and their eyes on the ground. They yawned enormously, sucking for air, and sometimes fell to sudden calisthenics. Photographers circled, heavily draped with Nikons and Leicas. A cluster of officials, in baby-blue baseball caps, kept looking up at the clock over the boathouse door, where the minute hand was jumping in the wind, and finally one of them hurried over and tried to steady it with the blade of an oar. An undergraduate reporter from the *Daily Pennsylvanian*, his voice unsteady with excitement, told me that the Penn crew had received more than forty telegrams of encouragement. "Everything depends on this," he said. "Everything. We win today, and . . ." He couldn't go on. There had been fewer telegrams for Harvard, but Harry Parker had read the crew a letter from his seven-year-old son, George, which challenged the entire boatload to a game of miniature golf. The appraisal that Parker gave his crew (which proved, as always, accurate) was that there was no difference between Harvard and Penn—the best race would win it.

Just before race time, there was an agonized cry in the grandstand closest to the finish line as a woman's necklace broke and handfuls of beads pattered down the rows of seats. Both banks were thickly crowded with spectators, and the natives were astonished with joy when the six single-scullers pulled into sight, with two Long Beach rowers, in red jerseys, in front. The winner was John Van Blom, the handsome twenty-year-old national five-hundred-metre champion, who edged Thomas McKibbon by less than a quarter length. The co-favorites, James Dietz, of the New York A.C., and William Maher, of the Detroit Boat Club, were far back. Van Blom now faces the unhappy autumn prospect of rowing against Russia's Vyacheslav Ivanov, who has won the singles gold medal in the last three Olympics.

Now it was time, and from upcourse the loudspeakers brought us the starting

CHANGE YOUR POINT OF VIEW

Enjoy Vermont's beautiful Green Mountains from Bromley Village, a part of New England's most popular ski area. Ski downhill to and from your home in winter; play golf, tennis and swim in summer. Fish, hunt or hike spring and fall. It's all in the point of view! A few minutes from main highways — years of fun away from the rat-race.

Choose among New England traditional homes, cluster houses or apartments.

Write: **Big Bromley Ski Area**
Box 368-NY-1
Manchester Center,
Vermont 05255

**Bromley Village**

MORE COMFORT THAN BAREFOOT

Belgian Shoes
MR. HENRI BENDEL
*Owner-President*

Soft-soled casuals for men known the world over. Available in America only at our salons or by mail.

For him
MR. CASUAL
$30

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

☐ Black Calf
☐ Brown Calf
☐ Brown Calf/trim black
☐ White Buckskin
☐ Patent Leather

My regular shoe size is______
Send______pairs @ $30. each
Add 75c per pair mailing charge
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______
Name______
Address______
City______State______

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56th St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

St. Regis Roof
Romance in the Summer Sky
**JOSEPH SUDY** and his Orchestra
*The Singing Strings*
**QUINTERO** and his Latin Band
The Lyrical Dancing of
**ED SIMS & AUDRE DECKMANN**
Dinner and Supper
Dancing 7:30 'til 2:00
**PENTHOUSE** Cocktails from 5:00
Nightly except Sunday & Monday
For Reservations call "RUDY",
PLaza 3-4500
St. Regis-Sheraton
Fifth Ave. & 55th St., New York

**You're not just another pebble on the beach at the Dennis.**

You're special! You stay in our charming ocean front hotel or new motel. Swim in our two pools, sun on our beach, stroll the boardwalk, go cycling, or play golf nearby. The Cub Club keeps the kids entertained. Enjoy dancing nightly in the Fjord Room. Marvelous meals. Children under 16 stay for only $1. in their parents' room. Air-conditioned.

Tel.: Atlantic City (609) 344-8111.
New York Tie-Line: WAlker 5-3970.
*On the Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.*

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

*the finest in Italian Food*
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6 5950

instructions and lanes—Washington on the inside, then Vesper, Harvard, and Penn. A long silence, and then the odd, international cry of the starter: "*Êtes-vous prêts? Partez!*" Andy Larkin had told me that Penn would go off like a machine, while Harvard, not famous for its starts, would begin "with maybe the bow six pulling together, then the after six—somewhere, we'll get together." But here it was Vesper that jumped away first, at forty-five, with Penn and Harvard just a hair back. Within a hundred metres, the Penn machine was in gear and had pulled away by a seat or two, with Harvard and Vesper even. At the five-hundred mark, Penn had a one-second margin over Vesper and almost a second and a half over Harvard. Penn was rowing a beat or two higher than the others. Now, halfway down the course, Vesper faltered, and it became a two-boat race, with Penn still a few seats up. Parker had told me that he hoped to keep Penn within reach in the first two quarters and to move on them in the third, but the Penn margin was still a second and a half at fifteen hundred metres, and the boats were in full sight, with the red-and-white striped Penn jerseys plainly in front.

The shells surged toward us up the bright water, quicker and larger, bending and reaching together, and we were all on our feet and shouting. Harvard's stroke of thirty-nine was holding Penn's forty-one, and now the Harvard sprint began. The beat rose and then, incredibly, rose again, with Penn roughening and splashing a bit now and Harvard, the nearer shell, eating up the margin. Each slim bow, with its white rubber ball on the stem, surged ahead by turns as each double bank of oars dipped and drove, but Harvard was gaining visible inches at each exchange. They went across the finish line together, to a sustained, incredulous roar from the banks, and there was no way—absolutely no way—to tell which had won.

We waited. For a full seven minutes, we waited for the verdict from the photo-finish camera, while the four shells lay dead in the water at the end of the course, the spent oarsmen doubled over their oars and exchanging murmured speculations. Vesper had been third, about three lengths back, and Washington last by one more. The huddle of judges broke up at last, and the news spread, first by word of mouth and then officially: Harvard would go to Mexico. The winning margin was four inches.

The Harvards paddled up to the

Pour a luau.

All you need is Leilani rum, some fruit, and maybe a flower. Leilani makes it authentic. Since it's made in Hawaii.
For some good reasons. 4,000 hours of sunshine a year. Lots of moisture in the air. And especially the lava rich soil. It makes for the world's juiciest sugar cane.
Take away any of them and you couldn't have Leilani's light, delicious taste. And without Leilani, you couldn't have a luau.

Leilani Hawaiian Rum
Leilani Hawaiian Rum

No luau should be without Tiki. You can have 4 of his mugs for $3 (where legal). Send check to:
Tiki Leilani Mugs
P.O. Box 798,
Dept. N
Mayfield, Ky.

Hawaiian Rum • 80 Proof • Calvert Dist. Co. • Honolulu, Hawaii

Dalton

Pure wool knit in red or green, sizes 8-16, 80

The Woolmark is your assurance of quality tested products made of the world's best...

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

"People who have everything always wear wool."

Jacobson's
Lansing, Michigan
mailing address: Jackson, Michigan

**DeLuxe Hotel Accommodations at attractive rates on New York's exclusive Central Park South**

**...YOURS FOR THE ASKING!**

That's why it's the favorite of travelwise men and women. Superb midtown location, continental check-in, exclusive 100% fresh air conditioning system, fine cuisine, 24-hour operator attended elevators and warm personalized service make The Barbizon-Plaza one of New York's finest luxury hotel values.

**The Barbizon-Plaza**
*The Prestige Hotel*
106 Central Park South, N.Y., N.Y.

RESERVATIONS AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles: $14.50 to $20.00
Choice Doubles: $19.50 to $27.00
Tower Studio Suites: $29.00 to $33.00

*FREE INDOOR GARAGE—includes pick up and delivery. Available only for de luxe singles from $18.00 up and doubles from $25.00 up. Not included on package tours or special group rates.*

WRITE FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE N
Tel: CI 7-7000 • Teletype 212 640 4099

No. 119 Counting Frame

**Brain Trust**

Playskool helps shape his future with idea toys that enrich, educate, entertain. Look for the Play and Learn Centers in leading stores.

PLAYSKOOL
PLAYSKOOL PLAY AND LEARN CENTER
Playskool Manufacturing Company
3720 No. Kedzie Ave./Chicago, Ill. 60618

**To get a good job get a good education**

ADVERTISING COUNCIL

judges' float for kisses, striped leis, interviews, and photographs. The rowers alighted and exchanged double hand slaps, the pros' touchdown salutation. Paul Hoffman sailed into the drink for the photographers, and the float began to founder under the weight of officialdom. Parker and Burk arrived by launch from the boathouse, where they had shared a bad view of the race. Burk, showing no trace of his undoubted despair, examined the finish photo and exclaimed, "Isn't that great!" Parker looked at it and said, "Isn't that beautiful!" The picture showed Harvard clearly ahead, with Penn coming off the drive at the finish. The times were unbelievable—5:40.55 to 5:40.60. The difference, by Longines, was five one-hundredths of a second.

The post-race boathouse gathering never quite became a party. The rowers exchanged grave handshakes, and the Penn giants gathered miserably around a print of the unalterable photo. Joe Burk, still smiling, talked to reporters while he carefully wiped off the inside of his shell with a towel. Paul Hoffman glanced around, found no sign of Harry Parker, and bummed a cigarette from a bystander. Gardner Cadwalader was talking to a girl, who told him that she had arrived too late to see the race. "I'm glad I missed it," she whispered fiercely. "I'm *glad*." The Vesper rowers silently unbolted their outriggers and strapped their shell up in its green canvas for the trip back to Philadelphia. Parker told me that his rowers would have a week off before resuming daily practice on the Charles, and that they would get in a month of high-altitude training at Gunnison, Colorado, before departing for the Games. Waiting for them in Mexico would be Russia, New Zealand, and, very probably, Ratzeburg. Pennsylvania would break up into small boats and hope to have some rowers on Xochimilco in fours and pairs. They would have to wait a year for another chance at Harvard, but Harvard's Olympic success would nearly, very nearly, be theirs. For this day, at least, the real victory belonged not just to the winners but somehow to the great race we had just seen, to the sport itself.

—Roger Angell

•

Among the 16 selected magazines, Newsweek is tied (61 readers per dollar) with TV Guide for first in efficiency in reaching truck owners who own a truck.—*Memo circulated among the sales staff of Newsweek.*

They're the ones to reach.

**TRIC-TRAC**

*Louis XVI Games Table From Our Collection of Unusual Furniture*

*For Your Leisure Hours*

Elegant Tric-Trac table that warmly accents any room in your home . . . whether it's English, French or any decor. Meticulously crafted in mellow, antiqued brown mahogany (acajou), with the look of an inherited antique. Made with 2 candle slides and 4 drawers. Reversible top . . . inlaid with rosewood and satinwood for chess on one side . . . and green felt for cards or writing on the other. Table well contains inlaid backgammon surface. A perfect table for bridge. Measures 27" x 37". **$395**

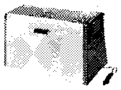
*Mail orders shipped F.O.B. New York City. Add $15 crating charge beyond normal delivery area.*

A visit to Lloyds is an exciting adventure in shopping. Here, in the best "first stop" in town, you'll find an extensive and unusual collection of antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and fine estate pieces. Browse to your heart's content with your own good taste to guide you. You'll be delighted.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
**LLOYDS**
116 E. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 • PL 9-7313

**Help stamp out soft crackers**

ELECTRIC **BRISKER**® Keeps crisp foods dry and oven-fresh indefinitely, even in the most soggy atmospheric conditions. The only appliance of its *kind, the Electric Brisker applies the principle of* dehumidification to protect the flavor and crispness of such foods as crackers, potato chips, cereals, nuts and pretzels. Keeps salt shakers free-flowing. It's the "in" thing . . . a welcome asset in any home, boat or camper. U.L. approved; 115 volt AC for home; 6, 12 and 32 volt DC for boats and campers. 18¾" x 11" x 11". Polished chrome or satin copper finishes. At fine gift shops and hardware stores, or order now by mail. Literature free on request. Write:



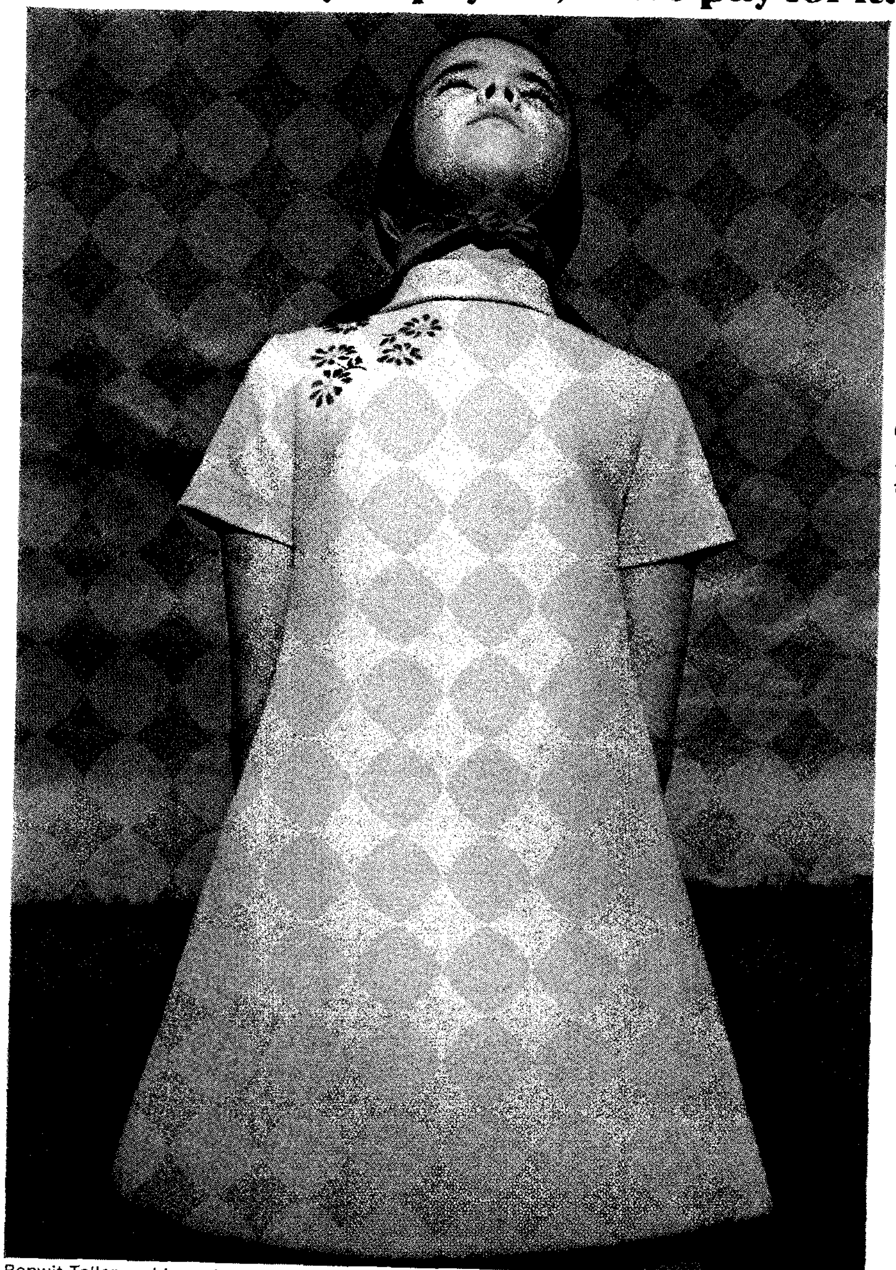
BRISKER® PRODUCTS $24.95 POSTPAID
2337 Gilbert Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY **King of the Sea** and his Royal Family of Fish
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

If you're all thumbs and none of them green TURF BUILDER makes you look like a lawn pro.
SCOTTS, the grass people

# Wear Dated

**You get what you pay for, or we pay for it.**



Wear-Dated® clothes are guaranteed for one full year's normal wear. If they're not as good as our word, return them to Monsanto with tags and sales slip and we'll refund your money or replace the garment.

A young lady's A-line dress. Honey-colored only. Sizes 3-6X about $12. 7-14 about $14. Of 100% Acrilan® acrylic fiber bonded to acetate.

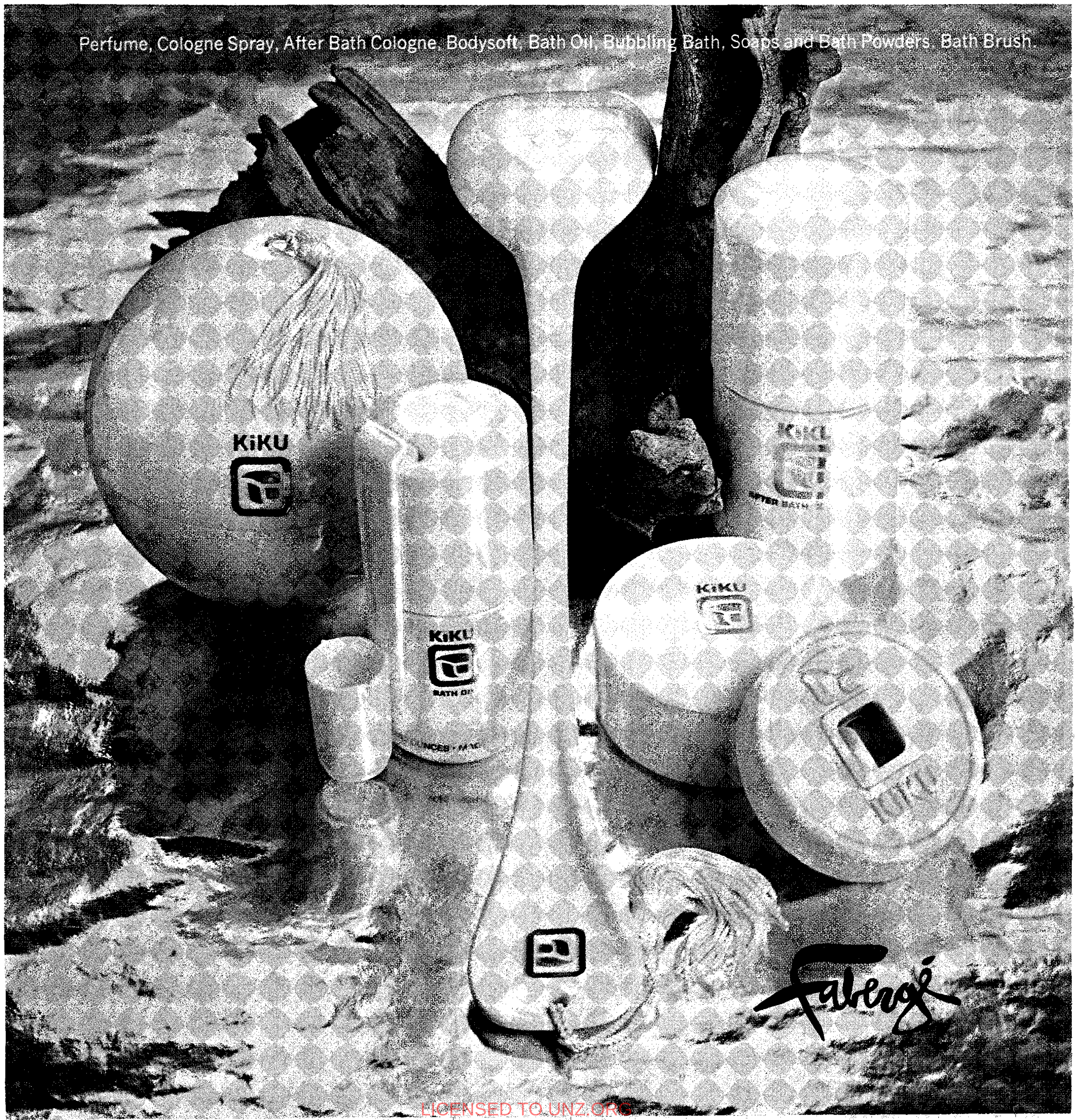
ONE YEAR GUARANTEE
WEAR DATED ®
YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR OR WE PAY FOR IT
Monsanto

**Kate Greenaway**

Bonwit Teller and branches; City of Paris, San Francisco; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Hutzler's, Baltimore; The Grand, Milwaukee; Nordstrom-Best, Seattle

# KiKU enrobes you in soothing, shimmering scent.

Exotic love potions, born of the bath,
now emerge as spirit-sparkling fragrance for
afterbath as well. KiKU—like love—smooths the body,
soothes the soul, silkens, softens, satins.
Elegantly gifted in yellow and golden treasure cases.
Shamelessly feminine. Fabulously Fabergé.



Perfume, Cologne Spray, After Bath Cologne, Bodysoft, Bath Oil, Bubbling Bath, Soaps and Bath Powders, Bath Brush.

KiKU
KiKU
BATH OIL
KiKU
AFTER BATH
KiKU
KiKU
Fabergé

# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Records: Rock, Etc.*

BY now there can be few rock-and-roll fans (i.e., fans who date from before rock and roll became rock and "rock" became a quasi-historical rather than a musical term) who do not worry about decadence. The toothpaste—three parts instrumental solos that are mostly bad jazz and worse rock to two parts elaborate production bordering on Camp to one part debased poetry, with a soupçon of high-toned Muzak—is indeed out of the tube. But so far the apocalypse has not arrived; in fact, the music seems healthier and less pretentious at this moment than in the heady post-"Pepper" era. What the disparagers of art rock (including me) tend to overlook is that musicians, many of whom are rumored to be as smart as writers, also worry about decadence—and they are in a position to do something about it. Ironically, the very stars whose experiments inspired art rock have set the pace. The Beach Boys' new single is a surfing song; the Stones and the Doors have released simple rock records; and the most important figure in the anti-decadence movement is Bob Dylan. "John Wesley Harding," with its acoustic accompaniments and pared-to-the-bone music and lyrics, was an extreme statement at a time when an extreme statement was needed. But more important in terms of pointing a new direction are some earlier songs that Dylan recorded in his basement and never released. Most of them are country songs with a rock beat, full of a warm, tender exuberance that illuminates Dylan the man rather than the demigod; the cut on "John Wesley Harding" that is closest to them in spirit is "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight." Dylan's manager has these songs on tape, and a number of them have been recorded by other performers. Unfortunately, the dullest, "Mighty Quinn," is the best-known; the Byrds' beautiful arrangement of "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere" went nowhere, and "This Wheel's on Fire," a hit in England, has not yet made the charts here. Now three songs in this group, including "This Wheel's on Fire," are available on "Music from Big Pink" (Capitol SKAO 2955), the first album for Dylan's backup group, The Band. "Big Pink" has put Dylan's inspiration to original and refreshing use. The album reflects the same affectionate, easygoing sensibility as the Dylan tapes—a remarkable feat, considering that The Band's singing is relentlessly downbeat and monotonous. The effect is similar to that of a basset hound: mournful but endearing. Dylan himself contributed the album cover, which is perfect—a childlike painting of musicians playing (in both senses) while a friendly elephant watches. Except for the Dylan songs and one traditional ballad, "Long Black Veil," The Band does its own material. The arrangements are a mixture of soft rock and neo-Procul-Harum-baroque, the vocal intonations hillbilly with occasional touches of old pop and even gospel, the lyrics charming and funny—but funny like that hound. Highlights are an extended sob called "Lonesome Suzie" ("Anyone who's felt that bad/ Could tell me what to say./ Even if she just got mad/ She might be better off that way"); "The Weight," a Dylanesque surreal ballad that is the closest the group gets to peppy; and Dylan's brilliant modern spiritual "I Shall Be Released."

FOR those diehards the Friends of Hard Rock, the arrival of Steppenwolf's first L.P. was a major event. Finally, they—well, O.K., we—could stop puttering furtively around the oldies bins in Times Square and take our stand behind something contemporary. Having come down a bit from that initial high, I can now report that "Steppenwolf" (Dunhill, DS 500-29), is solid but not a masterpiece. The melodies lack variety; there is only one voice (though a strong one); the sound, a synthesis of blues and rock, is tough and tight but just misses that uniqueness characteristic of the very best groups. I suspect that Steppenwolf has not quite found its personality. The quintet has a complicated history. Three of its members belonged to the Sparrow, which originated in Toronto and built a considerable underground reputation in New York. In the course of a migration to San Francisco and then to Los Angeles, the Sparrow split into two factions, interested in different kinds of music, and one of them became the nucleus of Steppenwolf. In L.A., the group jelled and, according to its official biography, recorded its album in a week.

One of the great pleasures of this

Worn by Linn Macdonald

antartex
SHEEPSKIN
No. 2: $105.00

By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Scotland, suppliers to the Trans-Antarctic Expeditions. All sizes for men and women—18 styles—10 colours. Also made to measure. Catalogue and real sheepskin samples from ★**ANTARTEX SHOP AND WAREHOUSE**, 120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Tel: 203-661-4181

★New Shops this year

**ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS:**
**New York City:** 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) LE 5-9079
★14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 765-1455
**Cambridge,** Mass: 50 Boylston, Harvard Sq., 868-6083
**Lake Forest,** Ill: Robertson's, 240 E. Deerpath
**Grand Rapids,** Mich: Bill & Paul's Sporthaus
**Chicago:** Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St. (E.W. Tollway to 31) 232-4434
**Minneapolis,** Minn: 920 Nicollet, 339-1276

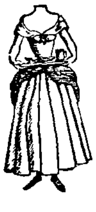
distinctive
Christmas Cards

The new catalogue of famous Metropolitan Museum cards – Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt, a della Robbia in shining white, a panel of angels and golden spires against a starlit sky, lotus flowers, emerald and sapphire stained glass from the chapel of a medieval castle, the Three Kings in scarlet, pink, blue, and gold, a lute player, lion, pear tree and fountain in silk, and a Winslow Homer skating party are among the 60 designs. ✧ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
*255 Gracie Station, New York 10028*
*Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed* N11
*Name*__________
*Address*__________
__________ZIP__________

La Bisquera
...ESCLUSIVO— FROM ITALY!
makes top round taste like T-bone!
BROILS BIG STEAK FOR TWO!

**Delizioso new way to pan broil and tenderize**
*without fat, grease, water or softeners*
La Bisquera, crafted by a patented process, of porous earthenware that draws off fat and bitter acids, while keeping meat, fish and poultry moist and succulent, simmering in their own natural juices. No condiments, no basting needed!
USE LA BISQUERA on top of any range—forget the oven. Broils fast over medium heat—never shrinks meat. Cleans easily. Order today—you'll lick your chops (and everything else you broil) or your money refunded!
LA BISQUERA—Complete with Simple Instructions and FREE: Continental Recipes—Only $9.98 (plus 75c postage and handling)
Prompt Shipment. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Send check or money order—no C.O.D.'s
MAISON MICHEL, Ltd.
Dept. NY-88, Michel Bldg., New Hyde Park, N. Y. 11040
GOOD NEWS FOR GOURMETS

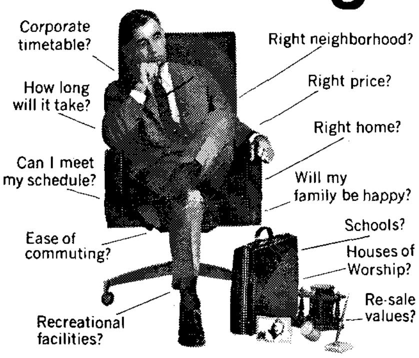


*"Speak not to me of trivial things; Of cloth of gold, of diamond rings. Speak to me of things that matter; Of fried Maine shrimp and fisherman's platter."*
the Silent woman
WATERVILLE, MAINE

album is its intelligent, unobtrusive, socially aware lyrics. There are few rock groups that can get away with social comment. Country Joe and the Fish do it with humor; Steppenwolf does it with language that is unfailingly colloquial and never dominates the music. The most explosive lyric on the record is the anti-heroin (but pro-pot) "The Pusher," which was banned from West Coast radio stations. I doubt whether the disc jockeys got past the first line: "I've smoked a lot of grass, I've popped a lot of pills." Even today, that's telling it, especially in lead singer John Kay's raunchy growl. Almost as potent is "Everybody's Next One," a gloss on groupies: "She *tries too hard* and she comes on too strong/ . . . And then she'll do all the right things with the wrong guy." Musically, the group's essential asset is Kay's voice. He understands blues, rock, and how to assimilate the former into the latter. His performance of Willie Dixon's "Hootchie Kootchie Man" achieves the same balance between identification and respectful distance as the Stones' early renditions of black music, though Kay is gentler and less egotistical. At the other extreme, his tribute to Chuck Berry, "Berry Rides Again," is pure, raceless rock, like Berry's own music. Kay's merging of the two styles is most successful in "Born to Be Wild," a driving, bluesy song in the best rebel-without-a-cause rock tradition; it has been released as a single and is thriving. Kay, who is handsome and lean and wears shades all the time because there is something wrong with his eyes, has great stage presence. With a little work, he could be a real turn-on for those of us who have outgrown Jim Morrison. But at this point he's just a bit too clean; he needs a streak of nastiness, or a streak of flamboyance, or a streak of *something*.

SIMPLICITY is relative. In a song that builds on the conventions of, or otherwise invites comparisons with, rock and roll, the slightest elaboration—a few strings and woodwinds, let alone a sitar; a sophisticated chord change or a vocal trick—passes for complexity and even avant-gardism. Basic r. & r. is so primitive musically that any artifice can overload it; the same song a rock fan disdains as arty will seem incredibly banal to a listener who is using, say, Gershwin as his reference point. On the other hand, music that has no obvious associations with rock but, rather, comes out of the much wider tradition of popular music can be

EXECUTIVES...
Relocating?


Corporate timetable?
How long will it take?
Can I meet my schedule?
Ease of commuting?
Recreational facilities?
Right neighborhood?
Right price?
Right home?
Will my family be happy?
Schools?
Houses of Worship?
Re-sale values?

**Executive Homesearch can solve your househunting problems...WITHOUT CHARGE ...quickly...easily...efficiently**

Through eight branch offices and a nationwide network of Realtors, we offer the fastest individualized personal attention to the problems of the homebuyer. We screen specific neighborhoods and match your requirements; fit community facilities to your needs. Relocating becomes a pleasure, not a problem... backed by Previews' 34 years of dedication, experience, and integrity. Executive Homesearch charges NO FEE for its services. Literature on request. Write or call (212) PL 8-2630.

Previews EXECUTIVE HOMESEARCH™
A MEMBER OF THE REEVES BROADCASTING GROUP
49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Boston • Wash., D. C. • Palm Beach • Chicago
Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco

BROADWAY'S BEST MUSICAL!"—LIFE
JANIS PAIGE as MAME

MAIL ORDERS FILLED
MON. THRU THURS. EVGS.: Orch. $9.90; Boxes $9.50, 7.50; Loge $9.00; Mezz. $8.50, 7.50, 6.50, 5.50 & 4.50. FRI. & SAT. EVGS.: Orch. $11.90; Loge $10.00; Boxes $9.50, 7.50; Mezz. $9.00, 8.00, 6.50, 5.50, 4.50. WED. & SAT. MATS.: Orch. $7.50; Loge $6.50; Boxes $6.50, 5.00; Mezz. $6.00, 5.00, 4.00, 3.25.
WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th St.

SEATS AVAILABLE FOR AUG. & SEPT.
"YOU'RE A GOOD MAN CHARLIE BROWN"

THE PEANUTS MUSICAL

THEATRE 80 SAINT MARKS, (8th St. between
80 St. Marks Place • 254-7400 1st & 2nd Ave.)

SEAFOOD and LAND FOOD (DELICIOUS STEAKS & CHOPS)

The Lobster 145 West 45th St.
Since 1919 ··· Open daily JU 2-0400

more complicated than most art rock and yet sound quite unassuming. It's all context. Chrysalis forces us out of the context of the Beatles into that of Kurt Weill. Its album, "Definition" (MGM, SE 4547), was in part arranged by a classical composer and makes liberal use of symphonic instruments; the singing is mannered, even elegant, and totally unphysical. But except for the name, which makes me think of tuxedos, Chrysalis is not at all arty. The minor-key melodies are simple, and the instrumental work is tastefully subordinated to the excellent, if attenuated, vocals. I like nearly every track—especially "Cynthia Gerome," which does what Simon & Garfunkel try to do with all those Edwin Arlington Robinson characters, and the Weillish "Baby Let Me Show You Where I Live." The lyrics are on the precious side. But Spider Barbour, who does most of the singing and all of the writing, is an original, and I think he is going to be important.

—Ellen Willis

•

## TROUVÉE

Oh why should a *hen*
have been run over
on West 4th Street
in the middle of summer?

She was a white hen
—red-and-white now, of course.
How did she get there?
Where was she going?

Her wing feathers spread
flat, flat in the tar,
all dirtied, and thin
as tissue paper.

A pigeon, yes,
or an English sparrow,
might meet such a fate,
but not that poor fowl.

Just now I went back
to look again.
I hadn't dreamed it:
there is a hen

turned into a quaint
old country saying
scribbled in chalk
(except for the beak).

—Elizabeth Bishop

•

The two vessels, designed by Marine Consultants and Designers, Inc., of Cleveland, will be 12 feet long with a beam of 30 feet and a draft of 18 feet 4 inches. They will have three rudders.—*The Times*.

They're going to need 'em.

# What makes a Rover worth over $1000 a seat?

What makes this car worth its price is appropriate engineering. Appropriate? Right. Appropriate for a time when fragile, imperfect people drive on far from perfect roads under less than perfect conditions.

Rover engineers set out to make a car that would do everything people expect a car to do these days—plus, hopefully, keep you alive. A car that would enable people to avoid collisions when they could be avoided and survive them when they couldn't.

The car they came up with is the Rover 2000. It isn't perfect. It doesn't guarantee immortality nor free you to be reckless. It just gives an edge when the other fellow gets reckless.

Want to know more? See your Rover dealer or write: Leyland Motor Corporation of North America, Teaneck, N.J. 07666. We'll do our best to convince you that it's worth $1000 a seat to give yourself and three passengers a little better odds.

**The Rover 2000**

# Crompton is corduroy.

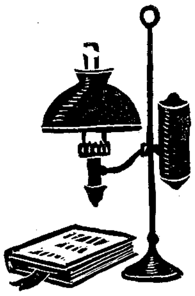
Imp Originals know. That's why they chose Crompton printed midwale cotton corduroy to create this impish scooter suit. In plaids of bone, bronze or olive. Sizes Toddler 2-4, 4-7. About $17.* At Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; Marshall Field, Chicago; Neusteters, Denver; I. Magnin, West Coast.

CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY-INC., 1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10018.

*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST. MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA.

# BOOKS

## *Front and Center*



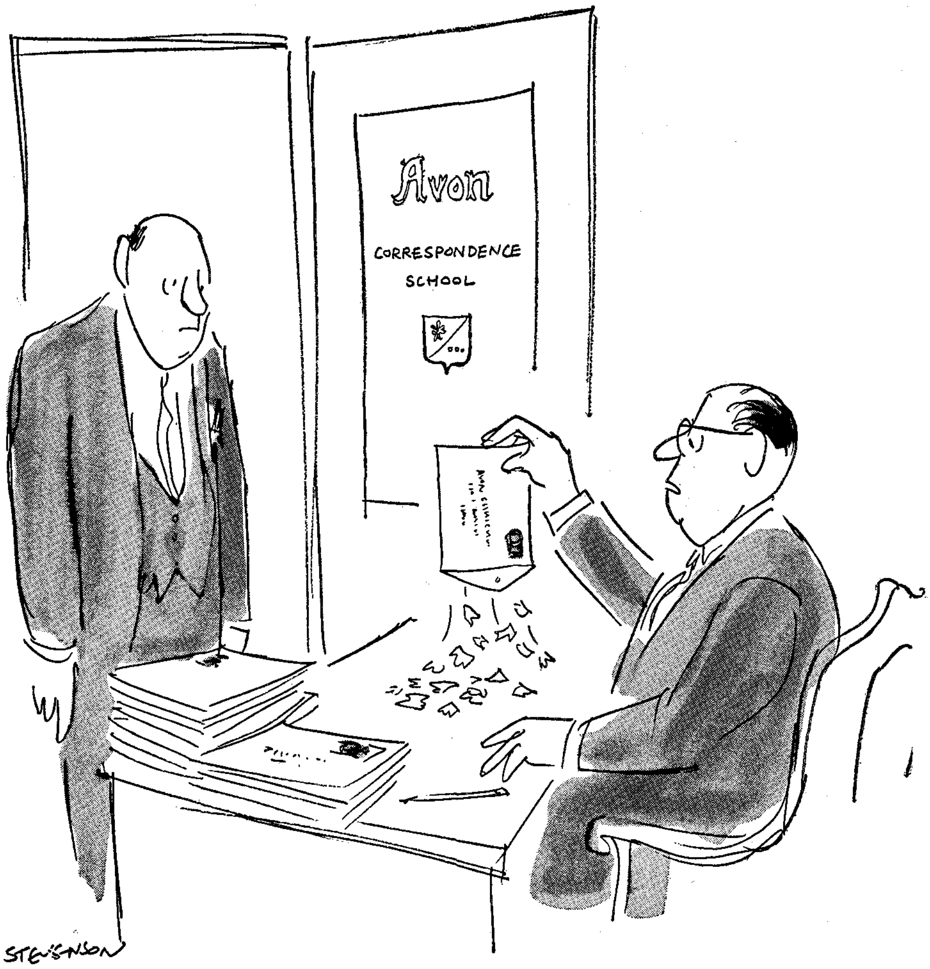
THE first volume of Harold Macmillan's memoirs, "Winds of Change: 1914-1939" (Harper & Row, 1966), was muted—the piano part marked *una corda*, the orchestra *con sordino*, the tempo *grave*. The second volume, "The Blast of War: 1939-1945" (Harper & Row, 1968; eleven dollars and ninety-five cents), is for a brass band—*fff*, *tempo di marcia*. This change reflects a nearly perfect unity of form and substance. In the first volume, Macmillan made progress; he got himself born, educated, wounded in action, married, into the family publishing business and into Parliament, but for the most part he was recalling a sad procession of failures. He spent the years between the two World Wars in political isolation, with hardly anybody to talk to about economics except Keynes, and hardly anybody to talk to about foreign policy except Churchill. These two prophets were widely regarded as cranks during that period of depression and appeasement; they had hardly anybody to talk to except Harold Macmillan, who, despite his intelligence, diligence, and good family connections, had been left out of every government that had been formed after he got into Parliament. In the second volume, Macmillan, to his amazement and joy, exerts nearly unimaginable power. Under titles that changed as his responsibilities grew, he was, from January, 1943, to the end of the war in Europe, the British politician (Churchill's—or the Cabinet's—man, outranking any Foreign Office professional) acting for the British government in the Mediterranean Theatre of Operations.

"The Blast of War" starts with a depressing coda to "Winds of Change." While Neville Chamberlain remained Prime Minister, Macmillan remained a backbencher, with plenty of time to serve on a committee to aid Finland. The volunteer job took him to the snowy front, where he saw the Finns fight bravely with scanty matériel, and to Sweden, where the Crown Prince laughed (apologetically, one hopes) as he explained that Sweden would not compromise her neutrality to help her neighbor, and where the Finnish Minister seemed as near the end of his rope as any of Macmillan's out-of-work constituents in Stockton-on-Tees during the Depression. Then, speaking in Parliament, Chamberlain grossly exaggerated the volume of England's help to Finland. Macmillan's truthful reply shocked the Commons, but, like so many of his earlier efforts (for social reform, for collective security), this one was useless, too: the Finns were forced to surrender.

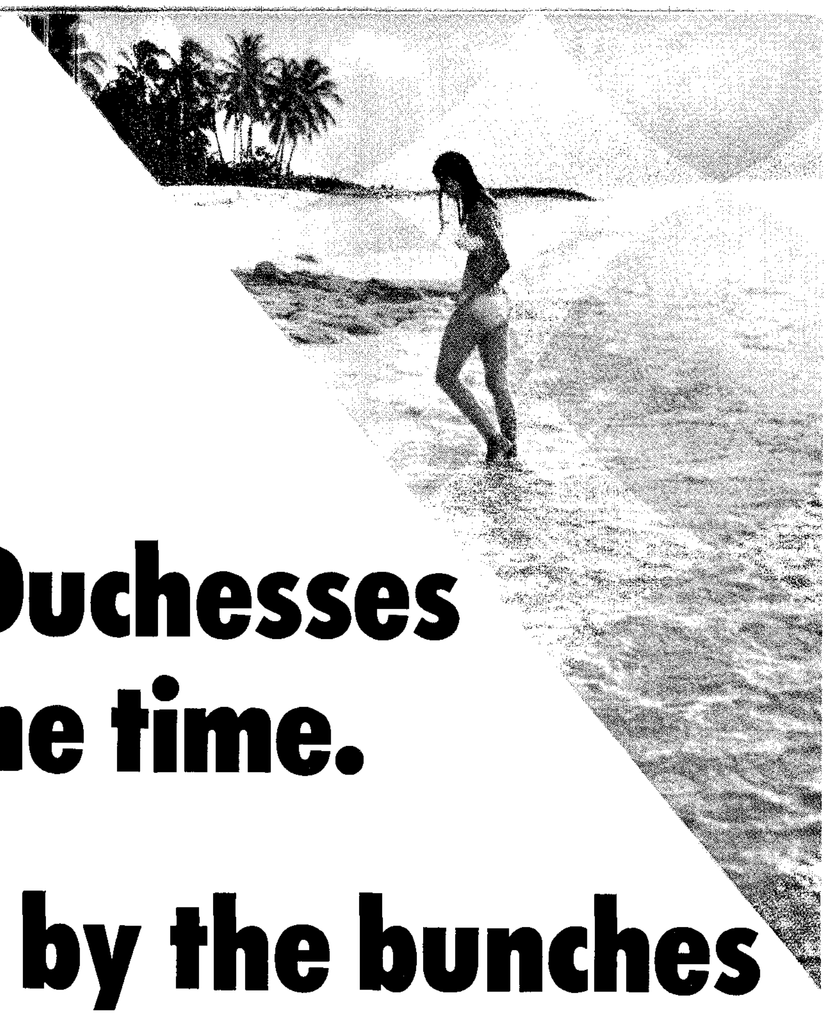
When Churchill became Prime Minister, he gave Macmillan his first executive post—Parliamentary Secretary at the Ministry of Supply. The Ministers Macmillan served were Herbert Morrison, Andrew Duncan, and Lord Beaverbrook. (Churchill, running a coalition government, frequently had to remake his Cabinet.) Since Beaverbrook sat in the Lords, Macmillan was the Ministry's spokesman in the Commons—a new degree of consequence for him—and when a further Cabinet reshuffle put him to work under a commoner (Oliver Stanley) at the Colonial Office, Macmillan was upset and thought of resigning. The dip in his political fortunes was brief. A month later, he was flying to North Africa with the title of Minister Resident at Allied Headquarters in Northwest Africa.

There had already been a Foreign Office man at Headquarters, but the need for a political man suddenly seemed pressing because the military leaders of the Allied invasion of North Africa had settled with Admiral Darlan, and the general public in England and the United States thought the settlement an ignoble compromise with Fascism. Since the Allies were fighting an ideological war, they could not afford any more such ideologically ambiguous gestures, and one of Macmillan's tasks was to see that none was made. Darlan had been assassinated before Macmillan arrived, but his removal did not greatly simplify French wartime politics-in-exile, which were as fissiparous as French politics in peace, and far more bitter. Macmillan's part in helping the French arrive at a working agreement was immense. After his long career as a political failure, he could at last, in the first months of 1943, feel himself a political success, though in French rather than English politics.

Macmillan portrays all the men with



*"Seems to be some sort of student protest."*



**1. Dukes and Duchesses drop in all the time.**

**2. Millionaires by the bunches build seaside villas here.**

**3. Wives and daughters of Presidents play here.**

**4. Sexy movie stars, too.**

**That's Nassau.**

**That's class.**

Cream colored, silky beaches. The bluest water in the world. Skindiving, boating, elegant restaurants and a casino. That's Nassau, too. Cruise there. Or fly there: just 2½ hours from Wall Street.

BAHAMA ISLANDS TOURIST OFFICE, 100 SOUTH BISCAYNE BOULEVARD, MIAMI, FLORIDA

©CLAIROL INC. 1968 * TM

# If you can't beat'em, join'em.

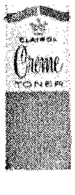
When you observe the jet set snapped here and there, you get the feeling that lots of beautiful blonde hair is as big an asset as lots of stocks and jewelry.

The nice part is you don't have to be well-heeled to be well-haired. Any girl can grow hair. And any girl can join the Clairol® Creme Toner* blondes. They're the great ones—as your hairdresser will tell you—because only Clairol Creme Toner has 32 pale delicate blonde shades.

Here, our girl mixed Clairol Creme Toner blonde colors, 9A Towhead®, Extra Lite Platinum*, Extra Lite A*, for her pre-lightened hair. (She's also wearing Clairol lip color and make-up for blondes.)

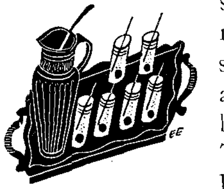
She tells us she is not one of the jet set.

Honey, you sure could have fooled us.



## The 32 Clairol Creme Toner Blondes

whom he worked closely, or whom he observed at close range over a period of time, in exact, invaluable descriptive passages. His accounts of their talents, abilities, and ways of working are particularly enlightening when, in his first volume, he is recording the qualities and the attractions of men whose reputations have dwindled (Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin). He explains exactly what is hardest to understand about historical figures whom history has marked down: what gifts allowed them to achieve, if not greatness, power—the historical analogy for that perennial gossip mystery "What did he see in her?" Macmillan is just as good, in the second volume, at defining men we still esteem (or men he himself liked)—for one, Eisenhower. And Churchill. Macmillan sees Churchill less as the rumbustious hero of anecdote and more as a steady, conscientious man who earned his leadership by doing his homework—mastering important questions in detail—and by listening to other men and, no matter how tired or beleaguered he was himself, grasping their arguments, messages, reports, or requests. But the literary and psychological triumph of this volume may be Macmillan's description of a man for whom he had guarded, divided feelings—Beaverbrook, zestful and impish, invaluable because of his irrepressible, radiant confidence, intolerable because of his uncontrollable troublemaking.



Macmillan's memoirs do for their author what he does for other men: they show him at work. The Macmillan of the earlier volume toils for his collection of lost causes and studies social and economic theories, trying to apply the newest abstractions to the practices of British society. His ideas are far too far ahead of nineteen-thirties opinion, and he is ignored, or attacked, or derided. He bears his semi-ostracism with commendable courage and steadfastness. The Volume I Macmillan is a defensive rather than an aggressive personality; one would not expect that man cheerfully to become a wartime satrap, with such exalted titles as president of the Allied Control Commission for Italy and with five British ambassadors and heaven knows how many specialist consultants at his orders. But the Volume II Macmillan is the happiest of men. So his memoirs, which have told us why other men became Prime Minister, explain why he did: he enjoyed having and exercising power.

A number of us must feel, as I do, in spite of knowing better, that a really good man does not want or enjoy power. We may feel this way because almost all political theory has been concerned with limiting power. On the other hand, almost all history records (no matter what Lord Acton wrote) that power is morally neutral and that good men as well as bad ones may like it. (And, of course, we rarely assess the damage done by responsibility-avoiders, like Lord Rosebery and President Buchanan.) At any rate, it is morally and historically instructive to see Macmillan, a very good man with unflaggingly high spirits, stretching himself to achieve six impossible things before breakfast every day. The nearest civilian equivalent must have been working for Louis B. Mayer. The demands of the war were as tyrannical, capricious, and intolerant of failure as that old movie emperor. One of Macmillan's hardest problems was casting—not only a French government but an Italian and, later, a Greek one. The British were stuck with contract players (the Yugoslav king, for instance) to whom they felt some obligations, and politicians in exile or out of power tended to be as difficult as aging, self-doubting stars. The military and political situations in every country changed like a script being written by several teams of uncertain, incoherent writers: the Italians want to stop being enemies and start being co-belligerents; the Greek Communists defy Stalin and start a coup; Tito quite suddenly seems to lose interest in his English friends. On top of all this, Macmillan was frequently in physical danger. He found it elating, and no trouble appears to have affected his wry, dry humor.

To do these jobs, Macmillan needed to be a topnotch negotiator, to be which he must have developed a talent in dealing with the Macmillan Company's more demanding writers. He remains grateful to men who eased his work—to General Catroux, say, who was patient and controlled and exerted a calming influence on de Gaulle—but he holds no grudge against de Gaulle, the most difficult individual in the book, and possibly in the European war. Macmillan and de Gaulle shared the conviction that an older generation had failed during the interwar years and that men like themselves, who had warned against the policies of their elders and superiors, had, because they were now proved right by events, the opportunity and duty to make a newer, better world. In his annoyance at

to Ancient Horizons of Modern Inspiration

on the renowned

mts ARGONAUT

2 Uniquely Rewarding Cruises from Italy . . . Aug. 31 and Oct. 12

Discover in depth the poetic lands and legendary waters that cradled Western civilization . . . the ancient Aegean, the majestic Dalmatian coast, the colorful Mediterranean. Cruise in elegant relaxation on the ARGONAUT, the ship that introduced a new concept of luxury combining the pleasure facilities of a transatlantic liner and the intimate hospitality of a private yacht.

AUG. 31—14 DAY CRUISE FROM GENOA
TO 18 PORTS........from $605

OCT. 12—20 DAY CRUISE FROM VENICE
TO 19 PORTS........from $850

Consult Your Travel Agent

EPIROTIKI LINES

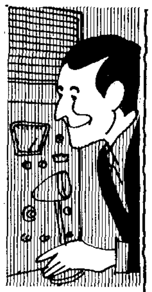
608 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10020 Tel. (212) 265-4575
or your nearest GREEK LINE office

SAFETY INFORMATION: The mts ARGONAUT, registered in Greece, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948 and meets the 1966 fire safety requirements. The ARGONAUT holds a 1960 SOLAS Certificate.

*Birger Christensen is furrier to the Royal Court of Denmark. And the Royal Court of Greece. And the Royal Court of Sweden. How come our furs look so marvelous on commoners? Royal treatment, we suppose.*

**BIRGER CHRISTENSEN**
*38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark*

*By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court*



this ham didn't buy a pig in a poke

Radio Ham operator A confided to Radio Ham operator B, during their evening sending-receiving session, that his firm was transferring him to a town 1000 miles away. Did Ham B know anything about the housing situation there? No, but Ham B, faced with a similar move not long before, had found exactly the home his family needed through Homerica. That's how Ham A came to us. We questioned him closely on his special requirements, found just the home he wanted, and the price was right. Homerica is the only national home-finding service working solely for (and without charge to) the home buyer. Homerica has the housing facts on 4000 communities at its finger tips. Phone or write A. Patterson today for free booklet.

HOMERICA INC.

200 Park Avenue
New York 10017
(212) 661-3111

1901 Ave. of Stars
Los Angeles 90067
(213) 277-3110

500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111

One of the 7 Wonderful Inns of the world!

Luxurious accommodations for 600
Year 'round resort activities
Write for Color Brochure & Weekend Plans

Cherry Hill Inn

Route 38 at Haddonfield Rd.
15 min. from downtown Phila.
N.J. Turnpike Exit 4 • Cherry Hill, N.J.
Reservations: (609) NO 2-7200

Café Carlyle

Appearing
for the
Entire Summer

BOBBY SHORT

Complete Dinner $6.50
served to 9 p.m.
Entertainment from 9 p.m.
to 2 a.m. Cover $3 p.p.
Minimum $3 p.p.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 76TH ST.
NEW YORK • TEL. RH 4-1600

American policy toward de Gaulle in 1942-43, Macmillan appears to forget that Roosevelt, too, meant to make a better world—that Roosevelt thought that de Gaulle was authoritarian and that it was not the business of the Allies, fighting a war against authoritarianism, to fasten an autocrat on the French while it was impossible to consult them. Unfortunately, Roosevelt occasionally displayed, in his wartime dealings with his allies, the offhanded cockiness that alienated some American voters. Surely it was tactless of him to say aloud to anyone that France was no longer a great power and to predict the disappearance of the French Empire just when he was trying to form a French authority to command a French army to fight alongside the Allies. Nevertheless, Macmillan is a bit unjust in refusing to see that Roosevelt's hunch about de Gaulle was not at all inaccurate, even though, at that time and in those circumstances, it could not be acted upon; it was as accurate and prescient as Great Britain's intuition, at the turn of the century, that Boer culture was inadequate to twentieth-century Africa.

PARK
PARK
T.Goddard

Macmillan was often as annoyed at his own government as he was at ours. At a particularly critical moment in that Greek crisis, he tells us, he solved a difficulty by ignoring an urgent telegram from Churchill. Macmillan, like many of his colleagues at or near the front, often felt that the men in charge back home did not comprehend local reality as well as the men on the spot did. This is a common enough notion about all administration, whether it is dealing with armies or with welfare programs, and it is not invariably correct. Speaking of the negotiations for the Italian surrender, during August and September of 1943, Macmillan says that he suggested disobeying the orders of the English and American governments and—to bring about a rapid capitulation—offering the Italian negotiators only the "short terms" that had been proposed (a military surrender), never even mentioning the "long terms" (an immense document that in effect put Italy in escrow to the Allies). Macmillan by that time had won himself a political reputation in England, and he had his own publishing business, but I could not help wondering how he could have persuaded Robert Murphy, his American colleague and counterpart, to agree to the scheme; Murphy, in contrast, was a State Department career man, a civil servant with no private income and no independent political backing. So I looked into Murphy's book, "Diplomat Among Warriors," and found a completely different tale—that Eisenhower, the Theatre Commander, was ordered by his superiors to present the short terms and suppress the more onerous long terms, and that he was dismayed; he thought he was being told to trick the Italians. But Murphy does not suggest that Macmillan was responsible for this decision. According to Albert M. Garland and Howard M. Smyth, the authors of "Sicily and the Surrender of Italy," which I think is the definitive work on this subject, none of the men on the spot appear to have had a clear, complete picture of these events. Neither did the men at the Quebec Conference—Roosevelt, Churchill, and the Combined Chiefs of Staff. To begin with, two separate sets of Italian generals had opened surrender negotiations so secretly that neither set knew what the other one was doing. Each, say Garland and Smyth, sent a man from Rome through Spain to Lisbon, but not at the same time. The first man, General Castellano, saw the British Ambassador, who gave him only the short terms, because the long terms had not yet been worked out. The second Italian emissary, General Zanussi, was given the long terms but did not transmit them to Rome; the possibility of that omission had never occurred to the Allied heads of government. When the Combined Chiefs gave Eisenhower his orders, Roosevelt and Churchill intended a gesture of accommodation; having, so they thought, let the Italians know, with the long terms, how dark a view we democrats took of Fascism and how much reconstruction we envisioned, they suggested not imposing them at this time, to show the Italians that their future was actually negotiable and that the long terms might be modified if they behaved honorably. Garland and Smyth record that Macmillan strongly protested the long terms to his own government as soon as he saw them, in Algiers, and since the men who were immediately involved in the surrender were spread out all over the Mediterranean, it is possible that he did not realize, when they were finally assembled for the signing, at General Sir Harold Alexander's headquarters in a Sicilian orchard, that his superiors had independently decided on a course very like the one he had advised. It is curious, by the way, that all three accounts relate some of the same small details—Alexander's shiny boots were apparently an unforgettable feature of the occasion. Their appearance, in triplicate, reminds one of the specificity of a fairy tale, and reminds one, too, that history started out as poetry and folklore.

None of the foregoing disparities can surprise lawyers, who know about the unreliability of even the best of eyewitnesses, or historians, who realize that men making history frequently do not know what they are doing or have done. Action is a blur that, as the history of all art demonstrates, men constantly strive to reproduce. Among its many literary and historical virtues, "The Blast of War" offers one of the best reproductions of that blur in language. —NAOMI BLIVEN

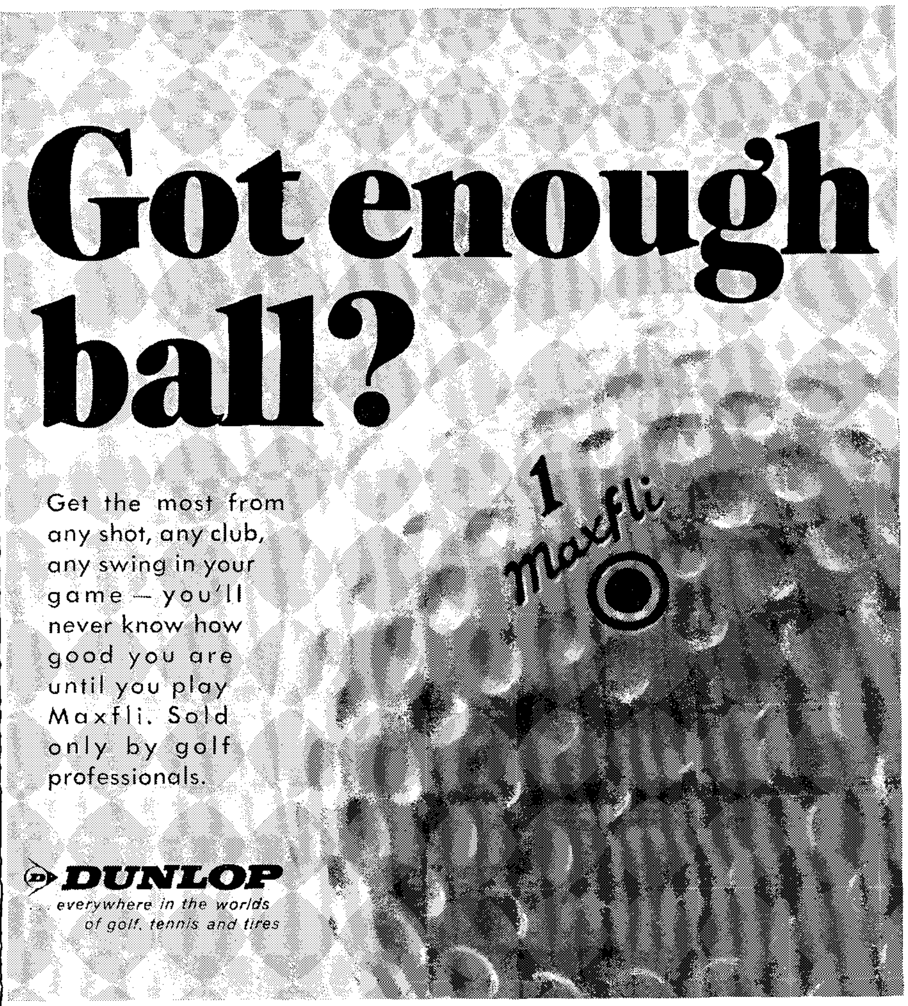
## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

A SENSE OF DARK, by William Malliol (Atheneum). A war novel of almost intolerable intensity. Every scene is a nightmare of human degradation and brutality—sadistic sergeants, zombie killers, borderline psychos. The war is the Korean war, and the hero (and narrator) is an Englishman named Locke who is serving with the United States Marines, and whose life has well prepared him for the experience. He saw his father shot in Ireland by the I.R.A., he saw his mother killed in the London blitz, and he saw his sweetheart killed in a fall from a horse. His story is an account of the events leading up to his own violent and totally useless death.

### GENERAL

A VERY PERSONAL PRESIDENCY: LYNDON JOHNSON IN THE WHITE HOUSE, by Hugh Sidey (Atheneum). This excellent book, written with the knowledge of President Johnson's impending retirement, is a farewell. It is also an inquest. Mr. Sidey, the White House correspondent for *Life*, who is at once sympathetic and critical, seeks to explain Johnson's failures. He thinks that in some respects Johnson was superbly fitted for the Presidency: he had long experience in American policymaking and wide acquaintance with political figures. But in other



Get the most from any shot, any club, any swing in your game — you'll never know how good you are until you play Maxfli. Sold only by golf professionals.

DUNLOP
... everywhere in the worlds of golf, tennis and tires

SUBSCRIPTION

ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y. 10036

*Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.*

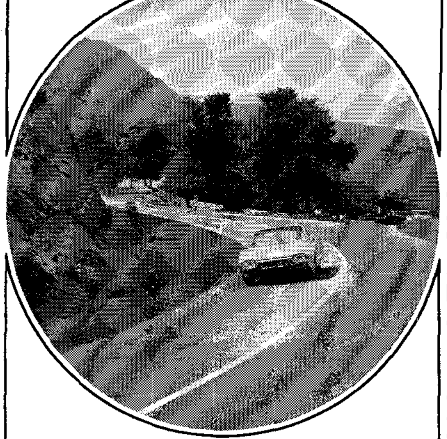
☐ ONE YEAR—$8 ☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

*(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America, and Spain—$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)*

NAME

ADDRESS

*(Please include ZIP Code number)*



**The Faces of Virginia**

Skyline Drive in Shenandoah National Park is a cloudland of blossoming shrubs, endless vistas, comfortable lodges. Stop by or phone for free travel service . . . trip planning, routing, reservations, literature, maps, information on places to see, things to do.

**VIRGINIA STATE TRAVEL SERVICE**
11 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020
Phone 245-3080
*The Commonwealth of Virginia's Complete Free Travel Service.*

**"QUITE SIMPLY** our best film critic, one of the very small company of first-rate critics the art of film has produced anywhere, at any time."
*—Saul Maloff, Chicago Sun-Times Book Week*

**"THE MOST** interesting, invigorating film critic around and one of the most valuable social and cultural commentators that we have."
*—Eliot Fremont-Smith, N. Y. Times*

**PAULINE KAEL**
**Kiss Kiss Bang Bang**
$7.95 Atlantic-Little, Brown

*BOOK HUNTING?*

**Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. NY-68.**
**BOOKS-ON-FILE**
**UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087**

**FANNY'S**
**WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT**
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

respects, Mr. Sidey thinks, Johnson was unfitted to be the Chief Executive: he could not speak clearly to the nation, and perhaps did not always want to. Then, too, for reasons Mr. Sidey cannot explain, Johnson has needed to exaggerate his achievements and emphasize his personality; he has not found it easy to give credit, share power, lead a team, or allow other personalities to bloom or battle around him. Mr. Sidey portrays a somewhat asymmetrical personality, given to noble ends and devious means, and flawing wise decisions by coarse speech. Though the author does not generalize, his work nonetheless is filled with all sorts of brilliant hints about the qualities that the American Presidency nowadays requires.

VAN MEEGEREN: MASTER FORGER, by Lord Kilbracken (Scribners). An exceptionally good account of the life, work, and personality of a deft neurotic who wanted to make fools of art experts and critics, and did so by painting works that were accepted as Vermeers and de Hooghs. The author shows us van Meegeren as a rebellious son; as a facile, uninventive young painter; as a debauched man; and, at last, as a spendthrift so fantastically enriched by art forgery that no other career seemed plausible to him. (Van Meegeren may originally have intended to palm off only one picture, to prove that it could be done, but his first "Vermeer," Kilbracken points out, changed that scheme; it brought the painter almost a hundred and thirty thousand pounds.) Though van Meegeren cannot be made sympathetic—he was a bitter, sexually promiscuous dope addict, not an engaging scamp—Kilbracken makes him and his technical feats understandable. More important, the author, in an honest, temperate manner, makes van Meegeren's justified point: that art ascriptions are doubtful, and that eminent figures in the art world are often sloppy and confused about value in painting.

THE END OF OBSCENITY, by Charles Rembar (Random House). Mr. Rembar had the principal role in defending "Lady Chatterley's Lover," "Tropic of Cancer," and "Fanny Hill" in their various legal trials, two of which went to the Supreme Court. All were ultimately victorious, as was Mr. Rembar's revolutionary notion that *any* literary value places a book under the protection of the First Amendment. His detailed account of the cases, and of the way the law operates, is absorbing reading, and the transcripts he includes range from the uproarious (a trial in Hackensack) to the splendid (a number of eloquent English teachers appearing for the defense). Mr. Rembar is bright and funny, with just enough hamminess, in his self-dramatization and his turgid similes, to hold him down. His book is highly recommended.

THE RICH AND THE SUPER-RICH, by Ferdinand Lundberg (Lyle Stuart). A long, scrappy polemic. Mr. Lundberg believes that the United States is a government of, by, and for a tiny plutocracy. The rest of the population, in his opinion, fails to understand its pitiable, exploited state, and practically every other savant, opiner, or student of American society is too dense to see what the situation is. The author's feeling that he is the most sensible man in the country need not, however, prevent a reader from getting the good of some of his useful ideas. Illumination gleams fitfully, if not steadily, in these pages, and the chapters on the troubles of the rich are really quite funny. Ten dollars.

THE ACADEMIC REVOLUTION, by Christopher Jencks and David Riesman (Doubleday). A whopping sociological and historical analysis of American higher education. There turn out to have been many academic revolutions, from relatively superficial ones (nineteenth-century students saw the faculty as the enemy, and twentieth-century students give that role to the administration, while students in the nineteen-sixties are beginning to challenge *all* adult authority) to a most basic one (the time has come, the authors believe, to question all the qualifying adjectives that modify the word "college": "Protestant," "Catholic," "Negro," "women's," and so forth). The authors are particularly critical of the Negro colleges, relying for their charges in part on what they call "anecdotal evidence," and if they have a fault, it is this tendency to be sometimes *knowing* rather than knowledgeable. For all that, a most impressive and useful book. Ten dollars.

•

TORNADO SIRENS WILL BE TESTED TOMORROW IF WEATHER PERMITS
—*Headline in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

It's clouding up already.

SERIES
112
STAM
"Johnnie Walker" ®
Black Label
At $9.40* a fifth, it ought to be called Sir Jonathan Walker Black.

*NEW YORK STATE PRICE. SLIGHTLY HIGHER OR LOWER IN OTHER STATES. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

# The Canadians must like us, to send us their finest whisky

Schenley
O.F.C.
Imported
PRODUCT OF CANADA
IMPORTED
O.F.C.
BY
Schenley
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
SIX YEARS OLD
Distilled, aged and blended under supervision of the Canadian Government by
Canadian Schenley Distilleries
VALLEYFIELD, P.Q., CANADA
86.8 PROOF

86.8 PROOF · © SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y.